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# THE Trinity ARCHIVE



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OCTOBER, 1923

Vol. XXXVI. No. 1

PUNCH

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Sorority, Fraternity and Class Banquets a Specialty

Trinity Students Are Always Welcome

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# The Trinity Archive

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C.

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Volume XXXVI

October, 1923

Number 1

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The ARCHIVE is published on the fifteenth of each month, October to May inclusive, by the senior class at Trinity College. It is the purpose of the editorial and managerial staffs to make the magazine one of the best in the South, to give expression to the thoughts of the students, and to



stimulate literary interest among them. Contributions from Trinity students, alumni, and faculty are solicited. It is urged that all manuscript be typewritten and in the hands of the editors not later than the twentieth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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# Editorial

## The 1923-'24 Archive

AGAIN the ARCHIVE has come off the press, and again it has changed. One might very well ask why change the magazine every year? This question confronted the present editor and business manager, and we set to work to determine the *right* size and the *right* design for the cover so that the on-coming staff would not have this problem to face. Of course we don't mean that we shall say what the class of '25 shall do; this is not our purpose. We are simply trying to set a precedent for the next class to follow.

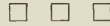
Many criticisms of last year's ARCHIVE were made both as to size and to cover. The business manager and editor consulted members of the faculty committee on publications in an effort to determine the proper size, and it was found that, if any appreciable reduction was made, we would lose many of our foreign advertisements, for all of these are made for the large size magazine.

Then, too, all the up-to-date college magazines have adopted the larger size, and to return to the smaller would show a lack of progressiveness on our part. The result has been, therefore, that the ARCHIVE is only about a quarter of an inch smaller than last year's.

In adopting the blue and white cover with the owl at the top, we believe that we have something new and something original. Surely the ARCHIVE needed a more attractive appearance than it has had heretofore. Blue and white are the College colors, and the owl is the emblem of the senior class, the class by which the ARCHIVE is published. The owl will remain perched on the same limb in the same moonlight throughout all the issues. The cut at the bottom, however, will be changed on each number and will include members of the faculty and probably other pictures.

We are introducing for the first time drawings and cartoons, and we believe these are going to add to the attractiveness of the publication, too. We want to make the magazine a real live one—something you will be proud of. It is costing more than it did last year to publish the ARCHIVE, but we are doing our best to put it on a higher plane, and we want Trinity students to help us.

As we said before, we can't bind future classes. Members of the faculty praised the new ARCHIVE. All of them want it to have a standardized size and cover. The library, likewise, is anxious for a uniform size. We are attempting to set a precedent; it is up to you, members of the class of '25, to follow!



## An Appeal for Manuscript

WHY DOES anyone write? There are probably three outstanding, impelling motives. One of these is that of the man or woman who is a born writer, who has within scores of ideas and emotions that cry for expression. These people write because they must. It is as hard for them to refrain from self-expression as it is to keep a healthy child from playing. They must have an outlet. Again there is the second class who sway the public for a definite purpose. They use their skill and talent to its limit for these ends. Political writers and social reformers write from this urge. Finally, we come to the struggling, ambitious men who dream of incomes and royalties from their pens. Some seek only to commercialize their efforts; others sell only what is necessary for livelihood.

College publications do not pay for contributions, but is there a single student who would not be rewarded? Where can these money seeking writers find better practice and experience during their college years? Besides the actual benefit there is a very decided satisfaction gained by contributing to the support of college publications. Not only does the staff appreciate support, but the whole college community does. We must have a college magazine, and it must be a good one. The ARCHIVE is circulated through the colleges all over the country so that it must be composed of contributions of the finest quality and quantity. In this student body there is an endless supply of originality, but it is not utilized in the college magazine. There are men and women whose powerful pen can bring about marvelous changes in the student mind, but these talents grow weaker from disuse.

You are modest. Yes, we all are, but we are also

inexperienced. Then, all difficulties being even, submit your efforts not to severely critical judges, but to sympathetic fellow students.

Perhaps you have difficulty in choosing suitable subject matter for college publications. But because your article does not seem to be of the nature of those printed in previous issues, do not cast it aside. We want it. The ARCHIVE wants something novel, different, and refreshing. We therefore, ask you to write individually and with the view of presenting your best efforts to the staff. We want to fill every page of the ARCHIVE with intensely interesting reading. You alone can help us; we are depending on your cooperation.



### Traffic Regulation Needed

AS ONE crosses the Trinity campus nowadays, he sees evidence of a greatly increased student body. At the hours for the meeting and dismissing of classes, at chapel hour, at lunch hour, he sees the boulevards, roads, and paths of the campus crowded. During all the day there are many students making their way across the campus, from dormitory to class room, to the library, and to other places.

This fact has brought to our attention the awareness of a danger which has existed on the Trinity campus for several years but which is now more conspicuous on account of the enlarged student body. It is that danger caused by the lack of traffic regulation on the campus. With a stream of automobiles constantly flowing through the campus, there is a great need of regulation: and, since so many of these automobiles are driven by people who take advantage of this lack of regulation to the extent that they are using our boulevards for a speed course, it is urgent that some steps be taken to control them. It is no uncommon thing for a group of students to have to take hastily to the side of the road because some slick-haired chauffeur is trying to entertain a few of his

flapper friends by taking them round the campus "hitting sixty." Too often (and this statement is painfully true) we find a Trinity student driving in this manner.

There was a time when what is now the beautiful drive round the middle of the campus was a race track. It was not, however, a course for racing automobiles: nor was it built with the purpose of its ever being such a course. And now that it is being constantly used for this purpose, jeopardizing the lives of the students, we think that some action should be taken to control the speedy driver and to make the campus safe.



### Subscribe to the Archive

STUDENTS and alumni of Trinity College, we are presenting you with a new and better ARCHIVE. We need your support. Help us to make this the best year ever for our magazine.

The Trinity ARCHIVE is the one organ of expression for the literary life of the campus. In no better way can the literary efforts of the students be presented to the community. So we ask you, both old and new students, to cooperate with us in our efforts to make this a truly successful year for the ARCHIVE.

A new cover design has been planned, and the number of advertisements has been decreased to the correct proportion for a publication of the size and scope of the ARCHIVE. This makes possible an increase in the number of pages of literary material to several more than last year. A number of cuts are used to make the magazine more attractive. These additions cause the increase of nine hundred dollars in the cost of publication.

We need, therefore, the cooperation and support of every Trinity man and woman to aid us in meeting this additional expense. Patronize our advertisers and subscribe to the ARCHIVE!

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### CLYDE GRAVES BAYNES

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As the ARCHIVE goes to press news has just been received of the death of Clyde G. Baynes, of Hurdle Mills, North Carolina. Young Baynes was a member of last year's junior class and is remembered by all who knew him as being a quiet, diligent student and to those who knew him better as a true, genuine friend. We extend to his brothers and other members of the family our most profound sympathy.



## The Gray Ghost

(Southgate Prize Winning Short-Story)

R. P. HARRISS



*"I'm wild and woolly, and full o' fleas,  
And hard to curry below the knees—"*

JOCKEY SPRATT lightly crooned the burden of an old horseman's hymn as he energetically rubbed down the boney pasterns of the Gray Ghost. The Gray Ghost, as diabolical an old cribber as ever wore a racing plate, turned his wise lean head and nodded knowingly to Jockey Spratt. Down the aisle between the long rows of box stalls, colored stable boys were hurrying back and forth, some carrying water, some leading blanketed horses to or from workouts. The morning air was charged with suppressed excitement; the hum and buzz of horsemen's conversation mingled with the chatter and calls of stable attendants. Numerous small dogs, mostly terriers, of indeterminate strain and breeding, ran barking or whining about the place. The cold morning air was laden with the heavy aroma of reeking sweat and strong-smelling linaments. There was a reason for all the hustle and bustle, for this morning was the beginning of the day when the Cedarhurst All-Age National was to be run. From Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia had come horsemen, attracted by the fat purse offered to the winner of this classic of Southeastern turfdom.

Jockey Spratt continued rubbing and patting his charge, and the Gray Ghost stood quietly nibbling at the soft pine wood of his box. The Ghost knew what he was expected to do; he wasn't nervous and fidgety like some of those young scamps who would run the Derby. He was a gray veteran, the pride of the McBannon stable, and second in speed only to the bay mare, Lucella. The mare Lucella was a bit faster than the Ghost when she was going good, but she wasn't as dependable. If she was somewhat temperamental, however, it must be remembered that she was only feminine. Jockey Spratt and the Ghost took this into consideration, and thus were not too harsh with

her. In the mile and a quarter National, the Ghost was entered as a pace-maker. He was scheduled to start and lead the field at a terrific pace for about six furlongs, and then he might crack. But the rest of the field, having been run off its feet by the Ghost, would be beaten by the big bay mare. Princess Pat and Whippersnapper, who comprised the remainder of McBannon's string, were entered in the Derby for two-year-olds.

If Tommy Spratt sang, it was from force of habit, for he was not happy this particular morning. His thoughts were far away from this Carolina resort where wealthy Yankees come to spend the winter and their money, and where spendthrift Southerners come to watch the races. For the tenth time, Tommy reached inside his jacket and pulled out a letter and read it over slowly. If one could have looked closely enough, one could have seen that it bore the postmark of a little town in Georgia; and if one had been able to intrude still further, he might have observed several splotches which may have been tear stains near the signature of the neat-written note. Except for his mother, Tommy Spratt was alone in the world. To be sure, he had a ne'er-do-well uncle somewhere, whom he had never seen since childhood. But this uncle was lost—he had probably been dead for many years. At least the family had never heard of him since he left the old home, at the age of sixteen, never to return. So Tommy was the sole support of his old mother; and the letter bore sad news. The Gray Ghost rubbed his smooth, satiny nose lovingly on the sleeve of his jockey and nuzzled about for a stray lump of sugar. Tommy produced a couple of small lumps, and then confided his troubles to the contentedly munching animal.

While Jockey Spratt and the Gray Ghost were musing together in the quiet privacy of the stable, other things were happening which were destined to have a profound effect upon the fortunes—or misfortunes—of one of them. The Sandhills Derby, and other minor races of the day, were to come off before the main event,—the National. It was in the “Darby” that Princess Pat and Whippersnapper were expected to shine. Jockey Stringer, who was to ride the latter horse, was already weighing in for the race. But suddenly the attention of Tommy Spratt was arrested by the sound of voices close by. Looking up, he saw a small, shabbily clothed figure struggling in the grip of the stable cop.

“Aw, say!” cried the little fellow, in a shrill, high-pitched snarl. “Leave go o’ me collar, will ya! I got me pass,—here’s me badge, see? Leave me be! I gotta right to be here!”

The special stable cop looked at the little man’s attendant’s badge, appeared undecided as to what to do, and finally released his hold; whereupon the erstwhile captive shuffled away on his skinny bow-legs, with many a backward glance in the direction of Jockey Spratt. The cop strolled over to where Tommy stood.

“Know ‘im?” asked the Law, jerking a thumb toward the retreating figure. “No? Well that’s Rat Colley, and he ought not to of been let in here. Reckon I ought to of throwed him out, but couldn’t—seem’ he had his passports on ‘im. Reckon everybody from Canada to New Orleans knows ‘the Rat.’ Always manages to get his attendant’s badge wherever a big race is to be pulled off. They do say he’s got a nice lil’ bank-roll salted down somewheres, but I dunno. Looks like he’s seen’ hard times. What with the ‘bugs,’ and the hop he eats, he’ll probably kick the bucket before long. He don’t seem to be winterin’ so well.

“He’s a hard bird, he is, and a general deadbeat. Been everything from a tout and gambler to a stable

boy and crap shooter. Got black-listed for ridin’ crooked. Best keep your eye on ‘im when he’s around the place.”

Having imparted this information, the stable cop departed. Thus was Jockey Spratt introduced to the notorious Rat Colley.

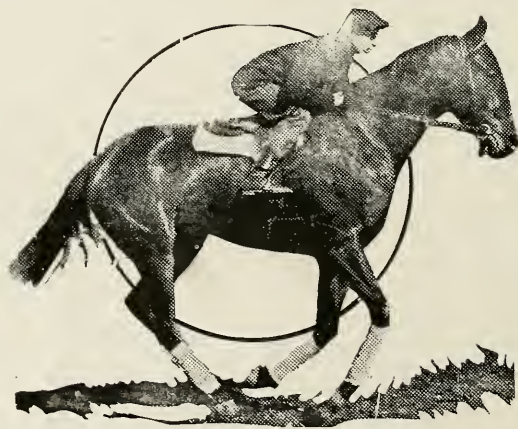
The decrepit figure bearing the appellation “Rat” shuffled past the box stalls until he was some distance from the one occupied by the Gray Ghost. A bedraggled, ragged, tough-looking rat he was, too. His frame was skinny and boney and wasted. From the rasping, racking cough which disturbed him almost incessantly, it was easy to perceive that it was only a matter of time before the Great White Plague would claim him for a victim. Most curious of all, however, were his shifty, bleary eyes, and his nervous, twitching hands and mouth.

He was of a type well-known to the experienced police officer, who knows instinctively the characteristics of the dope fiend. And Rat Colley was sadly in need of the necessary drug stimulant,—right now. Suddenly he was shaken by a violent coughing fit; he bowed himself in a paroxysm of convulsions.

When he recovered himself sufficiently to move on, someone touched him on the arm. Looking up, Rat Colley saw the one person in the world he wanted most to see,—“Hoplight” Kent, otherwise known to the drug-taking fraternity as “the druggist.” The two moved away from the crowds which swarmed about the paddock and grounds.

“My Gawd!” wheezed the Rat, clutching at the arm of the man. “Gawd! I’m in a bad way, Hoplight. Ain’t had me hop in over twenty-fo’ hours. Ain’t been able to get a grain of it. Ain’t—say, Hoplight, I gotta get some quick. I’m all in little pieces.”

Low, earnest conversation continued between the strange pair until a twenty-dollar bill left its home in



the tattered coat lining of the Rat and proceeded into the outstretched hand of Hopleight Keen.

"Remember, Keen, I'll be waitin' at the post.—An' for Christ sake hurry back!"

After an hour of agonized waiting in the raw chill air of early morning, the Rat gave up hope of the druggist's ever returning. With a look of despair, and with trembling limbs and twitching facial muscles, he returned to the paddock unobserved by the negligent stable cop. Here he burrowed in the warm, clean straw of an empty box stall and attempted to quiet his jumping, twitching, torturing nerves with sleep. The fitful, racking cough persisted, however, coming at irregular, though frequent, intervals from the straw. . . .

In the meantime, the racing events preceding the running of the great National were being run. McBannon's two-year old Whippersnapper had romped home a winner in the Derby, thereby winning considerable equine fame for himself, and a purse of fifteen hundred dollars for his owner. McBannon, heavy-set, red faced, big jowled, clinched a stout stogie between his teeth, and puffed contentedly. He was contemplating a much bigger conquest than the Sandhills Derby. He now planned to win the National by the use of the mare, Lucella, and a little finesse. Incidentally, the *coup* which he planned was not strictly honest. But then,—what is a little matter of honesty, as long as the officials are ignorant of the proceedings?

The time for the running of the National was drawing near. McBannon and his trainer, Sloan, held a conference, to which jockeys Spratt and Stringer were admitted.

"Sloan," said McBannon, as he exhaled a big cloud of stogie-smoke and squinted reflectively, "What horse running against us can beat Lucella?"

"Good Boy, from the Darlington entries is the only real contender," was the reply. "That's th' only horse anywhere near th' mare's class. But don't you mistake it, Good Boy ain't no slow pony."

"Uh-huh. Now Spratt," continued McBannon, "You can do a thing when you're told, eh?—Well, tha's right. 'S what I pay you money for. Now listen—"

He detailed the scheme.

The final words of the owner to his jockey were:

"Remember, Good Boy is the horse. Bump him in the fence, an' don't be delicate. Fix him. Don't

worry about the judges. I'll claim you weren't responsible, and they'll have no proof that it was intentional.—Understand? And get in there onto him before he has a chance to get the race sewed up.—And mind, if the mare gets beat there'll be hell to pay."

Lucella and the gray gelding were being led out to the track, while the starter announced the entries. The big mare's handsome coat glistened and shone with the evidence of careful grooming, and the soft, supple muscles rippled under her many-veined, thoroughbred hide as freely and as beautifully as those of a young fawn. The Gray Ghost, too, was a sight to gladden the eye of any horse fancier. The strands of his not-too-bushy tail blew about his hoeks with every passing breeze, like a silver sheen. Into his silken mane, Jockey Spratt had carefully plaited the colors of his stable.

There is something infinitely endearing about the clean-limbed, rhythmic, nervous thoroughbred. Horse lovers, particularly women, love to speak of them as "little,"—and often your running horse is a bit small. But neither the Ghost nor Lucella were undersize; and although they may have appeared dainty and fairy-like on the track, neither of them was under fourteen-two in height.

"Mist' Spratt sets on dat Ghos' lak he gwine a ride him," enthusiastically remarked Jenks, a colored stable boy, to Trainer Sloan. Under the Cedarhurst Jockey Club rules, negro jockies were barred from flat races on that track, so Sunny Jenks, McBannon's colored jockey, was acting as stable attendant.

Sloan slowly shook his head.

"Spratt's a good jock," he said, speaking half to himself. "I hate to see the boy disqualified. But—"

The bang-tails paraded in front of the judges' stand before facing the barrier for the start. In the field of bays and chestnuts and shiny blacks, the Gray Ghost stood out prominently. On his back, resplendent in the blue and crimson riding silks of the McBannon stable, perched Jockey Spratt. From the gay jockey cap which shaded his Irish blue eyes and hid his sandy-red hair, to the tips of the dapper black top-boots which encased his small, wiry shanks, Tommy Spratt was all bone, and steel and sinew. His gray mount racked along, decorous and quiet, as besemed a race horse of the Ghost's years and experience. Occasionally he reached for the bit, arched his neck, and threw up his smart head playfully. The

Ghost wasn't nervous. No sir-ree! He knew his rider; and his rider had known the Ghost ever since that worthy animal had won the Belmont Derby, when he was an awkward two-year-old, seven years ago.

But quick! The horses are lining up to face the barrier. About the track the noisy crowds are milling in blatant confusion of sights and sounds. The band is playing near the judges' stand. Men and women just from the links, with their golf bags swinging over their shoulders, crowd towards the track. Here a group of sporting gentlemen, with a pair of secret book-makers, are laying bets. Newspapermen, ton-ists, servants, chauffeurs, grooms,—all are jostling and pushing about the entrance to the grounds. Excited, and gay, and colorful is the crowd;—the National is about to be run.

In the midst of this confusion, Jockey Tommy Spratt calms and reassures his mount, while his own brain rns riot.—He is to bump Good Boy into the fence at the last turn, thereby disqualifying himself, but allowing Lucella to win. Of course it is crooked,—but it is orders from the boss, and one has to live.—But, for a moment he hesitates. He has never in all his life been guilty of riding crooked. A vision of Rat Colley in all its repulsiveness appears in his mind. And as if impelled from some unseen force, Tommy Spratt makes his decision. No! he will ride fair, and ride to win!

Another moment, and the noise grows hushed. The barrier flies up with a snap, and the cry, "They're off!" roars up from the crowd. Jockey Spratt gets his mount off to a flying start, and at the first turn the Ghost is running third, with the entire field running well-bunched, like a pack of swiftly coursing hounds. The mare, Lucella, is hanging close up on the flank of Good Boy, who is lying close to the rail, wasting no inches. Once he has decided not to ride to orders, Jockey Spratt knows he must save the Ghost, instead of wasting him in attempting to draw out Good Boy. Stringer is sitting motionless on the bay mare, hand-riding her; the distance between the three horses remains practically the same. The rest of the field, at first closely bunched, now begins to string out, as speed and blood begin to tell.

Crouching ape-like on the withers of the flying gray horse, Jockey Spratt chirps encouragement into the flatly laid back ears. Stringer, watching expect-

antly to see the Ghost forge ahead, or at least range alongside Good Boy, holds Lucella in her position. Now the three are on the far side of the mile track, opposite the home stretch, their positions relatively unchanged. The powerful chestnut, Good Boy, is stretching out after the track with mighty strides, but not yet has he extended himself. Lucella's white fore-feet are slashing out in a steady, rhythmic beat. And the Ghost just seems to be floating along,—his white tail streaming out behind, his lean neck out-thrust, his feet flicking back and forth like flying shuttles.

"Why don't he let him out now?" fumes McBannon, as he follows the horses with his glasses. "The boy ain't moved on him yet. He'll let that chestnut run th' mare to death! Spratt's palling, by God!"

The gallopers are now approaching the second turn. According to plans, the Ghost should be running with Good Boy by the time they reach the first post at the turn. Here is where Good Boy should get bumped into the fence. But Spratt has not moved on the Ghost, and Good Boy is streaking forward with every heave of his powerful legs. Stringer is now urging the mare on.

"Git down on 'im! Ride 'im, boy—use the stick on him!" McBannon yells futilely to the far-off Jockey Spratt. Would the boy not ride to order?—And every cent McBannon possesses staked on the mare to win? Should the Ghost win, it would only complicate matters, for McBannon had actually made some "submerged" bets\* against that very thing.

The trio round the turn, approaching the home stretch. It is a horse race! Now is the time to ride. Lucella, urged by the now thoroughly frightened Stringer, makes a brave spurt, is up with Good Boy,—is now half a length ahead. But now,—she cracks under the strain, and falls back. Now for the first time Spratt is seen to urge the Ghost forward, lying low on the horse's neck, giving him his head. The gray courser diminishes the distance between himself and the mare,—then like a shot he is past her and is pounding hard upon the heels of Good Boy. Slowly, yet steadily he gains. Now, he is bending to the task, and the chestnut and the gray are neck and neck!

"Christ!"—McBannon is cursing horribly, frantically. "Why don't the boy do it? Bump him! Bump him!"

\* "Blanked" bets,—bets laid through an agent, against one's own horse.

But Spratt is riding clean, and like a demon-possessed, the Ghost is coming on for a whirlwind finish in the last heart-breaking furlong. Lucella is a length and a half behind; Stringer is whipping furiously, vainly trying with heel and hand to bring the mare up. But Lucella's case is one of distress, and not temperament. The race is between the Ghost and Good Boy. On, on they come, neck and neck, stride for stride—as closely and as smoothly as if they are coupled together. A matter of seconds, and then—they flash under the wire, so close that many of the spectators do not know which won.

Quiet now is the crowd, breathlessly watching the marker. Number seven is run up; number seven—the Gray Ghost!

Old horsemen still love to talk about that race, and will still be talking of it whenever the Cedarhurst National is mentioned,—how Jocky Spratt lifted home the Gray Ghost, a winner by a nose in as thrilling a race as was ever run on the Southern Circuit.

But to McBannon, the winning of the race—the circumstances of it—meant disaster. Not only did he fire Jockey Spratt immediately after the race, but he was detained from actual assanlt only by the timely interference of three policemen and several stable boys. Lucella had finished in time to place.

Jockey Spratt hurriedly packed his few belongings, preparatory to flight from the wrath of McBannon. Into his battered suitcase, he tenderly laid away his riding jacket, cap, and boots. His diminutive racing saddle he carefully wrapped in his old red sweater, and this, too, was packed away, together with a few odds and ends dear to the heart of a jockey,—an old colored print of the Pimlico entries; a curiously woven watch charm, made of horsehairs; a soiled copy of *The Police Gazette*, which contained a photograph of himself, in riding silks, standing at the head of Princess Pat.

A short time later found him in the stall of the Gray Ghost, where, with his arm around that animal's neck, he was taking a last farewell.

"Ghost, old boy,—you didn't have to do nothin' crooked, did you boy? No, boy, we ran straight, didn't we? And now, see what I got for it! Got fired, that's what. But don't you worry, Ghost, boy. 'T wa'n't yo' fault. Sho' wa'n't yo' fault, boy.

"Now, Ghost, I gotta git out,—beat it—leave. Me,

what has stayed with you ever since you's big's a billy-goat. And now I gotta—" (here Tommy, who was only human, and a jockey, swallowed hard). "—Say, Ghost, some day I'm gonna buy you, hear? You hear me, boy. I aim to find you when I get the jack, and then it'll just be me an' you.

"But I gotta say goodbye, now,—"

On his way to the depot, Jockey Spratt was overtaken by an excited messenger who tendered him a large brown envelope. On the outside of the envelope was written in pencil: "To be delivered to Jockey Thomas Spratt." Opening the packet, Tommy found that it contained some bank notes of large denomination, together with the following ill-written note, scribbled on the back of a racing program:

"I saw you when the cop was trying to putt me ont and also the race today, you sure rode that Gost, always ride strait, my boy, I went wrong by going crooked, and here is being sent by bearer 1200 dollers whiteh will help to pay off the debts which I made and whiteh are troubling your mother.—Affect. Yrs. Unele Dennis."

At eight o'clock that night, Jockey Spratt was seated in the day coach of a train en route to Clarkton, Georgia, with a copy of *The Turf Review* open before him. An account of the races, particularly the National, featured the front page of that paper. The sports writers said, in no uncertain terms, that Jockey Spratt had "won for himself a reputation that even Chiek Evans might envy" and that he was a "demon finisher." *The Review* further stated that it was such jockeys as Spratt who made racing a great sport, and that this jockey would no doubt receive some very flattering offers from famous racing stables, owing to his highly creditable performance.

But for the life of him he couldn't make out about the money he had received. Something queer about it—Unele Dennis—the note—who? At any rate it was "on the square." Of this he was sure because his name had been plainly written on the envelope, and the messenger had said that it was from the starter's office. Tommy finally gave it up as being too deep for him to solve. If somebody calling himself "Unele Dennis" wanted to donate twelve hundred dollars to him, *he* wasn't going to kick about it. The identity of the doner of the money was still somewhat of a mystery until his eye chanced to fall upon the following short item which appeared in the *Review*, in the column called "Racing Gossip":

“Old timers will probably remember ‘Rat’ Colley, who has been a follower of the sport of kings for many years. He was notorious for a long time as a crooked jockey, gambler, and general race track hanger-on, having been started on his questionable career when he was disqualified as a jockey in New Orleans, in 1907. ‘The Rat,’ whose real name, by the way, is Dennis Donahue Spratt, was found dead from cold and exposure in an empty box stall at the race course, today. He was a drug addict, and had been of late in

rather pitiable circumstances. It has been rumored that he won considerable money on the races today, but it is not definitely known whether the report is authentic. The deceased leaves no known relatives.”

Jockey Spratt read and understood.

“Uncle,” he said, speaking half aloud and causing the passengers in the next seat to turn and stare, “You’re a ther-bred, after all. And McBannon is—a sneaking rat.”





# Love

By GAY ALLEN

OUTSIDE of filial love there is no such thing as the *real love* that romantic youth dreams of, or, if real love ever exists, the cases are the exceptions that prove the rule. Members of the opposite sexes are attracted to each other, but there is seldom a real affinity of spirit or unselfish love existing in modern romantic affairs.

Love is a day-dream, usually attacking inexperienced hearts and sentimental brains. Love is often merely a fancy, which is, indeed, not love but merely wearing love's clothes, a hallucination, a vain hope in vulnerable human hearts, an instinctive longing fostered by romantic ideals, something that human passions, habits, and sordidness are contrary to attaining. Yet, so long as human hearts shall beat with discontentment and so long as human desires are for the spiritual rather than the corporeal, just so long will we be forever "falling in love." To those who contend that genuine love, unadulterated love, the love that is found in novels, is not a rare thing, I wish

to ask why it is that love is so like a fire that dies when the fuel is no longer added.

We love those who love us. Who can dispute this maxim? Oh, yes, it is true that some love fanatics spend their lives in pining for desired mates, but more often what they call love is a desire to conquer and gain a desirable prize, a selfish desire to gain happiness, or merely the results of a romantic imagination. Love is similar to religion. All ardent believers in religion have spiritual ideals that they think are possible "by faith" though they have never experienced the culmination of those ideals. What is love, then? An aspiration. An aspiration too lofty, too Utopiaistic, too near Divine for pectable human beings to attain, yet perhaps it is best to aspire and strive to attain such a goal than never to aspire or strive at all or for a less desirable goal for, "He who aims at the stars reaches more sublime heights than he who aims at the tree tops!"

So rave on ye freshmen who have been wounded by one of Cupid's poisoned arrows!

## Clouds

*THE PILGRIMAGE of clouds across the moon  
Is marched tonight from out the mystic West,—  
Unseen until they graze the pallid breast  
Endymion once knew. There in the noon  
Of quiet light they rest an instant: soon  
The jealous wind has hurried them on their quest  
For whispered eastern islands of the blest  
Where skied pilgrims find a dream commune.*

*I was as those clouds were, but dead before  
I found the joyous beauty of her zone:  
I knew that beauty once, but a wind bore  
Me on, far distant from the lunar throne  
Of former days. Now I take up once more  
An empty pilgrimage, unseen, alone.*

C. D. EL M.

# Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

By ICHABOD CRANE

The measnred vibrations of the old college bell rang out hypochondriacly over the large campus teeming with 200,000 Trinity students who had just returned to Durham after spending a happy Christmas vacation at their homes.

There was a mighty scuffle of feet, and every one of the 200,000 students rushed into Craven Memorial Hall, which, by the way, covered five square acres. Of course I followed the crowd and once inside the building, I cast my eyes toward the center section to see how the freshman class looked.

"My," I ejaculated to myself, "there must be 90,000 Frosh!" Then I almost screamed with amazement when I noticed their appearances. There were beardless youths, and there were strong seven-foot men with the hairy faces of apes—Dr. Few probably started the fad!

I pinched myself to see if I were dreaming. Deciding that I was not, I again turned my head toward the middle section. They actually looked intelligent!

Then I turned my attention to the seniors. Each wore the Dr. Few shrubbery on his countenance. But instead of that superior smile that I had learned to associate with the name *senior*, they had a roguish glint in their eyes, and they bowed to each other with nimbleness and undignified ungracefulness.

The sophomores talked enthusiastically, but I noticed no impish smiles being cast toward the middle section. Just then a shrill woman's voice caused me to notice the *pocketless sex* side of the house.

"Dr. Secrest," one ugly blond woman was saying to a divinely beautiful brunette who appeared to be still on the border of youth, "how old did you say you were today?"

But, before she could answer, I rushed to her side. "Are you Jim Secrest's daughter?" I demanded excitedly.

"You mean the fellow who was editor of the *Chronicle* in 1923," she replied serenely.

"Yeah!" I gulped.

"Gosh no; his great, great, great, great, grand-daughter," she said coquettishly. Then turning to her companion she blurted, "Oh, this is my five-hundred and ninety-ninth birthday!"

I swooned and fell to the floor. When I regained consciousness, Dean Wannamaker was standing on the rostrum. He was the same dean!

"President Few," he was reading the announcements, and there were as many as usual, "is sorry he will be unable to be with us this morning; he had to return to Watts Hospital for an X-ray treatment. Some cells in his heart were beginning to weaken, and he had to have them killed by X-ray rays. 'Cap' Card," he continued without pausing, "wants to speak to the men after chapel."

Then the noted Deutsch Lehrer laid the announcements aside, and I knew he was winding up for a marathon speech, but I could not understand why he did not eye the freshmen as he did in days of yore. I decided that I must be dreaming after all!

"I have been thinking this morning—" he began abruptly.

("That's what he used to tell me to do," I soliloquised), but I had seen what he was going to say.

"—We are just beginning a new year," he was saying, "the year 2924."

What! I knew then I must be dreaming!

"In 1923 no one ever thought I would be alive now," he continued in his usual hurried manner. "Then we thought that the human life was only three score and ten years—and just think. Then a college course covered only four years instead of one hundred as we now have it. It took—"

"Woolley 10!" I groaned.

"—Yes, it took James Robert Simpson, captain of the 1923 football team that defeated Elon and Carolina and won the world championship, to make the marvelous discovery which enables us," he pointed toward the row of men at his left—it was *bald head* row in 1923—"to enjoy flunking you in 2924. Mr. Simpson showed the world that by merely subjecting weak cells of the human body to X-rays that the weak cells would be killed, nature would replace them with new, healthy cells, and now man lives forever!"

"My dear young inexperienced friends, the world today needs more men like that—"

"Old stuff!" I muttered.

"And by the way," he was now eyeing the freshmen, "Jimmie never got drunk on monkey rum either! I saw two freshmen last night at the Orpheum—you know I sang there last night—actually intoxicated. Those men know better, too, for the college records show that they are 500 years old!

"Oh, Dr. Brown, I was about to forget about it, wants to say a few words about the Folklore Club."

Seeing a chance to escape, I slipped out before "Bull" got to his feet. As I prepared to sneak back

beneath my tombstone, I was thinking, "Oh, well, I don't care if I did die before Jimmie gave me *life everlasting*."

I paused a minute to look at my epitaph which had evidently been composed by one of my worst enemies.

"Death, where is thy sting?" I cried. "Wannie is still dean, Bull Brown is still head of the English department, and it takes 100 years to finish college! Good night, cruel, cruel world!"

## The Sun God

RALPH FULLER

FROM HIS throne in the land of the Happy Dead, Osiris—Phra, the sun, he who died and was born again, he, lord of the universe, giver of life and thrice blessed giver of Death, has gazed for eons on this work of his hands, the Earth. From the dawn of history, when Egypt raised her pyramids and pylons to meet his first returning glances, even to the dawn of the great Tomorrow is the period of his rule. Today he is neglected and half forgotten; yesterday, in his birthplace, the Land of the Nile, his sons knew and loved him; worshipped him with a fervor and zeal past present understanding; cast themselves in the path of his rays that he might enter and permeate them; and raised to him monuments which shall endure for all time. The sun was their father, their soul, and their symbol; they praised him, and he gave them strength.

A single beam from the sun-god's eyes pierced the rich gloom and broke into scintillating lances on the golden image of the Lotus, symbol of Life and Death, the Sun, the Moon, and the Nile. Amhuri-tut-Ankh-Amen, Pharoah of Pharoahs, all-wise lord of the earth, lolled at ease on the high rich throne and gazed contemptuously at the bearded figure before him. A half sneer curled his full young lips, his deep eyes narrowed pleasingly. On the floor before the old man a glittering serpent coiled among the silks and golden tassels.

"And what," the Pharoah spoke, his voice musical and clear, "And what, old man, dost thou think to accomplish by this pitiful conjuring trick?"

The other straightened, his sunken eyes blazed. He controlled himself with a visible effort and replied in the suave tones that those of his race assume even today in the presence of their superiors.

"Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews, hath sent me unto thee, saying, 'Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness;' and behold, here is His sign."

The young king glanced at the bent and shriveled figure who occupied the carved throne at his right.

"Thou, my father, Imhotep the Wise, what sayest thou to this play?"

The bent old man's strong yellow teeth were bare in a grin; the flesh gathered into shiny knobs at his cheekbones.

"Yahweh thy god hath made of thee a fool," he addressed the straight, white-haired figure before him, "and fools of all these children of Israel. Thou callest them well. They are children indeed, the children of imbeciles; and thou, oh Moses, are the most childish of them all."

He lifted his scrawny hand. A priest, his shaven poll glittering, glided forth and bent at the old man's word.

"Thy priests, Khontamentit; bring forth the priests of Hathor, that this white-haired fool may see her power."

Six priests appeared from both sides of the two thrones, each bearing a staff surmounted by an ankh, the symbol of Life. Khontamentit raised his jeweled hands and prayed to the Goddess of Fertility that she give him power to make as naught this alleged demonstration of a foreign god. Then he bent again to

Imhotep and touched first the corner of his robe, then his own head, eyes, and lips. Imhotep looked at Moses.

"Thou comest with a rod and castest it on the ground," he said, his ancient lips curling back, "it becometh a green ditch-adder, and thou sayst 'Lo; my God sendeth a sign!' Behold!"

The six priests cast down their rods, and in an instant six serpents writhed around their feet. The figure of the Hebrew shrank back; then he whirled on the father of the Pharaoh, his face livid above his beard, his eyes flashing, his lips and body trembling. He leveled a long accusing finger at the shrivelled man on the throne.

"Imhotep," he screamed, "and thou, Pharaoh, hear me. Behold thou darest to mock my God: thou wilt not hear this command. I say to thee that He shall bring upon thee and thine such suffering as thou canst not conceive of. Yea, thou shalt weep and cry in thy misery to thy false gods, thy strumpet Hathor and thy beast-headed Apis, and they shall crumble to dust before thine eyes. Thy soul shall sicken within thee; thy food shall be as gall in thy mouth; thine eyes shall be dim with weeping; thou shalt weep thyself blind. Egypt shall fall about thine ears: the glory of thy cities shall succumb to the wrath of the Lord; of Minnofiru and Karnak not one stone shall remain. Thy land shall be desolate, and thy people shall disappear from among the races of the earth.

"Who shall deny the power of Jehova? With great deeds and thunderings he hath warned thy kings. In the reign of Ouenephes thy people died of the famine. Under Semempses the plague laid waste the land. Because thy father Boethos held the children of Israel, the Nile flowed with blood. And now a worse calamity is thine. I say to thee—"

Tut-Ankh-Amen had listened to this tirade amusedly. Now he stifled a yawn. Imhotep straightened his bent spine and signalled with his hand. Four soldiers advanced and seized the prophet. The old man struggled bravely; his wild eyes rolled; his efforts to free himself caused the brazen armor plates of the soldiers to clank hollowly.

"Remove him," said Imhotep.

"I say to thee, Imhotep," shouted the Jew, "that this night thy first-born and the first-born of every man who persecuteth the Children shall be cut down by the Lord God Jehovah. Yea, thy son the Pharaoh—"

The brown arm of one of the guards buried itself in the white beard and throttled the words in the old man's throat. Gasping, he ceased his struggles and was borne out.

The Pharaoh straightened his slender body.

"The patriareh hath torn his filthy beard." He smiled at his father.

And indeed, a few white wisps lay on the ebon floor, and among them coiled the serpent that had been a staff.

Phra, God of Light, sank to his daily death in robes of glory. The rough limestone cliffs of Karnak rose from the molten ruby of the Nile painted with the colors of the Father's sword, the rainbow. A thin veil of opalescent mist half obscured the deep pastels of the rich monotonous fields of the Lower Delta and quickly dissipated as the Sun God sank into Aahlu, the Pools of Peace. The shutters of the day were closed, and night fell in a sable mantle, lotus-studded.

The procession of Apis, the sacred bull, appeared, winding in a long line through the quiet streets; the clear musical chants of the priests ascended, fluttering, to the single tower of the temple of Amen. Here stood Imhotep the Wise, half supporting his wizened form on the parapet. His gaze traveled over the vast level expanse before him far out to a jumble of mud huts by the river and to a half-finished wall constructed of bricks without straw.

The old man's expression was one of satisfaction; his very posture denoted an untroubled mind. The sight of the huts and the wall recalled to him the incident of the afternoon, and he laughed raspingly, like wind blowing through dry corn. What to him, father of the Pharaoh, were the rantings of a demented Jew?

A bell sounded slowly below him; the silence was intensified by its dying throb. The great city stretched beneath the watcher in the tower, its myriad lights challenging the Eyes of the Gods above. Imhotep raised his arms above his head. He gazed a moment in silence at the glory above him; then quietly he spoke:

"Osiris, light of the world, father of gods, incline thine ear to me and hear my praise. Lift the curtains of the house of the dead and heed the prayers of thy servants. Lord of the world, light of the spirits of heaven, utterer of blessings, who is there whose mouth murmurs not of thy righteousness, or speaks not of thy exaltation, and celebrates not thy glory; Osiris—"

Phra, son of Hathor and brother of the Moon, at night thou diest; yet art thou born again with the dawn and comest with renewed life to bless thy children. On the horizon of heaven thou dawnest! The pure bolts of heaven thou openest! The doors of heaven thou openest! Thou liftest up thy head to the world! Thou coverest the earth with a bright firmament and settest thine ear to the prayers of mankind."

The old man's seamed face had taken on a beatific look; his hard old eyes had softened, yet they steeled again in another instant. He leaned over the parapet and gazed fixedly at the Hebrew quarter of the city. It seemed that he saw a figure emerge stealthily from a rude hovel and rub something on the lintel of the door. Others appeared from other houses and followed the example of the first. Imhotep's brow contracted at the puzzle, but after a moment he shrugged his round shoulders and turned toward the east. A red glow, unnatural and ominous, showed close to the horizon. The father of the Pharaoh touched his forehead, eyes, and lips reverently, and withdrew to the interior of the temple.

It was the hour after midnight. The Hebrews, girded for travel, waited anxiously in the streets of their settlement. Moses, his head bare and his long beard streaming in the chilly night-breeze, was standing on a stone, quite evidently engaged in instilling courage into the faint hearts of his people.

"And Jehovah spake unto me, saying, 'I will go through the land of Egypt in the night, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgements: I am Jehovah!' Hear, ye timid ones, even now arises the wailings of the Egyptians. Come, let us go to the temple of the Pharaoh!"

From the night came the sounds of grief inexpressible. From all sides rose the cries of the smitten Egyptians. The aid of the gods was invoked; the gods were cursed. Women ran into the streets wailing; grief-stricken fathers stared dazedly at the marching Jews. Behind Moses and his brother they walked, too uncertain or too fearful to sing the praises of God that their leaders exhorted them to. They huddled close together, the women with their naked

babes, the men bent under the weight of household goods. They were unused to liberty, and they followed their leaders blindly and in silence.

They reached the temple. As Moses began the ascent of the high steps Imhotep appeared supported between two priests. His worn face was haggard, his jaw loose, his eyes gleamed feverishly in the light of his retainer's torches. Beads of sweat formed on his wrinkled forehead and dripped in tiny rivulets down the furrows in his cheeks. He shrank back when Moses, triumphant, stood before him.

"Go, go," he shrieked. "Rise up, get you forth from my people, both ye and the children of Israel; go and serve Yahweh, as ye have said. Take both your flocks and your herds and be gone. My son, my son!"

His eyes closed; tears forced themselves from beneath the sunken lids. His lips quivered upon his clinched teeth. His grief shook him like an ague. He opened his eyes and saw Moses, gloating. Agony for the years of agony that he and his people had suffered; misery for misery, grief for grief. Ah! it was almost worth those decades of suffering to see the suffering of this persecutor, this son and father of tyrants.

"Why tarry ye?" cried the father of the dead Pharaoh. "Go! Take gold and jewels and raiment and get thee hence, thee and thy accursed race and thy god of demons. Go!"

Exhausted, the broken man sank back into the arms of the priests. Moses looked at him with an expression in which pity struggled with hate and contempt. Pity conquered; he choked back the seathing speech that he had intended to make, and turning to the silently waiting mass of Hebrews he said gently:

"Go, my people. Accept the gifts of the Egyptians, both the gold and the jewels, and let us leave this land, glorifying Jehovah for our deliverance."

The Hebrews stirred. The mighty mass began to move. Toward the east they headed where faint golden light promised them the beginning of a new day of freedom. As the last of the exiles passed singing from the court of the temple, Osiris-Phra, the sun, lord of the universe, giver of life, cast his first brilliant rays over the silent Egyptians. And they greeted him with curses.

# The Impelling Motive

(An Interview With a Chronic Shacker)

By ALTON B. GIBSON

WHEN I entered his room, I was almost stifled by the dull sickening smell of dead tobacco smoke mingled with the aroma of Bando-line and Sta-comb. On the table was a little viol of pink tea, a small dish with the remains of some Angel cake on it, and a neatly autographed cigarette, cork tipped and delicately perfumed. The dresser was littered with every toilet article imaginable, and would have smelled, but for the artificiality of it, like a miniature flower garden. The walls of the room bore evidence of the work of a sentimental tenant; the pictures hanging thereon were of beautiful girls and handsome men in sentimental, moonlight poses. Here and there a poem expressing a soft sentiment broke the monotony of the pictures, but one could almost imagine them to be the words of the men and women pictured. I sat down in a cushioned chair and waited.

My visit was not unexpected; so I was not long in waiting. When the Chronic Shacker entered, we proceeded immediately to business in hand, my part of which was to direct this question at him, "What is the impelling motive that drives young men to the shack every night?"

His first reply was in the language of The Seven Beasts, "Come and see," but pinned to a more detailed answer he proved very entertaining as well as instructive.

"When I came to Trinity College," he began, "I was ill versed in the ways of womankind, and I had come to get an education, not a narrow one, but one that would fit me to go out and face life from every angle. I reasoned that an education would never be completed without a thorough knowledge of the tactics of woman; so I started going to the Shack. Since that time I have fallen victim to women's tactics many times, but I have never fathomed them, for each woman has an entirely different set.

A thorough knowledge of Kipling had inoculated me with the idea that I could tell a vamp from the real article; consequently I affected experience and later realized it. The first girl was, I believed, as innocent as girls are made, but on the second call she

permitted a kiss. Immediately the words of Kipling came to me,

'My son, if a woman deny thee and seuffingly bid thee give o'er

Yet lip meets lip in the lastward—get out! She has been there before.'

She had done all the denying imaginable, and yet she had yielded. I thanked my stars that I had read Kipling, but I failed to get out. Instead of taking Kipling's advice I punned on his lines something after this manner,

My son, if she offer to kiss thee, being sad for the loving she's missed,

Take her kisses my boy, praising Allah. The girl was ordained to be kissed."

The Chronic Shacker paused a moment while he labored with his message then continued, "Kipling also said that a girl who allowed a kiss to come tumblewise has never been kissed before. Well, the second girl was she. She proved, nevertheless, to be a sponge for a gullable gump, and with her I came to the realization that I had not learned about women from Mr. Kipling. All this time, however, I had been shacking regularly, nor did I have any inclination to cease after this truth had dawned on me. On the other hand, I had reached the point spoken of by Bill Nye, or some other eminent authority, where the sight of women's apparel in a show window caused me to grow sick at heart and wonder if I might not be missing the woman that Heaven had ordained for me.

"Do you think that this applies to all Chronic Shackers?" I asked.

Probably not," he replied, "some shackers, in all probabilities do not come in contact with either of these types of girls, but they do meet the third type, and she is more fatal than either of the others."

I waited without comment while the Chronic Shacker went to the mirror and arranged a hair that was slightly offside. I had become accustomed to the little nervous breaks with which his conversation was punctuated and to his frequent visits to the window which looked towards the Shack.

"The third type," he continued, "neither kisses with or without provocation. She intimates love and practices deceit. One swears that he cares nothing for her and that he can stop going to see her any time that he wishes to, but he never wishes to stop. One spends the whole night dreaming of what he will say to her next day, and, when he sees her next day, he forgets all that he dreamed. She strings men on the thread of a hoped-for kiss, and, when that breaks, they cling on the memory of a sweet, but vanished dream. One imagines that her every frown is for them and her every smile for the other fellow. To stop going is out of the question, and to go is a torture."

"Are you describing an individual or a type?" I asked.

"Both," he replied. "Each man sees in his own particular girl these qualities. To another man she may be either of the first two types, but to prove that to the Chronic Shacker would require the audit of the Gods."

"Are you so sure of yours," I asked.

"I hadn't thought of it," he replied, "nor would it make any material difference. In my eyes she can do no evil."

"Does it not tire you to go to the Shack every night," I ventured.

In reply he lifted the lid of his trunk and took out a sheet of paper which he handed to me. "This was my sentiment on the question last night," he said. I opened the sheet and read,

"Tonight I feel 'twould do me good to rest,

To take the sleep that I so sadly lack,  
But list, a voice from out the west  
A co-ed calls me to the old Frau Shack.

(Not old in years, but in experience ripe;  
But few, the years that tell upon its walls,  
But oh, the tunes that it has learned to like,  
And oh, the thoughts that wander through its halls.)

Gone are my dreams of sleep and thoughts of rest,

'Twas but a fantasy, no need to drowse;

Give me my shirt! Ah boy, the very best

My weary heart must make my lady vows.

To hold tonight her quivering hand in mine

Were worth an hour of sleep 'tho dreams lull me;

To tell again my love as red as wine

Were worth the hours of all the nights to be."

There was a sound like the stirring of mush. The Chronic Shacker turned from the window, glanced at his watch, then at himself in the mirror, and made his exit mumbling something about a date.

When I got up to go, my eyes fell upon an open volume of Kipling and upon these words,

"A fool there was."

"Mr. Kipling wasn't so far wrong after all," I thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tonight as I sit by my window in Jarvis whilst without the Goddess of Night holds the campus under her magic sway, I see a man and maid, in the soft moon light, walking slowly down The Trail of the Long Leaf Pine. The Goddess with womanly intuition breathes over the face of the moon a mantle of gray which dims the vision but which detracts not at all from the beauty of the night.

"Well 'tiz well."

## Stars

*I FEAR the tiny vastness of the stars;  
I bow before their gay solemnity  
Their ringing, unvoiced anthems. The low plea  
They murmur, leaning through night's prison bars  
Is like the sound of lightly swept guitars,  
Gossamer whisperings of mournful glee.  
The deep breath of their broad tranquillity  
Appals me; they to me are avatars  
Of the Unmeasurable's thoughts, the ghosts  
Of ghostly flames. They whisper, each to each  
And point at me with stately, arched browed scorn.  
I fear the awful majesty of hosts  
Of little gleams, whose marble beings reach  
Back, past the night the universe was born.*

C. D. EL M.

# Flights of Fancy

By SOPHIA RYMAN

I NEVER did have any use for my appendix, either figuratively or actually. So, while the nurses were getting me ready to have it removed, I wasted no regret over losing it. I worried more about the loss of time from certain courses in the natural sciences in which I had recently become interested. The last thing I remember worrying about, however, was my inability to understand or appreciate them because of my meager knowledge of the principles underlying them.

One morning I woke up in Moscow where I had been for some time. I felt a little dizzy; my head was light and airy. I supposed the dizziness to be caused by the extreme heat. I lay in bed for a while and thought of home. It had been two centuries since I had left the United States, and I began to wonder how things were looking back in North Carolina.

"Since I began doing research work for the W. R. T. Scientific Society, I have travelled all over this globe,—from one part of it to another," I mused. "Yet, strange to say, I have confined my wanderings to the earth. I am going to leave this diminutive whirling ball and go over to one of the larger planets that are always passing by."

As I lay thinking thus, my maid, a little Chinese girl, came in with her arms full of mail.

"Look through the letters, and if there are any from the W. R. T. Society, hand them to me," I told her. "I have no time to read letters from all over the world."

"Oui, Mademoiselle," she answered in excellent French. (At that time all Chinese women were highly educated. French being a subject demanded by their traditions of culture, all, even the laundresses, spoke it.)

I opened the letter she gave me and began to read it.

"Banzai!" (translated *Hurrah*) I cried in Japanese.

It had come at last. The Secretary of the Society had written to tell me that, as a reward for my treatise on the fourth dimension, I had been unanimously elected representative to go to Mars to procure some

data on the ingenious and intricate canals which her inhabitants had constructed. This news filled me with profound joy, followed by overwhelming depression at the thought that it would be at least a century before I could return to the earth and visit my people. I finally decided that I would make a flying trip home, and then persuade my brother who was an aviator, to carry me to Mars in his airplane.

No sooner thought than done. I did not delay long enough to hunt up a time table. I was all afire to be off. The trains in Russia were always being stopped by Bolsheviks; so I left my maid to follow while I started on foot. The Turks, as fierce as usual, were carving up Southern Europe, and it was neither safe nor expedient to try to reach America via any part of Southern Europe; so I decided to take the proverbial "long way 'round" and go through the northern countries.

I walked across Russia, waded through Bering Straits, climbed over the Rock of Gibraltar, and arrived at Constantinople, Norway, just as the mid-night sun was coming up over the hills.

And what a picture it made! I must pause in recounting my travels just long enough to comment on its beauty. The rim of the sun was just visible behind the tallest trees. In every direction from it, long stretches of rainbow colors shot up into the sky. The light itself, given off as the huge round object swung into the west, was of a bluish-looking radiance which gave the people, gathered to watch the miracle, a death-like hue. Watching the faces around me, I suddenly made a discovery which I knew would revolutionize the astronomical world. I had noticed that the faces of some of the women were literally black.

"Rouge and mercury." I uttered aloud in my astonishment. Several people turned to see if I had completely gone crazy. They evidently did not see any connection. To me, there was a perfectly obvious connection. I knew that red objects turned black under a mercury light. The faces of several of the women were as black as Erebus. The light from the sun had caused the phenomenon. The physical com-



position of the midnight sun was plain, everyday mercury. I marvelled that no one had ever discovered it before. I resolved to keep my discovery quiet and to disclose it in a meeting of the W. R. T. Society with the suddenness and force of a bombshell thrown into the midst of its members.

As I stood contemplating how Michaelson's measurement of Betelegeuse would appear in the light of my own discovery, I noticed that a fiendish looking Turk disengaged himself from the crowd and calmly and quietly began to peer into the sea of faces. I knew intuitively that he was looking for me, but I thought I would perhaps escape him. No such luck. He saw me. Then letting out an Indian warwhoop, he grabbed a spiked club of the prehistoric ages and started on a mad run for me. I had been taking a great deal of physical culture with the natives of Africa; so I was in good condition for a race. The Turk chased me all through Norway and Sweden, across into Denmark, and down into Germany. The people whom we passed stopped occasionally to stare at us, but such a sight was so common that they leisurely and languidly continued their progress with perhaps only a question mark in their minds as to the outcome.

I led my pursner all over Northern and Central Europe and back again. Finally, I began to perceive his design. It burst upon me like a sudden clap of thunder. He was slowly driving me into Southern Europe so that the Turks could surround me and take from me my precious manuscript on Russian Noodles. The manuscript was in my hand,—had been in fact, ever since I had completed it, for I was afraid to trust it out of my hands. I ate with it, slept with it, travelled with it, and now I was fleeing with it, I resolved that I would eat it before I would allow it to fall into the hands of some scientific enemy, and it seemed that I would have to carry out my resolution, for the sly Turk was, somehow, hedging me in and driving me straight for Venice, Turkish military headquarters. I determined not to go to Venice. That Turk would never get me there alive. I would commit suicide by jumping off a peak of the Alps; but I would never go to Venice.

Suddenly, in my headlong flight, I noticed a familiar stream. It was the Danube as blue as ever. It dawned upon me that I was in Eastern Europe, only a couple of countries from Turkey in Europe. I

knew I must soon find a place of refuge; so I looked around to see if I might, by any chance, be in the vicinity of the King's palace. Yes, there it was, peacefully reposing on the banks of the river in whose waters were reflected the rays of the moon. It dawned upon me that it must be night. However, under the circumstances, I supposed that it did not matter. Anyhow, I could explain to the King, and he could overlook my unconventionality. Action, not thought, was of prime importance. I bounded up the steps of the palace, three steps at a time, until I reached the top; then I stopped, caught my breath, and walked to the door. I leisurely rang the bell and stood waiting for the door to be opened. Calm, confident, untrifled, I stood. I turned to look back at my enemy. At the bottom of the steps, his club resting beside him and his mouth wide open he had halted. The door of the palace swung back, and the footman stood bent double waiting for me to pass in. I smiled kindly at my vexed pursuer and stepped across the threshold. Instead of feeling my feet upon solid floor, I felt nothing under them. I was precipitated headlong into a pit. I kept falling, falling, falling. Occasionally, I clutched at the sides, but to no avail. I was destined to a death equal to that prepared for the victim in *The Pit and Pendulum*.

Since I continued to descend but never to reach bottom, I began to muse, "If this keeps on until I fall eleven miles below the earth's surface, I shall stop falling. The air at that depth is so dense that a person will float in it; so I shall perhaps experience the sensation of floating in air."

And sure enough, I soon ceased to fall. I had reached the eleven mile limit. I was floating in air. The sensation was not altogether unpleasant, and I soon began to enjoy the novelty. After floating around for a while, I observed that a figure, which like myself was floating, had joined me. I turned to speak, and there leering at me was the diabolical visage of the Turk. He grabbed my wrist, drew a knife from his belt, and raised it to stab me. I wrenched myself free from his grasp, but too late. He stabbed me in the side at the very moment that I succeeded in freeing myself. With a wild cry of pain, I plunged through the air.

"There, there. Be still. You mustn't jump like

that. You are liable to hurt yourself," a pleasant voice said.

I opened my eyes to see a white-capped nurse bending over me. "Is he gone?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. He is gone. There is no one with you but me," she answered sweetly.

I put my hand to my side. It was bandaged. "Then he really stabbed me?" I questioned.

"No, you have not been stabbed," she told me. "Don't you remember? You were,—"

I did not allow her to finish. "Sure, I remember," I said. "I have had my appendix amputated, and I am just coming from under the influence of ether." "I proudly informed her.

"That is exactly right. How did you ever guess it?" she marvelled.

## *The Events in the History of the Lowries 1769-1832*

(Winner of Southern History Prize)

J. J. FARRISS

**I**N 1769, James Lowrie, a tall well-proportioned Indian, settled in Robeson County. He was of the Tuscarora tribe, with some Croatan blood. At this time Robeson was a part of Bladen County. James Lowrie bought a track of land of one hundred acres from William Fort. This was granted to Fort by King George II in 1738. The land was settled and cultivated by James Lowrie and is now owned by the heirs of Colonel Archibald McEachern.

It is said that Lowrie resided near the present homeplace of Colonel McEachern, which was in the proximity of the swamp. It is not known whether the home of Lowrie was on the edge of the swamp or whether he lived farther in the interior. However, it is known that there was a ford immediately in front of his house. Lowrie lived here, raising cattle and farming, and during the Revolutionary War he kept a tavern. James Lowrie came to Robeson County from Bute County, now Franklin and Warren counties. All of the Lowries were descended from James Lowrie.

There are peculiar incidents in the history of the ancestors of the outlaw band which do not in any way correspond with the later deeds of the gang. James Lowrie's father was at one time a judge in the United States District Court. His father was appointed to the bench in the state of Virginia when that state became a member of the union after the Constitutional convention. He was ever after known as Judge Lowrie. He was very old when he became judge.

Judge Lowrie was of Cavalier and Indian stock and was characterized by refinement of manner, a tall and commanding personal appearance, urbane, courtly, and genteel in his whole accompaniment. James Lowrie married a half-breed Tuscarora Indian (Sarah Kearsey), and from this marriage all the Lowries in Robeson County trace their descent.

The preceding statements are not merely current rumors but are based upon facts related by James Lowrie himself. They were corroborated by Silas Atkins, who came to Robeson County with James Lowrie; they have also been confirmed by the late Neil Brown, who lived at Richland Swamp, by Reverend A. Smith, Sampson Bridgers, and Nathan, Henry, and John Thompson, prominent citizens of that section.

James Lowrie had three sons: William, Thomas, and James. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War William joined the colors in the fight for independence. He served under the command of the notorious Whig, Colonel Thomas Robeson, after whom Robeson County was named. William proved to be a good soldier, fighting side by side with the white soldiers and engaging in every battle fought by Colonel Robeson. One day, while piloting some men across Drowning Creek after the massacre at Piney Bottom, in Cumberland County, William Lowrie received a severe wound in his left arm from a Tory named McPherson, which necessitated his being out of the service for some time.

The other two sons, Thomas and James, were too young for the service. Their father evidently sided with the Whigs in spirit, although he never took an active part in the conflict. He lived very close to McPaul's mill, the rendezvous of all the Tories for the surrounding district. James Lowrie was disliked by the Tories, probably because his son fought with the Whigs. Soon after the Revolutionary War, prejudice became so strong against him that he had to leave. He took up his abode on Drowning Creek, near the home of his old friend, Silas Atkins. His immediate home was called the Harper Ferry place. He kept an inn here and also a grocery store. He lived at the Harper Ferry place for the rest of his life. James Lowrie left all his land and negroes to his children and a good name to his posterity.

Soon after the death of James Lowrie the district around his farm began to build up. This district was known as Scuffletown. Colonel Vick, merchandising at Fair Bluff in James Lowrie's time, was the author of this unique name. His reason for naming it Scuffletown was due to the congregating of the half-breeds around his store and their imbibing too freely of liquor, thus causing quarrels and a perpetual scuffle for existence. Scuffletown was a wild place, and its name does not belie its people.

This part of Robeson County was doubtless settled first by the ancestors of these Indians, probably on account of the cheapness of the soil. The Lumber River overflows during wet weather and floods all the swamp and lowlands. In the summer the swamps are rich with the verdure of a thick undergrowth, and the forests along the river are also thick with cypress, oak, and many other native trees. There are quite a number of hills surrounding Scuffletown, contrasting with the low swamp lands. It is said that the Indians were great lovers of tobacco and would often accost a stranger in an effort to obtain the weed. The approach to Scuffletown is very hard and difficult to one not acquainted with its paths and byways.

If a stranger wishes to visit a Scuffletown shanty, he will be compelled to leave the public road and go by some path unknown to the stranger. The shanty and adjacent ground is usually enclosed with a pine rail fence. The land is very poor. In the center of the ground stands a shanty, constructed of pine poles, notched one above the other. After the poles reach a height of ten feet, they are covered with pine boards. The chimney is built of clay and sticks. It is very

rare to see one of these houses containing any windows. The well is directly back of the house. The Indians always cut numerous peep-holes in the sides of the shanties as a precaution against approaching foes. In the corner of the chimney, on the outside of the house, will be found a half barrel, sawed off and set up on boards, one foot above the ground, for the purpose of making soap. The few acres of land are planted in corn and rice which grow sparsely and mature sparsely. The other half of the barrel is used for a washtub. A poor, half fed dog acts as guardian sentinel for the household.

There are usually from a half dozen to a dozen children playing in the yard. The bed is made on the floor (generally on the ground). There are two or three stools to sit on; no rooms in the cabin; one compartment composing the whole building. The above statements are characteristic of the majority of the Indians, but there are a few exceptions. The Oxendines, however, lived in better style and were well-to-do people in that section. The Lowries also lived comfortably, some of them being good carpenters and mechanics.

The traits of the Indian are peculiar and eccentric. Sometimes he assumes a religious aspect as solemn and austere as the most stolid Puritan could desire. At other times he plunges into the most degenerating excesses, contrary to all ethics. A wild desire for spirituous liquors was the chief propensity of the race. Due to their drunkenness they often quarreled, cutting and oftentimes shooting each other. Notwithstanding these immoral practices, a great majority of the Indians join either the Methodist or the Baptist Church. Many of them study for the ministry, and, after becoming ordained, accept churches in their own district. They always preach in a straightforward manner, which is characteristic of their race. Since the Civil War these Indians have shut their doors against all white ministers, allowing only the preachers of their own race to occupy their pulpits.

Closely associated with the Lowrie history, and forming the background for the greater part of the murderous deeds of the Lowries, is the well-known and much talked-of Scuffletown. Scuffletown is located northwest of the center of Robeson County. The Central Carolina Railroad cut the district in two during the Civil War. This district is thickly interspersed with branches, swamps, and bays; in fact, it is a part of the great swamp region of North Caro-

lina. The Lowrie gang never committed a murder north of this railroad, which divides the County. The boldest robberies occurred south of this line and also the most daring murders. The robbers had their camp on Back Swamp, about ten miles from Inman's Bridge, across the Lumber River.

When the Scotch began to migrate into Robeson County in the year 1747, the ancestors of the Locklears, Revels, Cumhos, and Chavis of today were living where their descendants now live. Soon after the Revolutionary War the Lowries moved into Robeson County and built on the place now known as the Harper Ferry Place. They kept a ferry there across the Lumber River. Later the Ransoms came into the County and took up their abode in the immediate district (later known as Scuffletown). The Woods came from Sampson County, the Oxendines from Franklin, also the Cummins, Brayboys, and Gians; along with these semi-aborigines came the Bells, Jacobs, Hunts, and Dials. These people formed no line of demarcation in intermarrying; however, the race growing out of these marriages was essentially a homogeneous one, characterized by straight black hair, high cheek bones, straight backs, and great muscular power. "Traces of the Indian and Anglo-Saxon can be found in the contour of their faces and observed in their demeanor and deportment." As a race they are very superstitious, believing in ghosts, elves, and goblins. Their race is very prolific; some of the women bear as many as sixteen children; in fact, a family of twelve is a common occurrence. These people live to be very old, notwithstanding their love for drink.

The inhabitants of Scuffletown are indeed a wild sort. The court of Robeson County was forced to add on extra dockets every year to its already heavy schedule, on account of the great number of cases from Scuffletown. This increased docket so incumbered the County finances that the tax rate of Robeson County was continually above its normal mark. Mrs. Norment suggests this paraphrase from Cicero as a fit epithet against the people of Scuffletown. "How long, O Scuffletonians, will you abuse our patience." These inhabitants of Scuffletown were certainly a peculiar lot; on the one hand righteous and pious, at times they wandered into the immoral vicissitudes of life, entirely the reciprocal quality of what they had hitherto been accustomed, before intermarrying into such a conglomeration of humanity. In 1872 Adjutant-General Gorman visited Scuffletown and later

reported on the condition he found there. He was of the opinion that poverty was very prevalent among the Indians and also that the moral conduct of the Croataus influenced their mental powers for the bad. He made a canvass of the district in an effort to obtain information concerning the robber band, but in every case the inhabitants absolutely refused to betray their kinsmen. They always professed ignorance. The lack of coöperation from the Indians themselves caused, as much as anything else, the failure to capture the gang sooner than it really was captured.

After the death of James Lowrie, his son, William, married Betty Locklear, a half-breed Tuscarora Indian. Thomas Lowrie, his second son, married Nancy Deas, a white woman. James Lowrie, his third son, never married. Allen Lowrie, a son of William, married Polly Cumba, a woman of Portuguese descent. He reared a large family of sons and daughters and four of his sons, Henry Berrie, Steve, Thomas, and William Lowrie, were members of the robber band, who committed the numerous crimes in Robeson County in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century. The other four sons, according to fairly accurate reports, did not participate in the crimes with their brothers. Henry Berrie Lowrie was the youngest member of the gang, and, curiously enough, he was the leader of the band. There were two other members of the band who were related to the Lowries by marriage: Calvin and Henderson Oxendine, lineally descended from the mother of the Lowrie brothers. Mrs. Norment in her history of the Lowries relates a very interesting event in connection with John Strong, the father of Boss and Andrew Strong. Strong was attending the fall term of the Robeson County Superior Court when he was recognized by John Kelly and was forthwith addressed as Gorman, his real name. Strong replied, however, that his name was not Gorman. Kelly told him to get out of the County because he was a villain, having killed a man in Alamauce County, Strong had fled to Robeson County to save his neck and had later changed his name. The other members of the robber band connected with the Lowries by family ties were William Chavis and George Applewhite. There were only three of the robber band not connected with the Lowries through marriage. These were Zach McLaughlin, a low bred man of Scottish descent, and Shoemaker John, a negro.

General Gorman and Mrs. Norment give a very interesting description of the robbers. Henry Berrie Lowrie was the chief of the gang. He was of mixed blood, being the grandson of James Lowrie. He was part Tuscarora and part Cavalier. He was very handsome when he was dressed up. His skin was somewhat copper in color and was affected neither by cold nor heat. A crescent-shaped scar under his left eye is said to have been inflicted by a coffee-pot when Lowrie was a child. The lineaments of his face express the highest degree of firmness, courage, and decision of character. He seldom talked and was very reticent in his general appearance. His conversation was never very intelligent, he always talking like an illiterate. His theme was usually of nature or human nature. He was constantly smiling, and, when he was angry, his smile was the smile of a demon. He wore a dark goatee; his hair was black and straight. He was twenty-six years old, about five feet ten inches in height and weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds. He was well knit and very active. Henry Berrie Lowrie was careless in his dress, usually wearing calf-skin boots, a felt hat, a woolen coat and breeches. He was never known to be intoxicated but always carried whiskey in his pocket. He went heavily armed, carrying a knife and a double-barrelled shotgun. He was ready at any time for a long campaign and could endure any hardship, swimming at times with all his pack on his shoulders and enduring cold and hunger. He defied society at all times and impressed the whole population with his superiority and powers as a brigand leader. He was a fugitive both from the Confederate, State, and United States governments, but to his death he waged a bitter war against the citizens of Robeson County. He was loved by many women in Seuffletown. Many of them have been engaged to betray him, but they either repented, or he discovered their intentions.

Henry Berrie Lowrie slept on his arms, never trusting even his own race. He always warned before he struck. He would never break a promise or violate a treaty. Those people who have been robbed the most will testify to the fact that he always kept his word. He has never committed arson or offered to insult white women. The reward (\$10,000) offered for his arrest was the largest that had been offered since the time of Thomas Jefferson. His active campaign was longer than the Revolutionary War. Sometimes he killed; at other times he robbed and plundered, never

confiding in anyone except those who were also fugitives from justice. He collected a band of murderers whom he commanded with absolute power. He placed himself in the position of "lord protector" of Seuffletown and was subsequently worshiped as a hero. "He, a cold-blooded, malignant murderer was without defenders."

He married Rhoda Strong in 1866 when he was twenty years old. She was the daughter of John Strong and was very beautiful. In Seuffletown she was known as the "queen of Seuffletown." Soon after the marriage ceremony was over, Lowrie was seized by a posse led by A. J. McNair and was taken to jail at Whiteville. He was charged with the murder of James P. Barnes. Late that night he sawed his way out with a file and fled to the swamps with his handcuffs still on. The whites could never decide how he got possession of the file. Again in 1868 he was confined to the jail at Lumberton. This time he made his escape by intimidating the jailer: when the jailer brought Lowrie his food, Lowrie pointed a pistol in his stomach and told him not to move for the next fifteen minutes; thus the daring robber chief made his second escape, never to be apprehended and brought before the bar again during his lifetime. Since he escaped from the jail at Lumberton, he has led the life of a hunted criminal. At one time his wife was placed in jail; he together with his robber band went to the home of John McNair and told him that they would retaliate on every woman in Robeson County if his wife was not freed. He told McNair that she was not responsible for his deeds and should be treated accordingly. His purpose was to take the women to Baek Swamp, the camp of the outlaws and the home of Henry Berrie Lowrie. This house had two doors, a plank floor, and a trap door in the floor which was used as a means of escape when Lowrie was being pursued by his enemies. The house is now desolate and serves only as a landmark for the murderous deeds of its owner.

Next to Henry Berrie Lowrie in command was Steve Lowrie. Steve Lowrie died in 1874. He was tall, well proportioned, and possessed tremendous strength. He struck one more as a brigand robber than an Indian outlaw. His hair was thick, black, and straight; his moustache was short, and his complexion dark and menacing. He was certainly of the type that boded evil to his fellow man. He was the oldest member of the outlaw band, and like the others

he possessed an insatiate lust for robbery. He had a bad temper; on one occasion he quarreled with Henry Berry Lowrie, who shot him in the eye for insubordination. He was the meanest looking of all the robbers and was feared more by the luckless victim, who happened to fall into his hands than any other one of the robbers. He was the murderer of the unfortunate Detective Sanders. Once he was put into prison and later convicted of murder. However, his lawyer had him bound over to a higher court, and he later made his escape. These two brothers were the most prominent of the gang. The others, while engaged actively in the robberies, were not so great leaders as Henry Berrie and Steve Lowrie.

Tom Lowrie was the next in rank in the Lowrie gang. A more detailed description will be given of him in connection with his death. Andrew and Boss Strong, other members of the gang, were nearly white. Their grandmother was a white woman and their father a white man. John Dial, who turned state's evidence against the gang, was probably as mean as any of the others. He was indeed fierce looking, having a very large wart directly under his left eye. During the trial, the rest of the gang charged Dial with perjury. They also declared that he was the murderer of S. E. Ward. Dial also implicated in the murder of Reuben King. The details of Henderson Oxendine's part in the wholesale robberies will be given in connection with the death of Oxendine. Both Henry Oxendine and his brother Calvin looked very much like gypsies.

Shoemaker John, another member of the gang, was a negro. He was noted especially for his thieving qualities. In 1869, he and some other vagrants went on a plundering expedition. They robbed many people in Robeson and Richmond counties and took all their booty back to Seuffletown. Shoemaker John was later captured and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. He was glad of the sentence because the Lowrie band had repeatedly threatened his life. The Chavis family of Robeson County traced their ancestry back to the famous Cheves family of South Carolina. William Chavis was a handsome young man, tall and very muscular. As soon as he was outlawed, he made his way into Georgia and later back to South Carolina.

Zack McLaughlin was the only white man who was outlawed by the authorities of Robeson County. He,

according to Mrs. Mary C. Norment, was the meanest white man in the County. Henry Berrie Lowrie gave him fifty dollars to kill Owen C. Norment. McLaughlin was killed by Henry Briggs. There was one other man who had dealings with the outlaw band; this man was Bryan Gilbert. However, he was not a native of the County. Gilbert was killed one night in a raid on the house of David Townsend, on Aaron Swamp, near Ashbury Church.

The outlaws carried on a rather unique mode of warfare. Their weapons were of the most modern type, and it has always been a mystery as to the source of their arms supply. They always went heavily armed. They generally carried a Spencer rifle, two double-barreled shotguns of the latest type, three or four revolvers, and several sacks of ammunition. Their whole pack weighed not less than ninety pounds. Every member of the band was an expert in the art of handling firearms. As Indians they had been reared with firearms by their side, and this condition, together with frequent occasions for encounters made them very dangerous enemies. Their mode of warfare was very peculiar in many ways. They rarely ever went about at night except when they intended to commit some robbery. They would then take advantage of the darkness by slipping upon their victim, unaware of their presence, and capture the whole family. They would then make off with all the plunder before an alarm could be given. When they sought a victim, they invariably "got him."

The outlaws were skilful in the construction of blinds. They would construct these blinds along the road which they thought their victim would travel. Sometimes they would wait all night for him; and, when they saw him, they would shoot him down without any warning. A stranger would pass by these blinds without noticing them at all. This mode of ambuscade afforded a means for killing James P. Barnes, Owen C. Norment, Murdoch McLean, Job Taylor, Archibald McMillan, Hector McNeil, Alexander Brown, Col. F. M. Wishart, and Giles Inman. All of these men were loyal citizens of Robeson County and were considered good men in every respect. They met their death at the hands of these modern Robeson County Apaches. Ex-sheriff King met his death at the hands of these robbers while reading his paper by the fire in the library. In every instance their victim was an innocent man, in no way detrimental to the work of modern society.

The war on the people of Robeson County was primarily a war of revenge. It was a "bushmen's war." The real motive leading to the depredations arose out of an event which occurred in February 1864. On this date Allen Lowrie and William Lowrie, the father and brother of the outlaws, were shot by an armed guard. They had been condemned for receiving stolen goods. Allen tried to shield his son, but the Home Guard discovered his duplicity. Henry Berrie Lowrie used this episode as a pretext for carrying on the wars against those who had condemned and executed his kinsmen.

At this time it would be well to give an explanation of the conditions in Robeson County as seen by a woman who lived in the County at that time and whose husband was killed by the band. The Lowrie activities ranged between 1864 and 1874. In 1864 the band began its active work. At this time all the able-bodied men were at the front fighting for the Confederacy. Their families were left at home unprotected. The outlaw band refused to build fortifications or in any way help the cause of the South. When requisition was made on them, they fled to the swamps. The territory in which the Lowries operated was confined to the adjacent district of Scuffletown. The Lowries lived in Scuffletown but never placed themselves on the same level with the other inhabitants. Allen Lowrie had even purchased a tract of land in the district where the most aristocratic families of the County lived. The immediate district, where so much blood was shed, was not very thickly populated; the plantations were large; consequently the families lived a good distance apart. This enabled the robbers to raid a farm without creating a general alarm throughout the countryside. The particular neighborhood where the robberies occurred with the most frequency is situated on the West side of the Lumber River, about twelve miles north of Lumberton, and fifteen miles South of Floral College.

At the time of the organization of the gang there were no men at home in this section of the County. When their organization was learned by the citizens in the northern part of the County, home guards were formed and sent out to determine the size and strength of the band and to gain further information concerning the relative numbers of the outlaws. They quartered themselves on McLaughlin's Bridge, on the Lumber River for about two weeks. In due time they were convinced that their force was much too small to

resist the outlaws, and so they appealed to the County government for aid. Within a few weeks quite an army was formed and sent out against the outlaws. They succeeded in killing William Lowrie, the leader of the band at that time. Later they found Allen Lowrie in his home together with some stolen goods. This incident served only to calm things for the time being. The younger generation of the Indians organized, and with the characteristic stealthiness of their race they went forth plundering, robbing, and killing. In the meantime the Civil War ended and the men of Robeson County returned home, tired both in body and in spirit. For months the robber band went on undisturbed. Why did they succeed in keeping up this wanton pillage? In the first place those who were willing to fight could get no aid, and in the second place, when aid was sought, the reply was invariably, "No, if they will let me alone, I will not bother them." Some advanced the excuse that they lived so close to the haunts of the robbers that their hands were tied.

In short, the condition was this. The few brave men who were willing to fight the gang and hunt them down were hampered by a certain element, whose selfish motives not only served to the detriment of themselves but to the ruin of the County. Another thing that so delayed the hand of the law (according to Mrs. Norment, but not corroborated by anyone else) was the Ku Klux Klan. Mrs. Norment says that many of the young men in the County who were enlisted in hunting the outlaws were arrested by the Klan and kept imprisoned for an indefinite length of time. These assertions, however, are generally recognized as being unauthentic. Those who were brave enough to attempt to run down the outlaws suffered many hardships. They were forced to undergo hunger and even disease. At times they had to remain in swamps and lowlands where malaria fever was ever eminent, but at no time did they relax in their efforts to bring the robbers to justice. The citizens of the County were intimidated by the Lowrie gang, who remained at large through their ability to hide in the swamps. The people were in a dilemma. They did not want to earn the name of a coward; yet they were somewhat reticent in attempting to bring the outlaws to justice single-handed.

I have reviewed the early history of the Lowries, their origin and their surroundings. Now I will relate in part the many atrocities which they com-

mitted in the County. They respected the rights of no citizen; no person, rich or poor, was overlooked on their robberies. They killed many of the most prominent citizens of the district. Nearly every farmer experienced their lust for plunder.

The first murder committed by the Lowrie gang was that of James P. Barnes. Barnes was shot about 9. a. m., December 4, 1864 and died on the same day. He was the postmaster at Clay Valley, Robeson County, and was on his way to work when he was shot down by men from ambush. He fell and Henry Berric Lowrie ran up to him and fired a load of buckshot in his face, ignoring entirely Barnes' plea for mercy. Barnes remained in the woods for over two hours. Later he was found by his brother, Dr. John A. Barnes. He was removed as quickly as possible, but he soon died in great agony. This murder was one of the cruelest committed by the Lowries. They shot Barnes, a progressive citizen, in cold blood, and refused him any mercy.

In January, 1865, Brantley Harris was killed by the gang. Harris had been an enemy of the band for a long time. He had had two of their family killed for an alleged theft, and the gang had never forgotten the incident. A warrant was issued for Harris' arrest. Later, however, he was let out on bail. The next Sunday he was riding with a young lady when he was fired upon by the gang from a blind. Harris was the only white man of questionable character who was murdered by the Lowries. It was reported that Harris and Henry Berric Lowrie had had a dispute over a certain young lady in the County, and the result was the death of Harris. Harris had a wife and two children, but they had apparently no influence over him.

If these two murders had been the only crimes of the Lowries, the people of the County could have more readily forgiven them. But as a matter of fact these first two murders were but a forecast for future deeds. Out of the darkness of the night the robbers would creep upon a luckless victim and either kill him or leave his farm sacked and pillaged. John McNair, one of the foremost planters and farmers of the community, was robbed so many times that his entire fortune was consumed. The conditions soon presented themselves where McNair could hardly feed and clothe his family. Yet he could do nothing to stop these wholesale thefts. Many poor farmers were robbed and left in the same destitute condition.

Outside of the robberies the Lowrie gang killed twelve of the most prominent citizens of the County. In every instance this band of beasts killed their victims in cold blood. Many times they would wound their victims and leave them to die a lingering death. At one time they entered the home of Daniel Baker. Baker ordered them out of the house; whereupon they shot him in the leg so that amputation was necessary in order to save his life. This incident serves to illustrate the wanton cruelty of the gangsters.

The murder of Ex-sheriff King served as much as anything else to effect the capture of the gang; however all of the robbers escaped a little later. King was reading the evening paper in his library when he was attacked by the gang. In the ensuing struggle he was shot through the lung, dying three days later. It was only a few hours after this murder that the outlaws attacked Henry Bullock, Sr. They handled him very roughly and later looted his house. Owen C. Norment's death occurred a little later at the hands of the gang. "On this occasion Norment had just finished telling his children some nursery rhymes, when, upon going out on the porch, he was shot. His leg was shattered, and amputation was necessary. He died thirty-six hours after he was shot. These murders are only a few, but they serve to give a further conception of the fiendishness of the gang. What a scourge to the people of the County."

There was only one time in the history of the Lowries when an armed band of citizens met the outlaws in an open battle. Other skirmishes occurred, but they were not large enough to warrant any explanation. On the morning of October 4, 1870 the entire band of outlaws visited the premises of Angus Leach, near Floral College. Leach had a brandy still, and the outlaws, after holding him up, proceeded to carry off his supply. In the meantime news of the affair reached Captain Mirdoc McLean, in charge of the Home Guard at Maxton, and he immediately dispatched his men in pursuit of the outlaws. The band was taken completely by surprise. They did not expect the soldiers to cross the river, and, when Captain McLean arrived with his men, all of the outlaws were carousing at the house of George Applewhite. This band of soldiers was the Home Guard which had been mustered in the County to put down the outlaw reign of terror. It was loosely organized and had very little coöperation from the people of the County. When the outlaws saw the soldiers com-



ing, they ran into an adjoining field and tried to conceal themselves behind some stumps. The soldiers fired upon them, and during the fighting Stephen Davis tried to rush the outlaw position and was mortally wounded by Henry Berrie Lowrie. He dragged himself to a nearby swamp and fell over in the tall grass. Angus McLean was wounded in the leg but managed to swim across the river safely. Davis was found the next day, lying on his face and nearly famished. He died the same day.

On October 8, 1870, two days after the fight, Job Taylor was murdered. He had long been an enemy of the gang. The members of the gang tried to implicate him in the murder of Malcolm Sanderson, who was found dead near the sawmill of W. C. McNeil. However, Taylor was let out on bail. Later, as he was going home from Moss Neck depot, he was shot by Henry Berrie Lowrie, Steve Lowrie, and Boss Strong. He received head wounds, his brains being scattered over a nearby stream. Taylor was in all respects a law-abiding citizen.

On Saturday night, February 20, 1871 Henderson Oxendine was captured at the home of George Applewhite by a band of young men organized for the sole purpose of running down the gang. They took him to jail at Lumberton. These men showed a generous spirit in not killing him because a reward was on his head at that time; instead of killing him they turned him over to the authorities and let the law take its course. Oxendine was tried before Judge Russell, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. He went to his death bravely and without a murmur. Steve Lowrie and George Applewhite were also found guilty of murder, but they escaped from jail. The death of Oxendine marked a turn in the course of events. It was the beginning of the downfall of the outlaws and led to a greater and more united movement against them. About this same time a movement in other counties than Robeson was started in an effort to solicit State aid. Up to this time the Lowrie situation in Robeson County had been regarded very lightly.

Following the execution of Henderson Oxendine, the gang became bolder and more reckless in their practices. They ambushed Hugh and Murdoc McLean and shot them down in cold blood. Later they killed Giles Inman in 1871 and Col. Wishart in 1872; both of these men were well-to-do citizens. The utter disregard for all life and property distinguished them as fiends, incapable of showing any mercy. Their

carnal nature asserted itself more and more as time went by, and they destroyed without any knowledge of the reckoning that must follow.

Mrs. Elizabeth McRae, a prominent woman of Robeson County, whose husband was a farmer and merchant, lived in the Lowrie neighborhood in the early part of her married life. Her husband had in some way offended the gang, and they vowed vengeance. Word was brought secretly to Mrs. McRae by a faithful servant that the gang planned to murder her and her husband and burn their house on that very night. Her husband was away; she had no one in the house except a negro boy and a traveling salesman from Wilmington. She barricaded all the doors and windows, loaded all the firearms in the house, and stationed herself and her force near the front door, which commanded a clear view of the probable approach of the outlaws. Sure enough between eleven and twelve o'clock she saw the murderers stealing through the darkness toward her; she waited until they were in the yard close to the porch and then she fired.

The enemy was taken completely by surprise and drew off with more than one wounded and even carried one who appeared to be dead; although she never learned exactly. When she recovered enough to look after her own casualties, she found the negro boy whimpering by her side but still clutching his gun. The salesman's gun was lying undischarged, and he was under the bed. Mrs. McRae told this story with great gusto, but never gave a hint as to the name of the man from Wilmington. So no one was murdered as far as she knew, and no house was burned.

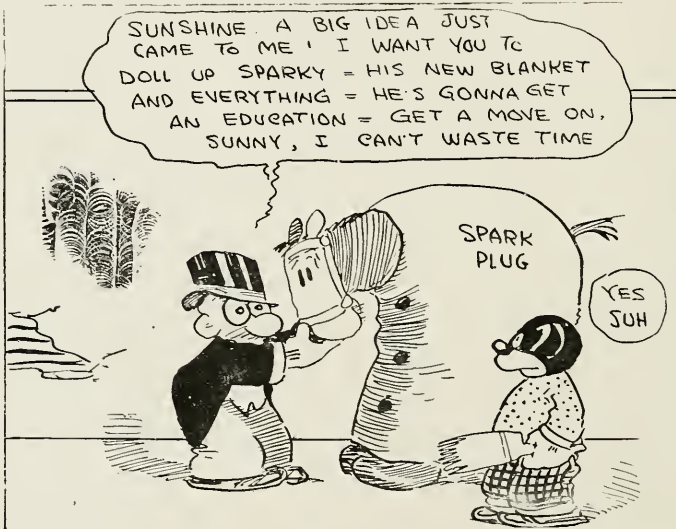
It was soon after this incident that Boss Strong was killed. James McQueens killed him. McQueens saw Strong enter the house of his brother, Andrew Strong, on Thursday March 7, 1871, and he immediately constructed a blind in order to await further developments. After awhile he saw Boss and Andrew come out of the house, each with a rifle in his hands. But after conversing awhile they went back into the house. McQueens then made his way on all fours and looked into the cabin from a cat hole. Boss Strong was lying down by the fire, not three feet away from the cat hole. James McQueens shot him at close range. Boss Strong never got up from the floor. Andrew Strong rushed out to find McQueens, but the young man escaped and came back the next day with an armed posse. Rhoda Lowrie and the wife of Andrew Strong

(Continued on page 42)

# Wayside Wares

It is said that "the road to hell is paved with good intentions." Right here, Feroocious Reader, ye Editor of Wayside Wares wishes to state that he has never been accused of mixing cement, or putting down any paving stones. But, he wishes to take,—and forsooth, he is taking,—this opportunity to say that he hopes this department will meet the approval of the members of the student body. It will be the policy of Wayside Wares to run a number of cuts, humorous sketches, poems, drawings, and cartoons each issue. Contributions are solicited, not from members of the staff alone, but from every member of the college community, Seab and the janitors included. Let 'em come, from the most benighted froshie to the dumbest of sophisticated seniors.

All contributions must be accompanied by a statement as to the author, and all work will be subject to slight editing. (Very slight). Postage must be enclosed, if return of MSS is expected. Address all correspondence to Wayside Wares Editor.



## Barney Google

(With no apologies to the authors of that notorious atrocity)

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**BARNEY** Google, came in by the East Duke Gate,  
Barney Google, he tried to matriculate,—

Barney didn't get in, of course,  
But Prexy said, "We'll take his horse."

Ba-r-r-r-ney Google, went out at the East Duke Gate.

Barney Google, with the goo-goo-googly eyes,  
Barney Google, took Cap Card's exercise.—

But Prexy said, "We'll take his horse."  
Cap made a monkey out of him,

Ba-r-r-r-ney Google, with the goo-goo-googly eyes!

Barney Google, with the goo-goo-googly eyes,  
Barney Google, tried to win the tennis prize:

He played singles with Ni White,  
He got lofted out o' sight,—

Ba-r-r-r-ney Google, with the goo-goo-googly eyes!

Barney Google, with the goo-goo-googly eyes,  
Barney Google, likes to eat Pete's raisin pies,—

He ate three pies the other day—  
The trash man carried him away,

Ba-r-r-r-ney Google, with the goo-goo-googly eyes!

Barney Google, with the goo-goo-googly eyes,

Barney Google, tried to enter paradise,—  
When he looked in and saw Bull Brown,

He said, "Saint Peter, Let me down!"

Ba-r-r-r-ney Google, with the goo-goo-googly eyes!

"MR. WANNAMAKER AND PREXY FEW"

(4)

To the tune of "Mister Gallagher and Mister Shean"  
(Composed by J. L. Jackson and sung by S. R. Cotton and  
F. M. Warner at last year's senior banquet).

There are two important men;  
You bet they know it, too.  
One is Mister Wannamaker;  
The other is Prexy Few.  
When these two edgers meet,  
They furnish us a treat  
With the things they say  
And the things they do  
And the funny way they greet.

(1)

Oh, Mister Wannamaker! Oh, Mister Wannamaker!  
Hello, what's on your mind this evening, Prexy Few?  
Everybody's making fun of the way the school is run;  
Won't you tell me what there is that I must do?  
Oh, Prexy Few! Oh, Prexy Few!  
There's an art today in politieing, too.  
Get the students pulling right;  
Then you'll sleep fine every night.  
Is that the way you do it, Wannamaker?  
Absolutely, Prexy Few!

(2)

Oh, Mister Wannamaker! Oh, Mister Wannamaker!  
Have you heard the latest scandal on the park?  
It's a shame, and yet it's so; I'm the guy who ought  
to know.  
Tall Marie has vamped herself another beau.  
Oh, Prexy Few! Oh, Prexy Few!  
Do you mean to say that such a thing is true?  
Now I claim it is no joke  
If her heart is ever broke.  
Over Sleepy Payne, Mister Wannamaker?  
No, Shiek Parker, Prexy Few!

(3)

Oh, Mister Wannamaker! Oh, Mister Wannamaker!  
It's a shame the way these co-eds look at me.  
Why they toss their heads and smile like Cleopatra  
on the Nile.  
It's a wonder that I stay at Trinity.  
Oh, Prexy Few! Oh, Prexy Few!  
You can't fool old education, I tell you.  
It was you who built the shack;  
Now you need not answer back.  
Hush, the women, Mister Wannamaker!  
They all know it, Prexy Few!

Oh, Mister Wannamaker! Oh, Mister Wannamaker!  
The kings of Egypt were a famous crew.  
Nothing else were they but especially "Old King  
Tut,"  
But I feel that I'm as great as any two.  
Oh, Prexy Few! Oh, Prexy Few!  
You know more than any Pharoah ever knew.  
Men will shout into your ears—  
Why it took a thousand years.  
To built the pyramids, Mister Wannamaker?  
No, the gymnasium, Prexy Few!

(5)

Oh, Mister Wannamaker! Oh, Mister Wannamaker!  
There's a show in this town you ought to see.  
You are missing all the fun; you are living like a nun.  
I tell you that your life will longer be.  
Oh, Prexy Few! Oh, Prexy Few!  
You don't mean to lead this dean astray, do you?  
Then I promise you this week  
I will go to see the sheik.  
At the Paris, Mister Wannamaker?  
No, the Orpheum, Prexy Few!

(6)

Oh, Mister Wannamaker! Oh, Mister Wannamaker!  
I just had a call from Dr. "Daddy" Gates.  
Excuse me for saying so, but I thought you ought to  
know  
He's the proudest man within these seven states.  
Oh, Prexy Few! Oh, Prexy Few!  
What has happened to him lately that is new?  
Now I hear his baby walks  
And also that it talks  
Like its daddy, Mister Wannamaker?  
Positively, Prexy Few!

(7)

Oh, Mister Wannamaker! Oh, Mister Wannamaker!  
There's a puzzle you can't solve tonight for me.  
It is heavy, short, and fat, and it wears an old felt  
hat;  
It's a vital part of college history.  
Oh, Prexy Few! Oh, Prexy Few!  
That's an easy one for this old boy to do.  
He's the man that makes the fun;  
In a ball game he won't run.  
Who, Dean Hunt, Mister Wannamaker?  
No, "Tubby" Boyd, Prexy Few!

**WILLIE KNEW**

Teacher: "Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?"

Willie: "Course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday, and he paused for half an hour."

—Puzzler.

\* \* \*

**YES, WITH THE GAS-METER OFF**

There is meter in poetry,  
There is meter in tone;  
But the best meter of all  
Is to meter alone!

—Puzzler.

\* \* \*

**AL WHO?**

"Seen Al?"

"Al who?"

"Alcohol. Kerosene last night, but he ain't benzine since. Gasolined him against a lamp post and took a naptha him."

—Puzzler.

\* \* \*

**AN EASY ONE**

Prof: "Give for one year the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States."

Frosh: "1492; none."

—American Boy.

\* \* \*

**LINE FORMS THIS SIDE**

Teacher: "What, Osear, is the Ancient Order of the Bath?"

Young Osear (puzzled): "I dunno; Johnny usually comes first, then Willie, then the baby."

—Puzzler.

\* \* \*

**PUZZLER-GRAMS**

"I wish I knew where I was going to die, Pat," said one Irishman to another.

"What good would that do you, Mike?" asked his companion.

"Begorra, I'd never go there!"

—Puzzler.

**HIS EXCUSE**

The professor: "I noticed you were talking during my lecture this morning."

Student: "I beg your pardon, sir. I do not recall it. I must have been talking in my sleep."

—American Boy.

\* \* \*

**WORK OR PLAY**

"Pa!"

"For goodness sake, what is it now?"

"This book is called Shakespeare's works."

"Well?"

"Well, you told me they was plays."

—Puzzler.

\* \* \*

**OFTEN GETTING BURNT**

To be college bred means a four year loaf, requiring a great deal of dough, as well as plenty of crust.

—Puzzler.

\* \* \*

**THE GREGARIOUS HIGH-BROW**

I want to be a moron  
And with the morons train;  
A low, receding forehead,  
A weak and half-baked brain.

I want to be a moron  
Because, you see,—gee whiz!  
I'd like congenial spirits,—  
I'm lonely as it is.

\* \* \*

The Moron, he is happy,  
He doesn't give a damn,  
I wish I were a moron,  
Indeed, perhaps I am.  
(Don Marquis in "The Lantern").

\* \* \*

Janitor: (Waking Jim Olive Oil up at 7 o'clock)—  
"Say, mist' James!"

Jim: (sleepily) "Whatt'yhell y' want?"

Janitor: "Jes' round early takin' up laundry. De early bird ketches de worm, you know."

Jim: "How 'bout the worm,—What's he gettin' for gettin' up early?"

Janitor: "De worm jes' gittin' in from de night befo."

By DR. KRANK CRANE—A Sophomore

Hesperides or Alfordaus

At the time of erudition

Stygian Beelzebub:

Many moons have lapsed into preterition since last I favored you, O Lucifer, with a billet-doux of my dilection for you, my paramour. Yet, my gynecolatry has not become nonphotogenic. I have heard of Narcissus who for his high disdain for love perished in the folly of his own love. My *cara sposa*, I imprecate you on bended marrowbones to absolve the virulence that I incogitably did you.

Cruel fate or Ormuzd has kept my diabolic heart from thy intrinsicity. Believe me, O Zamiel, I am

ever your Crisbeo. Venus is jealous of our agape-mone, while Cupid cries, *Omnia vincit Amor*, and then expires, later to be cast into Tartanis or Aver-nus to receive the deadand for his peccibility.

No longer suffer from euthanasia or pantaxiously lament for your Lothanio for, O Abaddon, all Pandemonium can not leniate my amour for you.

Do not, I imprecate you once more, consign to oblivion or cast to the tomb of the Capulets these utter-anees.

Unsophisticatedly,

A MISOGONIST.

O. U. Matadour

The Pit of Acheron

Erebus

\* \* \*



Brown—What kind of watch is that?

Black—A "wonder watch." Every time I look at it I wonder what the correct time is.

\* \* \*

#### AT THE TRINITY-R. M. A. GAME

Frenchman—Ou, la, la! I enjoy ze shoeball game so much!

Wop—You make me laugh! Ha, ha, ha!

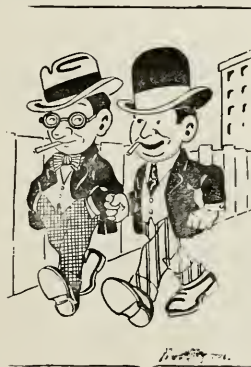
"Make you laugh? Pourquoi?"

"You saya shoeball, ha, ha!"

"Shoeball—oui!"

"Sueha ignorance! Not shoeball—feetball!"

\* \* \*



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Second Salesman—No. He said his wife keeps him in hot water all the time.

\* \* \*

Prof—This is the third time you've looked on Jones' paper.

Stude—Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plainly.

\* \* \*

Simp—What have you in your hand?

Sap—Fly paper.

Oh deah! You don't mean to say that flies read?"

—Iowa Green Gander.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Wayside Waves department will be much larger and better in general make-up and humorous scope in subsequent issues. The genial pen of the editor of this department has been somewhat curbed owing to the fact that during the time when the new ARCHIVE was being born, he was an unwilling inmate of Watt's Hospital. Due to illness, he has been unable to make this department as spicy and replete as he ordinarily would try to do.*

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Piedmont Club Building

*The Events in the History of the  
Lowries 1769-1832*

(Continued from page 35)

were in the house, but the body of Boss had been removed into unknown parts. Boss Strong was Henry Berrie Lowrie's chief lieutenant. His death was a mortal blow to the outlaws. McQueens received \$5,000 for killing Strong. The *Wilmington Star* in referring to the death of Boss Strong at first doubted his death, but later the report was confirmed.

In 1870 Governor Caldwell recognized the seriousness of the Lowrie situation, and he subsequently commissioned Adjutant-General Gorman to go to Robeson County and capture the outlaws. Gorman was to have the 58th. and 59th. regiments as his troops and was to muster as many citizens of the County as he could. Gorman went to Robeson County. He issued a proclamation beseeching every citizen to cooperate with him in running down the outlaws. But this produced only halfway results. The citizens of the County responded half-heartily, and the result was that the expedition was a failure. Gorman was forced to withdraw. He could never find the outlaws. His every move was forwarded to the gang, and they knew when he moved his camp. The Home Guard and his troops were at outs with each other, and, whenever a call was made for volunteers to go on some expedition into the swamps, only a handful would volunteer. So in 1871 Gorman was forced to withdraw after a most unsuccessful stay. In October of 1871 he issued a statement in the *Wilmington Star*, stating why he did not succeed in capturing the gang. First, he declared, the community was of a divided opinion on the proper methods to pursue to capture the outlaws. He commissioned Colonel Wishart colonel of the 59th. regiment and ordered him to get as many local volunteers as possible. Wishart's call on the citizens produced only 19 volunteers. Thus there was a general lack of cooperation. Gorman sponsored one thing, while the citizens were in favor of another.

General Gorman gives a good description of Seuffletown in connection with his stay in the County. He declared that all the Seuffletonians were in sympathy with the outlaws. He went to nearly every house in Seuffletown in an endeavor to find out something about the gang, but the inhabitants absolutely refused to give him any information; yet they were not insolent in their manner. Gorman also said that every

movement of his officers was given to the Lowrie gang by some of the inhabitants. Another reason for failure, as was stated by Gorman, was the lack of sufficient troops. 90 recruits from the two regiments of militia deserted, and the lack of cooperation on part of the people discouraged the soldiers. In a final attempt to come to some settlement Gorman had a conference with the outlaws. He conversed with the robber chief and his confederates. His description of them conforms to the one given by Mrs. Norment. The outlaws denied many of the crimes of which they had been accused. They defended part of their actions on the ground that they were persecuted by the whites. Gorman tried to get them to surrender. Henry Berrie Lowrie, however, was afraid of this, and he offered instead to leave the State if he would be pardoned. Gorman declined this offer. The general was of the opinion that the gang did not look like murderers. Soon after his negotiations with the band, he retired from the County and gave up the chase. Thus the failure of Gorman can be attributed to the lack of cooperation on the part of the citizens, the impassibility of the swamps, the desertion of the soldiers, and the attitude of the Seuffletonians.

The failure of Gorman in 1871 led to more action in the State legislature in January 1872. In that year a bill was passed offering a reward of \$10,000 for the capture of Henry Berrie Lowrie and \$5,000 for each of the other robbers. On February 21, 1872 Governor Caldwell issued a proclamation stating the rewards and exhorting the citizens of the State to do all in their power to bring the outlaws to justice. There were rewards of something like \$10,000, which had been offered by the County and national governments.

The *Wilmington Star* confirmed the report of the death of Boss Strong and gave a complete description of his death. At first, it was thought by the people of the County that the other outlaws had taken the body off to another county. But later the burial place of Strong was discovered.

The death of Strong was followed by the death of Henry Berrie Lowrie on February 20, 1872. The outlaws had gone to the home of Tom Lowrie following a raid on Lumberton, and, fearful of attack, they had built a fire near a corn crib and had begun to clean their firearms. It was here that Henry Berrie Lowrie met his death. He was trying to get a load out of his shotgun when the trigger caught on the edge of the



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crib, and the entire load was discharged in his face. His nose was shot off and his whole face shattered. The rest of the outlaws buried the body under the crib until morning when they exhumed the body and buried it in a place unknown to this day. This was Mrs. Norment's version of the death of Henry Berrie Lowrie. The *Wilmington Star* of March 28, 1872 gives an entirely different account. Its version declares that Steven Lowrie and Henry Berrie Lowrie were ranging in the vicinity of Moss Neck. They came upon a blind during their walk. Henry Berrie Lowrie thought that this blind had been made by an enemy, and so the robber chief decided to remain there to see whether the constructor of the blind would return. Steve Lowrie left him there and had walked ahead for about two hundred yards when he heard the report of a gun. He ran back to the blind and found Henry Berrie Lowrie lying on his back with his face and head shattered. The theory that he tripped on a root and discharged his gun was generally accepted. This report by the *Star* also says that the burial place of the robber chief was never known. It is not known exactly which of these reports is true. Both seem probable. It would seem that the newspaper version should be more authentic since it was printed soon after the death of the robber chieftain. A little after the first article concerning the death of Henry Berrie Lowrie appeared in the *Star*, another article reported that he had fled to another state. However, a few days later this report was declared untrue. Some of the citizens of the County today even believe the H. B. Lowrie fled to Oklahoma and died there several years ago. It is probable that these beliefs are only legendary. The treasure of Henry Berrie Lowrie was never found. It still lies in its hiding place. The robber chief would never tell even his wife where he kept his booty. He took most of the profits himself, and there is no doubt but that he had a good fortune amassed. So passes away the chief of the outlaw band. His death virtually broke up the gang.

Andrew Strong met his death at the hands of William Wilson, a railway clerk. Wilson had been threatened by Strong repeatedly. One day Strong was standing in front of the store, facing the street. Wilson had placed a shotgun under the counter, and he immediately took the shotgun out and shot Strong in the back of the neck. He carried the body to Lumberton where he collected the reward. Strong was

the most subtle of the outlaws. He was a veritable sneak and coward.

With the death of Strong there remained only one more member of the outlaw band—Stephen Lowrie. His death was accomplished after a long vigil and search. He was killed on February 23, 1874 by a Mr. Patterson, a young man of Robeson County. Steve Lowrie was held in awe by many Indian women and girls. He would often beat them and in some instances threatened to kill them if they gave any information concerning his whereabouts. Steve went about from place to place in apparent safety, but his paths were watched at all times. He went to many parties and social functions just before his death, but on every occasion he eluded his foes by taking some by-path. Lowrie kept up this game for a long time, and like all other rogues he met a rogue's fate. On the night that he was killed he compelled Davis Bullard to accompany him to the home of John McNair to get some chickens. Later Messrs. Patterson, Holcomb, and Sutton, who had been searching for Steve, found him picking his banjo under a tree in his front yard. They all fired, and Steve Lowrie fell over dead. "As he measured out to others so it measured out to him." Patterson was given credit for firing the shot that killed Steve. The body was carried to Lumberton, and the reward was collected. So ended the long reign of terror, involving a whole county, and extending over eight years of bloodshed and robbery.

The *Wilmington Star*, during the time of the Lowries, printed all the news concerning the gang. Their files contain some interesting stories. The issue of March 15, 1872 confirmed the death of Boss Strong and brings out the fact that Boss was blowing on his harp when he was killed. His wife thought that the harp had burst and hit him in the head. On this same occasion Andrew Strong made the women go out of the house; he remained hidden inside for over two hours.

On March 23, 1872 Henderson, the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, arrived in Robeson County. He went to the home of Henry Berrie Lowrie and was then carried off by the gang. Henderson evidently thought that the gang was a joke. He was very much surprised when Henry Berrie Lowrie told him that he would be held captive for two or three weeks. Later Henderson was allowed to go wherever he pleased on parole. He went about with Rhoda Low-

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Continuous 11 to 11

rie as an escort. Henderson was very unpopular with the people of the County. They thought he was a member of the gang sent down by the Yankees. The very fact that he was a Yankee turned the people against him. On March 26, 1872 Henderson was freed and returned to the North. When he passed through Wilmington, his enforced servitude seemed to have disgruntled him. At any rate he refused to give any information concerning the gang.

When he returned to New York, he wrote an account of the death of Boss Strong. Later he published a book entitled "The Swamp Angels." This book is said to have sold well in the north. It was Henderson who gave out the story that Henry Berrie Lowrie was in a blind when he was killed. He also said that the blind was near Inman's Bridge. The correspondent also said that Boss Strong buried his chief. Henderson's account of the death of the robber chief was generally accepted by North Carolina newspapers.

On February 1, 1872 a bill was passed in the North Carolina legislature forbidding the sale of liquor within a mile and a half of Back Swamp Church, Robeson County. Back Swamp was near the Seuffletown district, and was a general stamping ground for rum runners and distillers. The church men became tired of this practice and appealed to the legislature. The liquor sellers became so thick in the district that church services could not be held. This bill broke up the liquor traffic to a large extent.

The *Star* of October 11, 1871 tells of an amusing incident concerning the robber chief. Henry Berrie Lowrie was always noted for his daring and recklessness. One day he got in a small rowboat and rowed down the Lumber River in full view of a company of soldiers who had been stationed there by General Gorman in an effort to capture the robbers. Lowrie was in midstream; he yelled at the soldiers. They fired at him, but he stooped down in the boat and floated on down the river. The article was headed "Lowrie at His Tricks Again." In practically every article the Wilmington paper showed an air of indifference and mild irony in referring to the Lowries. The editor seemed to think that the whole situation was a joke.

Another issue of October 17, 1871 tells of Henry Berrie Lowrie as a 'coon hunter. Oakley McNeil from near Seuffletown had treed a 'coon in a swamp. He heard some one coming, and at the time he

thought it was Lowrie. He ran and left the 'coon up the tree. The next day he was talking to some friends when Lowrie came up and gave him a dead 'coon, saying that McNeil's dog had treed the 'coon, and therefore it belonged to the owner of the dog. Lowrie then asked for the use of the dog, which was lying near his master. McNeil refused but told him he could have another one at home. After conversing a few minutes Henry Berrie Lowrie walked off. A few months after this episode Henry Berrie Lowrie went to the home of a Mr. McKenzie near Seuffletown, walked into the house, and sat down to dinner with the rest of the family. He acted very politely. He told the people there that he was not going to rob any more at night. He was heavily armed. The robber chief was not molested because his band was camping nearby. There are many other interesting stories about the Lowrie robbers. These I have related serve to throw some light on their personal side. General Gorman seemed to think that after all the robbers were human.

There is little more to add concerning the history of this cruel but interesting family of Indians. Only tales of their murderous deeds act as landmarks to their reign of terror. No band of outlaws in the history of the United States ever remained at large so long. No community has ever suffered such losses as the people of Robeson County. No person could walk or drive along a country road without some apprehension for his safety. Old citizens of the County said that even the horrors of the Civil War were rivalled in the reign of terror carried on by the Lowrie gang. When a farmer retired at night, he was fearful lest at any time this bloodthirsty band of rascals come stealing through the brooding darkness and carry off all his worldly possessions in plunder. Their haunts were in the midst of swamps where no man could penetrate. What powers other than superhuman ones could combat these devils, whom nature even favored with the knowledge of her secret paths. Only perseverance made possible the apprehension of the gang and sent them to everlasting perdition. Few have written of their deeds, but the memory of them still lingers in the minds of every citizen and will unto the end of time. Mrs. Norment is their only biographer, and her history is practically the only chronicle of their deeds. The only thing that remains is the origin of the Croatans and their latter history.

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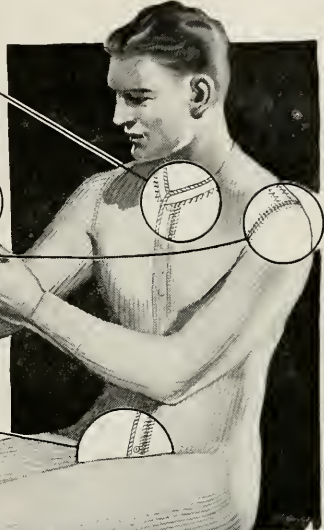
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# The Trinity Archive

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C.

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### Exchanges

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The ARCHIVE is published on the fifteenth of each month, October to May inclusive, by the senior class at Trinity College. It is the purpose of the editorial and managerial staffs to make the magazine one of the best in the South, to give expression to the thoughts of the students, and to



stimulate literary interest among them. Contributions from Trinity students, alumni, and faculty are solicited. It is urged that all manuscript be typewritten and in the hands of the editors not later than the twentieth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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# Editorial

## Co-ed Athletic Facilities

FOR SEVERAL years Trinity women have felt keenly their lack of adequate athletic supervision and equipment. Their protests against seeming discrimination on the part of the administration were, for the most part, ignored. The women interested in athletics, however, continued to struggle along with no gymnasium facilities, no tennis courts, no physical instructor, looking always to a better day.

That better day has come! The two hundred and seventy-six women students of Trinity may well rejoice that they have before them an opportunity for which past generations of women students hoped in vain. The gymnasium in Southgate is soon to be a reality—not merely a dream of the architect who planned the building. Four tennis courts are ready for use by the women. And women will be allowed swimming privileges in the new swimming pool.

The women no longer have an excuse to neglect athletics on the plea of lack of facilities. True these facilities are by no means adequate. Nevertheless, a beginning has been made; and that beginning challenges the enthusiastic coöperation of every town and dormitory student. Every student is interested in some form of athletics—swimming, tennis, basket-ball, baseball, riding, or track. Now is the time to show that interest. Try out for the class teams; if you do not make them, support those who do. Don't be a passive onlooker. Get in the game and fight! Equipment, necessary as it is, cannot make successful athletics. Use that equipment, and in doing so put athletics for women at Trinity where it belongs—on top!



## Lights in the Library

SPECTACLES! Spectacles! Red eyes, headaches, and bad dispositions will increase daily until the lights in the library are improved. It is necessary for a large number of the students to spend several evenings a week in the library, but unless one is waiting at the door at seven-thirty, it is almost impossible to be assured of having a seat where the light is strong enough to read comfortably, without squinting

and straining the eyes to a point of extreme discomfort.

The lights in the main reading room are strong enough, though poorly arranged, but the single dim light far up in the ceiling of the rear section, reserved for the girls, is impossible. Not even for reading the largest type is that light sufficient, and the space of three large tables is practically wasted for evening study except for those few foolish girls who will read by such poor light. As for the lights upstairs, they are mere ornaments. In the first place, they are too far from the tables to be of much use for reading, but this deficiency could be partly remedied by increasing the power very decidedly. May the suggestion be made that the lights, such as they are, be turned on earlier in the afternoon especially on cloudy days.

Trinity College is fast outgrowing her library, but there is one more section which might be utilized and that is the upper front section between the stairs. Several tables could be placed therein, and we believe that the lights provided here could be probably the best in the building.

There are some students who are naturally endowed with good eyesight but do not value this possession enough to protect it; others have bad eyes but have not learned the lesson of care and protection of the sight. To these classes of students the College should extend a paternal oversight and provide only one kind of light, the proper light for study. There are other students who are carefully observant of hygienic rules whose comfort while studying is materially affected, and it is with their voice that we speak.



## The Coming Issues of the Archive

IT IS THE purpose of the staff to make the December number of the ARCHIVE a Christmas issue. In order to make it a success Trinity students must coöperate with us in making this issue a real live one full of Christmas material. We can't go to the files in the English office for this manuscript because it isn't to be procured there. We want all kinds of contributions: short-stories, essays, poems, jokes, and folk lore—all of which must have a Christmas atmosphere.

We are urging Dr. Brown to write an account of the origin of the present day celebration, and, if he gets time to write this article, we can assure ARCHIVE readers that they have a treat in store for them. Get busy now and help us make the December number the best yet.

The January issue will be in charge of Chi Delta Phi, the literary sorority here. The girls have been holding back manuscript all the fall for this number, and they are sure to make it one of the best of the year. Contributions should be handed to any of the co-ed members of the staff before January 1.



## A Publication Council

AT A RECENT conference of several members of the faculty, the editors and business managers of the three college publications, and representatives from the student body and the alumni, plans were discussed for the organization of a publication council. In the course of the discussions at the meeting the fact was brought out that the publications were meeting with only lukewarm support from students and advertisers and that some organization was needed which would assure better support and at the same time act as a supervisor of the publications. A committee of six was appointed to consider plans for the creation of such a board, and a report will be made at another conference in the near future.

For quite a while a publication board or some such governing body has been needed at Trinity. Theoretically the *Chronicle* has always been published by the Columbian and Hesperian Literary Societies; yet there has been little connection between these societies and the paper. Scarcely any of the members of the societies know that Columbia and Hesperia would have to pay for the *Chronicle* in case it did not make expenses. There is a *Chronicle* Board, of course, but it meets only once a year and functions merely in the selection of the editor and business manager. The *Chronicle*, then, has been left to look out for itself.

The ARCHIVE and *Chanticleer* are in practically the same fix. Both are publications of the senior class; yet that class has nothing to do with them except

elect the editor and business manager and pay the debt on the publication if there is a deficiency.

Each junior class meets late in the spring and chooses the editors and business managers of the ARCHIVE and *Chanticleer*. Usually the man selected for the managership is one who has had some experience as an assistant, but this is hardly ever the case with the editor. The result has been, therefore, that each fall a new staff comes in and begins not where the old left off but where it began. The editor this year has placed a number of under-graduates on the staff, but this act will be of little value if the next editor is not chosen on the basis of merit.

We are in favor of having all the publications taken out of the hands which they are now in and placed under the control of a publication council. The council should not try to dictate policies, but it should act in a supervisory capacity. This body will be able to establish an ARCHIVE staff, then, similar to that of the *Chronicle*. Several attempts have been made to place the staff of the magazine on a merit basis, and many editorials on the subject have appeared in the ARCHIVE. The undertaking (if such it may be called) has been fruitless, however, because the magazine has been a senior class publication, and one senior class did not have the power to bind another.

As was brought out at the conference, by the three publications combining and offering subscriptions to the students at a cheaper rate for the three than for one, more students can be induced to subscribe. For instance, the *Chanticleer*, ARCHIVE, and *Chronicle* could be offered for eight dollars instead of the nine now paid, and by doing this the publications might get two hundred more subscriptions. The more copies are printed the cheaper is the rate for printing; so the publications would not lose anything by the reduced price for the three.

If such a council is created, it will no doubt ask that the ARCHIVE, *Chanticleer*, and *Chronicle* be put under its control. Acting as a supervisor of the three, the council can then go about the getting of advertisements in a systematic manner, each publication being apportioned a certain number. We believe such a plan feasible, and we hope that it will be adopted.

# True Greatness

GEORGE V. ALLEN

AS I SIT before the open grate and see the flickering flames leaping up from the bank of coals for their moment of life and see them suddenly die away like the wind sweeping over the hills of a desert country, as I hear the droning sputter of the gas as it escapes from the stygian dungeon which has encased it for a thousand years, and, as I experience that indescribable, far-away, dreamy feeling which is ever the concomitant of an open grate, I ponder over the differences of humanity and the real essence of superiority. Why is one man really greater than another? In a word, what really constitutes greatness?

In my half-dreamy, half-imaginative, half-pensive mood I seem to see the ghosts of past ages hover about the grate, each eager to claim the "Golden Apple" of my meagre consciousness and gain for himself the name of true greatness. Oh, for the glories of imagination! In my sportive mood I conjure up shades of those who have played the lead in the vital drama of their day, those who have run their courses not more gloriously, but more conspicuously than have others of their time.

First I see the Caesars, stern warriors of old, arrayed in their royal garments of purple splendor. With enticing looks they promise that I shall be the ruler of the universe if I shall but admit that they should wear the toga of the Greatest.

With humble visages, the wisest sages of experience, Socrates, Aristotle, Kant, and others of ponderous minds attempt to gain my favor by guided promises that I shall become the wisest man of all if I shall but decree that one of their number be given the robe of greatness.

Over the smoking embers there slowly arise the elusive forms of poets and writers from whose pens people of all times have been thrilled to their very souls, and who have inspired men to commit deeds of great and worthy note. From these forms come the promise of boundless praise and unceasing adoration from all people for all times if the cloak of true greatness shall but adorn the shoulders of one of their number.

With almost conquering insistancy the spirits from the tombs of science gather about the fiery altar of Diana and impress upon my wavering decision their matchless part in the development of civilization. Archimedes, Newton, Farraday, and others display their deeds in alluring array, pointing out how vital have been the parts they have played in the story of mankind, affirming that greatness can only be measured in terms of the good accomplished for humanity and the discovery of the truth. From them comes the promise that future ages shall be more blessed by my existence than by that of any other if I but choose that they were truly great.

Even more pressing than these is the claim of those who have led the religious movements of past ages. Insisting that advancement of civilization is absolutely impossible aside from a moral or religious development, the filmy images of Buddah, Confucius, Mohamet, and Jesus almost gain from any conventional thought the right to assume the title of unblemished greatness. In recounting the extent to which humanity has been benefited by their existence, and in depicting the fruitlessness of existence other than spiritual, these figures reach with outstretched hands for my concession of greatness, promising that through me the world shall cease its struggle for gain and live according to the best concepts of religion.

With an impatient jesture I wave aside the shades of those men who have appeared great in the eyes of the world. And then, in the dying embers of the last smoking coals a form slowly assumes out of the amorphous substance of imagination the shape of one who is unknown to the world at large, one who is very insignificant according to the usual ideas of the world, one whose name has never blasoned from the streaming posters of the daily press or become the byword of the householders of the land. I see a common, ordinary student—a mere boy, timid and unassuming in extreme—who with humble mien is going about his student life with never the splash of the athlete or the address of the intellectual giant, but who in his quiet way is forgetful of self to the last degree. The

boy is submerging his personal interest for the good of the whole, and is desirous of having the good triumph and the right win out with never a thought as to who will get the credit for the achievement. Without waiting for his promise of greatness or power

or wealth, I place the coveted apple in his trembling hand and realize that in proportion to the extent one is able to effect good results without caring who gets the credit for the undertaking, in direct proportion does he deserve to be considered great.



## Fact or Fancy

(BIOLOGY SEVEN)

**W**HEN OUT of slime, and muck, and mud came  
man,

The uni-cell, the thing without a plan,  
He then grew legs and neck and spine—  
Became a toad, or fish of queer design.

And time moves on—ten million years are past,  
And Lo, the change, High Heaven must stand  
aghast!

Creation's best by tail he has not shed  
Swings from a tree and sadly rubs his head.

By slow degrees, with no un-lordly haste,  
Mankind emerged from out this barren waste,  
And long ago, in ages dark and dim  
Branched from the tree of life the favored limb.

And had there died one ape, one grandpa flea,  
Before his time, on your ancestral tree,  
Where now would be the doubt you entertain?  
Or where the chance of judging me insane?

A. B. GIBSON.

# A Young Bride

FONG KUH ZIEN

KYOH FONG was the daughter of a conservative and wealthy family. She was fourteen years old, but she was treated just as if she were a baby. She was ignored from everything, even from her own engagement, which was settled when she was only three months old.

One day when she was playing with the butterflies in the garden, a servant came and told her that her mother wished to see her. She ran into the house as quickly as she could, and to her great alarm she saw her mother in tears.

"What is the matter, mother?" she asked.

"Sit down, child. I have a piece of unpleasant news to tell you. I am sorry that such a thing should happen, but you have to bear it, for it is your fate."

Kyoh Fong swallowed on hearing this. She was scared by her mother's solemn tone.

"Your uncle has been here this afternoon, and he told me that Mr. Wu was very sick."

"Who is Mr. Wu?" asked Kyoh Fong.

Her mother told then that he was the man to whom she was engaged. Kyoh Fong lowered her head on hearing this and began to blush. Her innocence and her shyness made her mother's heart ache, and she could not find her voice to go on with the conversation until a few minutes later.

"Your uncle said that Mr. Wu's parents wished to have some important happy event celebrated in the family to threaten away the sick-devil. This, of course, means your wedding."

Instead of being surprised at hearing this report, Kyoh Fong became very interested in it. She looked attentively at her mother and wished to know how could she be married when her fiancé was sick.

"Since Mr. Wu is very ill already, the wedding must take place as soon as possible," her mother went on. "And I have told your uncle to tell your parents-in-law that in three days they may send the sedan chair for you."

"But he is sick!" said Kyoh Fong unconsciously.

"Mr. Wu, you mean. That does not matter; there will be some one to carry the ceremony for him," said the mother.

Kyoh Fong was curious, but she dared not ask more, for she knew that it was not right for a girl to ask about her wedding. So she lived in a mist for two days; when the third day came, things became clear to her one by one.

I will not stop here to describe the long ceremony for a bride to say good-bye to her family, but I will go on with Kyoh Fong in a most beautiful sedan chair on her way to her future home. She used to hear people say that it was happy to be a bride, but now she discovered that they told a lie.

"What is there to be happy about? I have left my home and am going to a place where there is not a soul I know," she thought. "Oh, how unhappy I am! I wonder why people should consider that it is ridiculous for a bride to eat. And to dress me and cover me up like that! I can not even breathe!"

It was certainly not Kyoh Fong's fault to be impatient, for it was a warm spring day, and she had on five thick dresses, according to the custom. There was a heavy crown on her head and a big cover on top of it covering her face.

She thought that it was an age before the sounding of firecrackers told her that she reached her future home. She had no idea that that place would be more intolerable than sitting in a closed sedan chair, which she thought was but a coffin for the living.

After the sedan chair was set down, she felt her arms being held by people on both sides, and she was helped out. Through the whole wedding ceremony she had no freedom at all. She was led forward and backward and was made to bow and was lifted up again all the time.

Kyoh Fong could hear everything at first, the sweet-sounding band, the children's gentle singing, and the musical little laughs and whispers that were going on with the people. But after bowing for nearly fifty times, she simply lost all her senses. She was led to a chair at last and was left there for a short time to recover from her fatigue. When she just began to breathe a little freely, she had to face another trial.

"Lead the bride to this room; the cups for good and evil are ready. The bride may come to make her choice," she heard some one say.

How she wished that they would let her rest a little longer. But her wish did not come true to her that day; she was soon on foot again and was led to another room, which seemed to her to be crowded with people.

"Let us all give our best congratulations to our host and hostess for having a new daughter today, and let us wish that the bride is a fairy sent by the gods to bring good to her sick husband," she heard some of the people say, and she also heard the remarks of thanks made back after the congratulation.

In her young heart she prayed that she might be a blessing to the family.

She was led to a table. There were two cups on it. One contained sugar, meant for good; the other contained medicine, meant for death. But Kyoh Fong could not see; she still was covered with her heavy veil, and she had to pick out one entirely by fate. Her whole body trembled as she took up one of the cups.

After her choice, the room suddenly became deadly quiet. Kyoh Fong was frightened; she lost all her patience, and she pulled off her veil. What she found in her hand was but a cup of medicine; all she saw around her were strangers. She nearly burst out crying, only there was no time for it; there was neither

time for the people to laugh at her most extraordinary behavior by pulling off her veil. There were four or five servants running in just then carrying the news that their young master was dying. This led the whole crowd of people rushing out.

Kyoh Fong dropped the cup that was in her hand and intended to follow, but her parents-in-law would not let her. They hated her because they believed she had brought death into the family.

Poor Kyoh Fong had to stay behind; she prayed earnestly that her fiancé might recover. She did not wait long to find out that her prayer was not answered; for when the loud crying came to her ear, it told her clearly what had happened.

"Oh, my fate!" she sighed. "Everything is ended with me now. I must die! I cannot live in such a shame as the cause of the death of my husband."

Kyoh Fong's heart was broken; she looked around, looked at herself, and said again:

"I am so poor not to be able to enjoy the riches in this family, but I am glad that I can be buried in this beautiful embroidered dress."

Thus saying she took a pin from her hair and thrust it into her throat.

## On the Cover

D. K. T.

*"TO WIT! to whoo!" the cold moonlight  
Lay shining, shivering, frozen white.  
Forgot, below the campus crowd  
Slept, while alone, sedate, and proud,  
The senior owl surveyed the sight.*

*He sat on the ARCHIVE tree all night;  
He said to the moon with long foresight:  
"Where do you take your silver cloud;  
To wit, to who?"*

*He thought things deep, he thought things trite;  
The tree was bare, the bough was slight,  
The moon to silence was avowed,  
The owl laughed long deep and loud,  
"This is the senior's halo light!  
To wit! to whooooo!"*



# Why a Barber's Pole Has Stripes

W. S. SECHRIST

THE RECENT hair-bobbing fad at the shack has led some of the serious-minded students to thinking just what changes are going to have to be made in the barber's pole in order for it to be a symbol of the work he does. In fact, before the fair sex began bobbing hair, the pole was not representative of the barber's business, and now it is still more out of date. Some change is necessary, and it must be radical change. In order to understand the true significance of the barber's pole one must go back to the time of the first barbers and learn what their duties consisted of and observe a few of the characteristics of the people and shops of that period.

People of early years attributed many of their ailments to too much blood. When a person got sick, the first thought was to reduce the amount of his blood. In early times there were no special surgeons; so the barber took the responsibility of blood letting. His other duties were shaving people, cutting their hair, and in some countries shaving the crown of the head as in Italy and Greece. In England the making of wigs was an important duty. At this time no English gentleman would think of attending a social gathering without a well-fitting wig. The early shop was characterized as a meeting place for newsmongers and loafers. It seemed to correspond somewhat to our modern pool room. There were always people present to entertain the patrons with music or jokes. A few of the first barbers became men of great notoriety because of the fact that they wrote plays and were leaders in the literary field of their generation. Having given a few of the peculiarities of the early barbers, I shall proceed to explain why a barber's pole is striped.

First of all, every feature of the pole advertised the barber's business. The round gilded ball represented the barbering end of his business. In those days a brass bowl was used to make lather in; hence one sees why there is a ball at the top of the striped pole. The pole itself was the symbol of the staff the barber had his patients to hold while the bleeding process was taking place. The white stripes on the pole represented the bandages used before the operation, and the red stripes stood for the bandages tied on after the blood had been drawn. Today, as I have said before, it cannot be truthfully said that the barber's pole completely or logically represents his occupation; but it is a very attractive symbol, and it answered its advertising purpose pretty well until a few years ago when hair bobbing was started. Some barber shops specialize in work for the ladies, while others are not sufficiently equipped to solicit their trade. This being the case, the barber who does cater to the fair sex is handicapped for an appropriate symbol that will represent both sides of his business. The suggestion that I should like to offer toward the solution of this problem would be to let the brass ball symbolize the girl's head. Of course, the ball as it stands would not answer this purpose; it must have a make-up that would characterize the head of a typical young lady of today. Why not fasten on top a thick bunch of hair six or eight inches long and with a brush apply a heavy coat of white paint, a couple of strokes of vermilion for lips, a circle of black paint for eyes; and with the fingers stick on a nose of putty; and for ears—oh, well, it does not matter, for they are never seen anyway!



Why?

*DO YOU know why our God has decked the world with flowers bright?  
Or why with gems like diamond sets he studs the sky at night?  
Or why he paints so beautiful the summer evening sky  
And fills the woods with singing birds?  
Oh! Can you tell me why?*

C. G. K.

# A Pair of Grey Eyes

ELLA WHITTED

CYNTHIA ADAMS walked slowly towards the library. Elsie Ramond, sitting by the window in her room, remarked as she saw Cynthia, "Look out! Cynth's thinking about something. Come here and watch her."

Her roommate came, and they both watched as she made her way slowly along the path, head down, hands rammed in the pockets of her sweater.

"I wonder if it's a new play for the dramatic club or new drapes for her room," mused Elsie, as Cynthia disappeared in the library.

But Cynthia was thinking of neither plays nor drapes just at that time. She was thinking of something that was far less romantic but none the less necessary to her just now. Money—cool, hard cash was the one thought that claimed her attention. Anyone who went to the "Margaret Holcomb Cooking School" needed money, and plenty of it. And Cynthia just couldn't write home for money; she knew that they needed it worse than she did. Here in her pocket was a letter from home. Mother did not say much, but Cynthia could read between the lines just how much they missed her managing ability and the check that she used to bring home every month. Until Christmas they were able to get along fairly well, but the after Christmas slump and the cold weather and the doctor's bills—well Cynthia knew they were having a hard time.

Mr. Adams had died just two years ago, and after his death it was found that he did not have so much money as people had supposed. Poor, little Mrs. Adams, grief-stricken at the death of her husband, did not know what to do. She was a tiny woman—the kind that can preside with perfect grace at a tea table, but who doesn't see why whipped cream and porter house steak aren't exactly proper food for poor people. Besides there were hungry boys to feed—boys who wanted beans and apple pie, not tea poured from a silver tea pot. So Cynthia, a sophomore in college, had to step in and take charge. It was she who cooked for the three hungry boys, who made up their beds and straightened their tumbled rooms, who ruled over them, making them wash behind their ears and fire the furnaces. She finished her

sophomore year in college, and with head high she went out looking for work. For a year she stuck to her job as a stenographer in a box factory. But Cynthia was not a success; to save her life she could not get a thrill out of a string of figures. Yet one must eat, she reasoned, and the three hungry boys seemed to get hungrier every day. But oh! how she loved to cook! At night, when she came home, tired from a day of working with figures, she would enter her clean, cool kitchen, and, clad in a large apron, she would lose all feeling of tiredness in preparing some delightful new dish for the three hungry boys and her mother.

The end of the year, consequently, found Cynthia established at "Miss Holcombs." She had decided to try domestic science as a career, and her Uncle Ed had kindly furnished the money. Cynthia had gone to her work with a will. She had made remarkable grades and had become a favorite with both teachers and pupils.

But that didn't help matters a bit, mused Cynthia. Good grades didn't bring in any money, and she just couldn't ask Uncle Ed for any more. It was bills that she saw every time she turned her head, bills waiting for her at the office, for little things that she had not planned for—book bills, laboratory dues, and the like.

But how to get the money was the question. When she went into the library, she picked up one of the daily papers and found her favorite seat. Absently she turned to the "Help Wanted" column, and her eyes scanned it.

"Wanted—Sales-ladies to help with spring sales."

"Wanted—A good stenographer."

"Wanted—A maid, preferably white. Must know how to cook. Good wages and hours. Apply to 223 Elmwood Ave."

This last one seemed to jump out and greet Cynthia. Wanted—A maid, preferably white. Must know how to cook—Could she?

"Oh, what rot," she said to herself. "You aren't a cook, and you know it," and she hastily turned the page.

But her eyes would not read what she wanted them to read. "Wanted—A maid. Must know how to cook."

"You are a cook, and you know you are, and you can't do anything else, and you are going to have two whole free weeks, and you might earn thirty dollars, and just think how far that would go. Thirty dollars is thirty dollars, you know."

So reason plead with her.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "Go on and hire yourself as a cook. She may be some old new rich person, and she'll make you take her horrid lap dog for an airing every afternoon. Won't you be sweet leading dear little 'Fife' down the street?"

"Well," argued reason, "if she is that kind, you don't have to stay with her. And, besides, she might be nice. You need the money, and how are you going to get it? Pride won't furnish you any money. No one knows you here, and you can change your name. You are afraid to take a chance. Now admit it."

After all, it did appeal to her. She could cook, and she enjoyed it. Why not try? The more she thought about it the more the plan appealed to her. If she liked the woman and if there were no lap dogs or spoiled children, she would spend her two weeks as general maid, and come away thirty dollars richer.

Three o'clock found her in a fashionable apartment, timidly knocking on a door on the third floor. A quarter past three found her hired to a charming little lady for fifteen dollars a week and the understanding that she begin work as soon as possible. Five o'clock found her installed in the apartment—ready for work.

After the interview she had gone out and bought her maid's costume (the kind she wanted her maid to wear if she ever had one). She came back and put it on. Mrs. Mastin had given her a small room near the kitchen. After putting on the dress she stood back from the mirror to get the effect. She had to admit that the picture wasn't so bad. She knew that the plain black frock and the dainty frilled apron were chic. The frilled headpiece seemed whiter, and her curly black hair seemed blacker, by sheer comparison. Cynthia was that type of girl men called "darned good looking." No one ever called her "a peach," for she was not that good looking. But when she threw her head back and looked at you with those wide grey eyes of hers, well—you agreed with the men—she was certainly "darned good looking."

Armed with a big apron she went to her work. Mrs. Mastin, her mistress, was a woman like her own mother. She had left the whole house in charge of Cynthia—never thinking of the risk she was taking. The whole house showed signs of poor management. There was dust everywhere; there were dried rose petals on the table that spoke eloquently of neglect. The kitchen seemed a mass of grease and egg-stained dishes.

When Mrs. Mastin returned home, she found that the new maid had not only worked wonders in each room but had prepared a perfectly delicious dinner. The little lady could hardly believe it.

"But, Jack," she said to her husband after dinner, "there must be something wrong. Did you ever see such a lovely dinner? The silver placed just right, the right china used, and better food than I have tasted in years. And she's so adorable. If I didn't think you were past that age, I would be afraid for you. And such nice hands."

But Jack couldn't explain it—not that he wanted to. A maid who could cook a steak like the one he had just eaten fitted into his life very nicely, and he saw no reason in marring the effect, so to speak.

With each succeeding meal Cynthia improved. For breakfast she made golden griddle cakes and served them piping hot. What a contrast to Mrs. Mastin's breakfast of weak coffee, burnt toast and half cooked eggs. Each meal brought forth some new dish that charmed her master and mistress. Not only did she clean the rooms, but she knew how to arrange the furniture to the best advantage. She even bought flowers from stands near-by and selected just the bowl that would suit them best. How quickly the two weeks passed!

\* \* \*

Stephen Allbright slowly mounted the back stairs of the apartment house. Yet he was neither the butcher's or baker's boy nor the janitor. To be sure he looked like such a person—clad in overalls in a more or less damp state, with a cap tilted on his head to such a degree that a shock of red hair could be seen. If you looked closely, you could see that he was carrying a block of ice by means of ice hooks.

"Oh," you say, "he is the iceman."

But again you are mistaken, and only an explanation will straighten the matter for you.

(Continued on Page 90)

# A Carolina 'Possum Hunt

R. P. HARRISS

(Re-printed by courtesy *National Sportsman Magazine*)

*"Waken lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day;  
All the jolly chase is here  
With hawk and horse and hunting spear."*

CHANGE THE mountain to a pine-land swamp, the time to a night in southern October, and substitute 'possum hounds for the "hawk and horse and hunting spear." Add to this a couple of darkies with lanterns and pine torches and you will have a fair idea of the beginning of a Carolina 'possum hunt. Many changes have taken place since the time of Scott. But though the time and conditions are vastly different, the crowd is substantially the same and probably quite as picturesque—a party of merry "Lords and Ladies" gathered together for a jolly hunt.

It is yet early in the night when we (about thirty of us), gather around the big fire in an oak grove just off the "big road," laughing and joking, and toasting marshmallows and bacon. Here we eat our supper and wait for the remainder of the party to arrive. The presence of such plantation cheer as 'simmon beer and apple cider lends a zest to our appetites and flavor to the hunt-supper.

Slightly in the rear stand two dusky hunters who with difficulty hold in check six eager hounds as the appetizing odor of frying bacon rises on the night air. The lady members of our party, dressed in more or less masculine hunting attire,—sweaters, breeches and leggings—are quite as enthusiastic as anyone,

although they get more than their share of good-natured banter.

Soon, however, we leave the grove, climb the old rail fence that runs parallel with the highway, and proceed a short distance, then turn to the left. Here an old wagon road leads directly into the woods. The two hunters and I consult, then proceed some distance ahead of the crowd. We decide to try the lower end of "Buckhead" Swamp. This swamp gets its name from an old Cherokee Indian legend. Somewhere in the deepest tangles of the swamp is a tall dead pine, an old, old tree, high on the trunk of which is nailed the skull and antlers of a buck deer, now bleached white by the weather. Placed there years ago,—but by whom, and why? It is not strange, then, that weird tales should be



told about the "haunted buck's head" to explain its reason for being there.

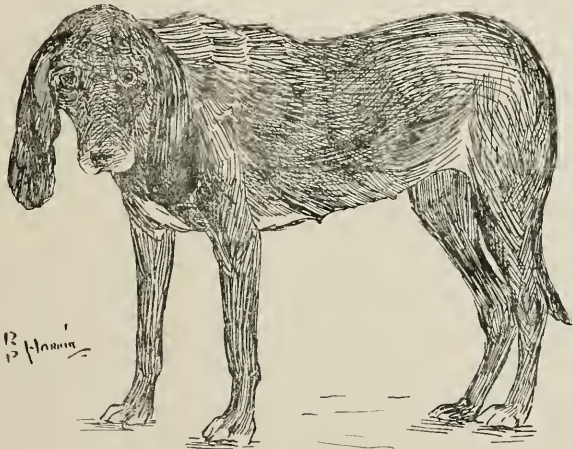
But Buckhead Swamp is also noted as being full of 'possum and 'coon. A damp jungle of pines and gum trees, dense thickets, and tangled wild grapevines, it is a natural "possum paradise."

Parallel to the swamp winds the old wagon road, now used chiefly by foxes, stray guineas, and moonshiners. Along this road our party slowly moves, while the hunters and I follow the dogs in the swamp. We keep well in the woods, some distance ahead of the main party which is still noisy and excited. The ghostly shadows of trees and bushes dance eerily across the path lit by the smoking pine torches.

"Dew's fallin' right smaht t'night," comments

“Chick,” a nigger whose fame as a ’possum hunter is known throughout the County. “If’n dat new dawg, Logan, jis’ don’t stah a fox, eve’ything’ll be all right. Dat Logan a puffick fool bonteu a fox track!”

To our ears comes a dull, muffled bay from the damp recesses of the swamp, answered by a sharp quick cry near at hand. The darkies shout encouragement, then stop to listen. We don’t have long to wait, for the hounds soon close in on a hot track. The merry chant grows faster and louder as six canine voices speak the eager language of the chase. Leaving the swamp they cross a ridge and the sound grows fainter. Suddenly all voices cease, except that of old Chester, Chester, son of ancient and honorable Potlicker, who continues to open somewhat doubtfully; the opossum, having crossed the dry ridge, has back-tracked. Let me say here that an old swamp opossum possesses more brains than he is usually given credit for.



Old Rock

The dogs keep “messin’ bont,” as Chick says, until one by one they pick up the trail which finally leads back toward the swamp. The baying becomes more confident; soon the dogs are in full cry, running along the edge of the swamp. Finally comes the joyful tree-bark,—and the oldest nigger says: “Treed!” But we wait until old Chester’s big bass cry booms out of the darkness in a steady, triumphant tree-bark—then: “Treed fo’ sho’!” As luck would have it, the game is treed in a small black gum situated in a fairly open place, where all the party may gather and witness the capture. Soon the entire crowd, laughing, shouting, breathless, arrives. A tuneful melody is sent skyward by six lop-eared, silver-tongued musicians.

Five of the hounds are held back. Only Rock, an old toothless, albeit active hound, is allowed to grab the opossum, which is now to be shaken down by one of the hunters. A big shaking up in the gum tree, a

frantic scrambling around in the branches, then—plump! He falls, and like a flash old Rock is upon him. He falls asleep in the wise opossum way, a widespread grin on his old gray face.

But the object of all the excitement soon comes back to life and stares about, blinkingly, as he is held up for inspection. Then we dump him in a big sack and move on. Nigger Chick, Master of the Hunt, is anxious to demonstrate his ability as a night-hunter.

With such dogs as these—tree-dogs by instinct breeding, and training—and in such a swamp, we do not have long to wait for a second “strike.” Another race soon begins, and the pack, led by Chester, son of Potlicker, makes the woods resound with the joyful cry of the hunting pack—a sound which has never failed to stir the heart of man since the first rude hunter followed the first tame dog, in ages dim and immemorial. Our race soon ends far down

in the woods in a marshy thicket, so dense that none but a few of us attempt to reach the tree. Our quarry is captured in due time, and the first captive now has company.

Thus our hunt continues until a third tree-bark is heard and a third furry creature leaves his home in the fastness of Buckhead for the closer quarters of the big gunny sack. By this time our party begins to show signs of fatigue, so by common consent, we call in the dogs and turn our steps toward the plantation.

The dogs trot soberly behind the heels of the hunters. The crowd is quieter now, but presently some one begins to sing, others join in, and soon the pleasant sound rings through the pine trees.—Surely, “youth and mirth and glee, run a course as well as we.”

\* \* \* \* \*

(Continued on Page 94)

# Chinese Poetry

FONG KUH ZIEN

OF ALL ARTS I love literature the best; of all literature the best I love is poetry; of all poetry Chinese poetry is the best I love. The reasons why I love Chinese poetry are easy to see. First, because it is written in my own language; second, because I am more familiar with it than with any other nation's; and the last or chief reason is for its exquisiteness in rhythm and its beauty in thought.

There are four main divisions in Chinese poetry: Sze, Chze, Ko, and Foo. The long poems which were written for weddings, birthdays, victories, or any happy event are called Ko. In Ko there are either four or six syllables in a line; and the last syllable of every line must be in the same rhyme. Foo is the other kind of long poetry that we have. Anything which was written for the physical or mental loss is under this division. Its lines all have seven syllables, and the last syllable of every line is in rhyme with each other.

Sze and Chze are our most popular poems. They are short, but their thoughts are deep. In Sze there are only four lines for each stanza, and most Sze have but one stanza. The last syllable of the first, second, and fourth line is in rhyme with one another. There are seven syllables in each line. The following poem is one that I have translated in thought as well as in syllables and rhyme to give you some idea of our Sze.

## To A Friend

*Flowers all smiled in your grace,  
Same day, last year, at this place.  
Where are you now, maiden fair?  
Rose reminds me the sweet face.*

Chze is quite different from the other three kinds of poetry mentioned above. Its lines are not limited, neither its syllables; but the rhyme in it is even more smooth than in Chze, Ko, or Foo. The reason is that,

when first Chze was written, it was written for singing. Later writers, though, did not copy the old thoughts or words, but they wrote to fit the same time. Thus one sees why every sound is so musical. The following stanzas are one Chze that I have translated.

## Loneliness

*One quiet night in June  
With the moon  
Ev'ry thing in the world seems in tune.*

*I alone  
Sit on stone,  
You have flown.  
Even lady moon is sad, I own.*

There is another kind of poetry which I love very much. It is called round Sze. Its construction is just the same as Sze, only it has ten words for the four lines. The first line contains seven words; the second line has seven words, too; but only the last three are new, while the first four are taken from the latter part of the first line. The third and fourth line is formed by the same words going backward. To make this clear I have translated one of these also.

## Bright Spring

*Swing, green boughs! Oh, birds, all sing!  
Oh, birds, all sing, "Bright is spring!"  
Spring is bright; sing, all birds, Oh!  
Sing, all birds! Oh, boughs green, swing!*

I hope I have shown you some of the beauties of Chinese poetry; but, if you like to understand it and appreciate it, you must study it yourself, for it is impossible for me to describe the melody and thought in every poem.

# Things That Have Impressed Me Most at Trinity

KUNI KODAMA

(An interesting comparison of the Sower in front of Craven Memorial Hall and Millet's "Sower" by a Japanese student at Trinity. The article was not subject to editorial revision, and thus it represents solely the work of Mr. Kodama.—Editor.)

AMONG MANY impressions I have received since entering Trinity College, one thing will I never forget and will ever be enshrined in the four-walled heart of mine. That is a bronze statue just in front of Craven Memorial Hall. I can well remember even at this moment that wondrous thrill I received that morning when I first stood before that statue, simple and yet inspiring. I do not know who the sculptor was, nor what the inspiration was that empowered his creative genius to use his fingers so deftly, but this I know that the statue was a great inspiration for me and reminded me of that dear picture which has so long been a souvenir of a friend who was so dear to me and who died so young and miserable. I refer to Millet's "Sower," and this is how it happened:

After we were graduated from the same high school, he went to Okayama to pursue his study of economy, for it was his early intention to become a Christian social reformer, while I, heartbroken with the sudden death of my younger brother, entered Kwansai Gakuin to prepare myself for ordination. It was the first autumn of our college life when he suddenly left the school, only dropping me a card which read thus: "Being worried by the life problem, I now quit this school. Millet's 'Sower' is the only comfort for me at this moment. Fare thee well."

I was quite upset when I received this note, but, having no clue to where he went, I did not know his whereabouts for full one year and a half. During this period I was wildly hunting for the picture which was the sole comfort of my dear friend at his critical moment, but in vain. One balmy evening of spring,

however, when I was reading a book in my dormitory room, a friend of mine came rushing into my room, and patting me on the shoulder, said,

"I say, let me introduce you to your lover."

"Eh? What did you say?" I demanded.

"See, here it is."

So saying, he took a picture out of his pocket and thrust it before my eyes. O, it was a fine reproduction of Millet's "Sower"!

I suddenly stood up and snatched it madly from his hand and devouringly gazed upon it. The remembrances of my lost friend returned one after another, and tears began to flow down my cheeks.

Since that time that picture became my constant companion in place of that friend, both in sorrow and joy.

As I stood before that statue that morning, what did it suggest to me but that fatal picture of Millet's! At that moment, I stood still as if I were petrified and could not utter a word. Simply I approached the statue almost worshipfully and looked up. The robust limbs protruding out of the plain clothing, the sagacious yet benign expression of the face, both blended together and worked out that wondrous effect of impressing me with the happy union of power and love, which I gladly decided at once to make the motto of my college life here.

O, I will never forget that bright September morning when I first visited this college and received a deep inspiration from that simple and weather-beaten bronze statue in front of Craven Memorial Hall. No, never, never.

## The Fool

A. B. G.

*"When we are born, we cry that we are come to this great stage of fools."*—Shakespeare.

JIM COLSON was not a born fool; he did not cultivate foolishness; therefore he had it thrust upon him. Vera Daring opened her compact, on the main street of Hazelton, and powdered her nose vociferously. Jim who was, at that time, busily engaged in rubbing Bon-ami off the window of a near-by grocery store, fell—literally physically, psychologically, and in love. For no obvious reason the ladder upon which he was standing gave way beneath him. As soon as he recovered his senses, he immediately lapsed into semi-consciousness, for Vera was bending over him wiping his brow with the selfsame dauber with which she had just been powering her nose. Jim was not given to temperamental or sentimental insanity, and whether or not the presence of Vera caused him to fall from the ladder is merely speculation. That he fell in love with her is another matter. And that he was a fool involves the whole thread of the story; for he was a fool, "Even as you and I."

How long Jim lay there on the street gazing into Vera's face, she alone knew. He was intoxicated with her beauty and overpowered with a sense of helplessness in her presence. He loved her as only a man can love; with the love which the books ascribe to women. He was tempted to proclaim the fact to her then and there, but the presence of the villagers cooled his ardor, and the flame of his love was turned back upon his own heart, to burn and to scorch until a full expression might proceed under more favorable circumstances. Vera, on the other hand, was well composed; she took the situation in at a glance and was satisfied.

A casual observer could not have looked upon Vera and remained casual. Women looked upon her with disdain born of envy and men with a sublime appreciation of the aesthetic, even in the presence of their wives. She was tall and lithe. Her hair was as dark and glistening as polished coal, and her eyes were indescribably black. Her mouth was not drooped, and yet there was a tender sadness expressed in its faultless lines. One could imagine her to be almost perfect.

Vera did not wait for Jim to thank her, if she had waited her art would have been deficient. She saw with precision the outcome of her actions, and she was ready to play the game. Before Jim closed the store that day, for he worked in the store at whose window the romantic episode occurred, he selected the best box of candy that the village store offered and secretly formed a resolution. He did not know where Vera lived; he did not even know her name. He did know that he was going to find her.

He found her picking violets in the moonlight, as one might have expected. Somehow one would associate her with violets. The sight of her there in the moonlight was like a whispered dream of knighthood days.

"Oh, it's you," was all she said when Jim came and stood beside her. Jim did not break the silence. "Aren't you going to say anything?" she asked at length.

"I just wanted to thank you for being so kind to me today," Jim said in a voice like a growing school boy's.

"Is that all?" she asked in a manner that would seem to pass the matter off in indifference. But the words ent Jim to the heart.

"No, not all," he said.

From the house a gruff voice, which reminded Jim of the bellow of a bull cried, "Ve-err-a-a!" and she was gone without even saying good-bye.

Jim laid his box of candy side of the bunch of flowers, which Vera had dropped, and started home. He tried to reason matters out, but somehow his mind would not work. The girl's people were newcomers to town, for the house in which they were living had been unoccupied. Why had he not asked the girl's name? He cursed his lack of thought. He was ashamed, now, to ask anyone. They would know that he loved her; his very tone of voice would betray the fact. To whom did the gruff voice, which reminded him so much of a bull, belong? He dreamed of a heroic rescue from an overbearing guardian. A true princess was in distress, and he would be the hero.



All night he rolled in restless agony, and morning brought no relief except hope—hope that he might see her. The day wore on like cobblestones. Jim was half tempted to ask the girl's name, but always his nerve would fail, and his blood would tingle at the thought of her. He was a fool, perhaps, but other girls had not affected him thus. Back in the forgotten days fate had decreed, and unconsciously every act had been to this one end, that they should meet.

"A can of Red Devil lye, please, and a box of sardines." The voice of a customer roused him from his reverie.

Why should it be thus? He thought. Life is a curious composition; just when one begins to think thoughts that seem indefinite, we are brought face to face with the sordidness of it. But there must be washing done, and folks must eat, but, at least, why couldn't it have been Star lye? And why couldn't it have been something besides sardines that the boy wanted? Questions like these, no doubt troubled the minds of the philosophers, and Jim was only a fool—an intensely human fool. And being a fool, he went back to dreaming about the girl.

Evening came, and with it a pale moon. Jim was walking back home from the store, thinking about the girl. The very air was romantic.

"Mr. Colson," the slight voice of a woman called to him from the other side of the street. His heart pounded. It was her voice, he was sure.

"Yes," he answered, scarcely audible.

"Yo' socks ain't dry yit, Mr. Colson; so I lef em hanging on de line. Yo undershirts is in de pantry." It was the voice of the wash woman.

Jim swooned. To think that he had thought that to be her voice! Years of patient love, alone, could pay the penalty of that insult, even though the girl should never know of the incident.

Jim suddenly decided to see the girl that night, at any cost. He made his way towards her home like a man in a dream, without an excuse for going except that his heart drove him.

She was in the garden, among the flowers, again. Why shouldn't she be?—She is a flower herself, he thought. She extended her hand to Jim, and he was hardly conscious that she withdrew it, so drunk he was with her smile.

"I can't go on this way," he said. "I have dreamed about you all day. I—"

"Mr. Colson," she interrupted, "you mustn't."

"But I love you," he confessed.

"I am sorry if it has been my fault," she whispered, "I thought you knew that I am the wife of the butcher who runs the market next to your store."

Far across the meadow Jim heard the bellow of a bull. Strangely enough, he was able to control his emotions almost at once. As he journeyed homeward, he hummed a little tune:

*"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,  
Home again, home again, jig-ity-jig."*

## Chloe

*I STRIKE my tent, I strap my pack and go,  
And marvel not that I am on my way  
Again so soon. Ah! yet another day,—  
Another journey towards To-morrow's woe!  
But Oh! she is so constant, kind,—my Chloe,  
She clings to me and bids me come and play,  
Or pensive, yet, she whispers to me, "Stay,  
The purple dawn, the black night winds—they know."*

*And on the Highway once again I trudge,  
Nor wish to change my state, nor shift my load;  
I count not time, but drift, a willing drudge,  
To one who lingers with me on the road:*

*In love with Life (and Life, in turn, with Death),  
Her tears and laughter, and her warm, sweet breath.*

—R. P. H.

## Her Beauty Made Me Glad

FONG KUR ZIEN

A SIMPLE sentence indeed it is,  
 "Her beauty made me glad."

Once I read it:

*I see a nose, delicate and fair  
 I catch the sweetness of the flower.  
 It purified my mind.*

Twice I read it:

*Two stars I behold, twinkling and bright,  
 Their charm causes me to smile.*

Thrice I read it:

*A lovely sound I hear,  
 Sweeter than the singing of a bird  
 Clearer than the flowing of a brook.*

Then I read it again:

*An innocent child is before me  
 A rose her face, stars her eyes,  
 Pure her heart, dear her voice.  
 How I love the line!*

"Her beauty made me glad."

## An Old Maid's Soliloquy

MAGNOLIA CARPENTER  
 (An Apology to Shakespeare)

TO MARRY or not to marry? That is the question.  
 Whether 'tis indeed to suffer disappointment.  
 And the slights and scorns that fall to an old maid's  
 lot

Or to take up arms against a sea of difficulties  
 And by fighting, win out over them? To lose: to win:  
 Foremore; and by winning to say we end  
 The heart aches and the thousand natural shocks  
 An old maid is heir to: 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To lose? To win?  
 To win perchance to be happy: ay there's the rub,  
 For in that winning of victory that loss may come  
 When we have put away this maiden freedom  
 Must needs give us pause; there's the thing  
 That makes calamity of so long life;  
 For who can bear the neglect and indifference  
 Of the lordier's will; of proud man's unconscious  
 vanity?

The pangs of despised love; a careless husband's late  
 delay in coming home;

The spectre of the divorce court; or the neglect

Which young married women are subject to, while  
 their husbands are petted and admired,

And she must needs be her own companion with a  
 bare nod

From him? Who would such bondage bear  
 To weep and put up with such a humiliating life

But that dread of something in after years,

The unknown and dread calamity of an old maid

From which no girl ever recovers: puzzles a maiden's  
 will

And makes us rather choose the lot our mothers have  
 known

Than to fall to another which we know not of.

## Wanderlust

FABIAN

I LONG to sail uncharted seas  
 And find me islands new;  
 I long to feel the salt sea-breeze  
 And the rolling waves pursue.

I long to travel foreign lands,  
 Strange sights and peoples see—  
 To roam about on tropic strands,  
 On snow-capped peaks to be.

I hear the call of the jungle wild  
 And the voice of desert plain,  
 The low, soft murmur in forest aisle,  
 The solemn hills' refrain.

I hear the babble of many tongues,  
 And the lone muezzin's call,  
 The lively lilt of gypsy songs,  
 The boatman's chanting drawl.

In mystic temple halls I stand  
 And breathe the incensed air,  
 Or in some vast cathedral grand  
 I bow in reverence there.

Oh far-off places, calling so,  
 I long to heed your cry,  
 And when fair winds my ship shall blow,  
 Forth to your haunts I'll fly.

# North Carolina and the Federal Constitution

C. H. KING

## I

THE RATIFICATION of the Federal Constitution by the thirteen states marks one of the greatest political changes in the history of our government. This, however, was not a suddenly realized change, for the political forces of America had been experimenting and working on a plan of national government since the beginning of the Stamp Act controversy. It might be said that colonial history made the Constitution; it grew out of readjustments based partly on the imperfections between the colonies and mother country; but it carried out the teachings of the Revolution. Our Constitution was a product of the forces of English history; but it was shaped to American necessities, and was formed by men who could learn lessons by the experiences of the past. The need of a national government had been in the minds of the leading statesmen for sometime. Such men as George Washington, James Madison, and Alexander Hamilton, men of national leadership at this time, had been studying and planning for the making of a Federal Constitution. The object of this paper is to show the part that men of North Carolina played with these men and others in the forming and ratification of the Constitution.

## II

When the treaty of peace between England and the United States was completed in 1784, the existing struggle between the Loyalists and Patriots soon caused the rise of political parties and issues in the different states. In North Carolina the radical democratic element was led by Willie Jones, and the conservative element by Samuel Johnston. Richard Caswell was then governor of North Carolina, but he took a somewhat neutral position in regard to the radicals and conservatives. The radicals, headed by Jones and possessing a large majority, fostered the idea of state's individual sovereignty. A few men, however, were sufficiently imbued with ideas of national and international honor to enable them to rise above factional hatred. These belonged mainly to the party of Johnston and represented the conservative minority. Among them were Johnston, William R. Davie, and William Hooper. They watched with care the devel-

opment of their party sentiment and deprecated the tendency of the radicals to place their interests paramount to those of the Confederation. It was the conservative party, therefore, which received with eagerness the idea of a reform in the Articles of Confederation. The conservatives in North Carolina furnished a full share of the national sentiment which demanded a closer union of states as a means of ending the confused state into which they were falling; however with the majority in North Carolina the movement for creating an efficient union gathered force slowly. The general result of this state rights spirit was an almost total lack of interest by the majority party in the affairs of the Confederation. Delegates were chosen to Congress, but their seats were in most part vacant. Throughout 1786 Governor Caswell was urged to have his state represented, but the first North Carolina delegate did not arrive at New York until June of that year. In December, 1786, the State was again unrepresented. The lack of remuneration, poor methods of transportation, and lack of interest in general caused the disinclination to serve in Congress. Regardless of the lack of interest by the majority party in North Carolina, the American Confederation was now on the eve of a marvelous political change.

## III

The selection of the delegates and the calling of the Federal Convention at Philadelphia in 1787 grew out of the Annapolis Convention, which was called by Virginia for the purpose of taking into consideration the trade of the United States and to report on some method of securing unity of action and harmony between their jangling interests. The Annapolis Convention failed in its task, but it showed that some broad-minded men were really interested in the development of a government.

Acting on the recommendation of the Annapolis Convention, Congress invited the thirteen states to send delegates to Philadelphia in May, 1787, for the purpose of providing remedies for the weakness of the existing union. The General Assembly of North Carolina appointed five delegates. It was understood that three of these, Jones, Martin, and Caswell, were state rights men. Spaight and Davie were in favor of strengthening the federal government. The pre-

amble of the act of appointment embodied the sentiments of the conservatives and seems to have been due to their exertions. This fact was probably the reason why Jones at once refused to serve. The governor, so empowered by the act, filled the vacancy by the appointment of Hugh Williamson, and also appointed William Blount in his own stead. Both Williamson and Blount were conservatives; hence the political views of the delegation were greatly changed. Ex-Governor Martin was the only remaining radical.

The convention agreed to work in secrecy, but the North Carolina delegates corresponded with James Iredell and Governor Caswell back home. Caswell advised the delegation that he was in favor of an independent judicial department to decide any contests that might happen between the United States and individual states. Davie inquired of Iredell as to the practicability in the state of judicial powers derived from Congress. This, we shall see later, was one feature of the Constitution most dreaded by the people of North Carolina. The question of representatives and how they should be chosen was of much interest to the North Carolina delegates. They easily agreed upon representation in the House, but Davie insisted that senators should be elected by state legislatures. He brought the other North Carolina delegates to his view, and cast the State's vote for this method, in opposition to the plan supported by Massachusetts, Virginia, and South Carolina, of election by the House from nominations made by the state legislatures. In the discussion of this topic, Davie clearly expressed his views on the government in process of formation. It was, he said, partly federal and partly national: "It ought in some respects to operate on the states, in others on the people." Alexander Martin said: "United America must have one general interest to be a nation, at the same time preserving the particular interest of the states."

Naturally North Carolina's vote in each instance was cast in support of the southern demand that at least three-fifths of the slaves should be included in the appointment of representatives in the House. In this connection Davie pointed out that North Carolina would never confederate on any other terms. "If the Eastern States meant, therefore," he said, "to exclude the slaves altogether, the business is at an end." Williamson held the same view. The North Carolina delegation was lukewarm as to the continuation of the slave trade, but voted with South Caro-

lina and Georgia, apparently from a fear that these states would reject the Constitution if the trade was abolished at once.

When the Convention finished its labors at Philadelphia, only three members signed the Constitution for North Carolina, one of these doing so with the expressed reservation that the action did not bind him to support the instrument in his own state. Dissension had broken out afresh among the delegates from the various states in the last moment, and many expressed themselves as dissatisfied with the final result. Davie and Martin had returned home to meet business engagements before the Constitution was complete, but both would probably have signed it.

#### IV

While the report of the Philadelphia Convention was still in the hands of Congress, North Carolina held her annual election for members to the General Assembly. It was felt that this was a preliminary skirmish of the war to be waged over the adoption of the Federal Constitution; hence an unusual degree of interest was manifested in the election. The conservative element, now called Federalists, succeeded in electing Samuel Johnston as governor. They also called a state convention to meet at Hillsboro in the following July to pass upon the Constitution. The Federalists considered the election of Johnston as a great degree of success for the Constitution. Others, however, were not deceived about the strong opposition that was ahead, and urged Iredell with others to begin the campaign for the Constitution. The radical leaders, now called Anti-Federalists, determined to have a majority in the convention. Willie Jones personally conducted campaigns in the eastern sections of the State. David Caldwell, a Presbyterian preacher, had a large influence in the central counties, and Samuel Spencer and Joseph McDonnell, of Kings Mountain fame, were prominent in the west.

The party plan was given by Jones at Halifax. The Federal judiciary, he said, would play havoc with the State's courts; the poor were to be ruined by federal taxation; there was no provision for freedom of conscience. Such ideas were the potent arguments to the average North Carolinian against the Constitution; the State judiciary, from the first, was practically unanimous in opposition to the Constitution. Party lines were closely drawn while the delegates were being elected. The western part of the

State was decidedly opposed to the Constitution; the Cape Fear region was generally favorable; and the eastern section was closely contested. In one of the eastern counties, the Federalists, finding that they were in danger of losing the election, raised a riot, put out the candles, destroyed the books, and knocked to pieces the ballot boxes. The election, however, took place without great violence and was for the most part favorable to the Anti-Federalists.

The absolute and final rejection of the Federal Constitution seemed to be the first plan of the Anti-Federal leaders. Mr. Jones stated that his object was to get the Constitution rejected in order to give weight to the Amendments, and he talked highly of the amendments made by Virginia. This caused the Federalists to redouble their efforts. They believed the convention would now have an issue favorable to the Constitution despite the Anti-Federal success. Their belief was founded on the expectation that the weight of the decision of the ten states which had already secured the new form of government would be a moral force sufficiently strong to induce compliance by North Carolina. Up to the time of the Hillsboro Convention, ten states, including Virginia, had ratified the Constitution. Iredell now issued a strongly written pamphlet in which he gave an answer to Mason of Virginia concerning Mason's objections to the Constitution. Davie also assisted him in refuting Mason's argument. In this controversy with Mason, Davie and Iredell strove mainly to meet the popular objections to a federal judiciary, and to the absence in the Constitution of a guarantee that the states retained all the powers not delegated by them to the federal government.

#### V

The people of North Carolina now began to realize that the time for definite action concerning the Constitution was near at hand. The legislature called a Constitutional Convention to meet at Hillsboro, in July 1788, to consider the adoption of the proposed Federal Constitution. Both the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists hotly contested the campaign for the election of the delegates. The Federalists were led by James Iredell and Governor Samuel Johnston; the Anti-Federalists were led by Willie Jones, who brought his party out in the majority.

The Convention, consisting of 288 members, met in Hillsboro on July 21, 1788. Although the Anti-Federalists were in the majority, the Convention elected Governor Johnston as president. The Convention

immediately began work by appointing a committee to form some rules for the procedure of the meetings. When this work was completed, the arguments and political manoeuvres began in earnest. The Federalist leader, James Iredell, was ably defended by such other men as Davie, Governor Johnston, and MacLaine. The Anti-Federalist leader, Willie Jones, was assisted by Judge Spencer, and Dr. Caldwell, a Presbyterian preacher. All of the men named were good debaters and were well informed about the Constitution.

The first clash came when Jones proposed that the vote be taken without a discussion. He claimed that the delegates were well enough informed about the Constitution to vote without a discussion and that the action would save the State funds. Iredell opposed Jones and succeeded in having a thorough discussion. Mr. Johnston moved that each section of the Constitution be discussed separately. Iredell heartily agreed with him, and his motion carried.

The Anti-Federalists, now called Republicans, found a great deal of fault with the Constitution, but a few of their objections will be sufficient to show their attitude in the Convention. The Republicans claimed that the powers of taxation given to Congress were too great; that they covered the entire field of taxation and left the State no means of raising taxes without interfering with Congress; and that the people would not stand for it. They wished to have their taxes levied and collected by men from their own state.

The Federalists claimed that the powers given Congress were necessary in order to procure funds in time of danger, and that Congress could not borrow money without that power; that taxes could be levied and collected more cheaply by Congress than by the individual states; and that we could trust our representatives if our government was to stand at all.

The Republicans also objected to the power given to the President. They claimed it unnecessary to give one man so much power; that his influence would be too great in military affairs; and that Congress should control the movement of the army. The Federalists answered this argument on the terms that the president could be impeached if he exercised too much power.

The Republicans again put forth their utmost argument when the article concerning the Judiciary was read. They objected to the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal court in all cases of law arising under the

Constitution and laws of the United States; to the jurisdiction in controversies arising between citizens of different states, and in a few other instances because they believed the law would be oppressive in its operation. They said controversies would arise between Federal and State courts; that the Federal court would be an unnecessary expense, while the State courts would be idle; and that it would be an injustice to the poor man because he could not carry his case to this court on account of the expense, while a state court could handle it just as well.

After the debate was finished, Governor Johnston made the following motion: "That this committee having fully deliberated on the Constitution of the United States of America, on the 17th day of September last, and having taken into their serious and solemn consideration the present critical situation in America, which induces them to be of the opinion that certain amendments should be proposed subsequent to the ratification on the part of this state, and not previous to it. They, therefore, recommend that the Convention do ratify the Constitution and at the same time propose amendments, to take place in one of the modes prescribed by the Constitution."

This, however, was not the plan of Willie Jones. He wished to carry out the desire of Jefferson that nine of the states ratify the Constitution and the others hold off until certain amendments could be obtained. Jones wished neither to adopt nor to reject the Constitution but to leave the state at liberty. Through his influence he defeated Johnston's motion and succeeded in carrying his motion for the declaration of a Bill of Rights.

The Convention at Hillsboro would not ratify the Constitution, but it passed a resolution requesting the Legislature of North Carolina to act with Congress in collecting imports from the states, and that the imports collected in North Carolina be turned over to the use of Congress. This resolution plainly showed that the Convention would ratify the Constitution later.

## VI

Shortly after the North Carolina Convention adjourned at Hillsboro, the news arrived that New York, the eleventh state, had ratified the Constitution. North Carolina and Rhode Island were the only states now outside of the union. Rhode Island was not affected by the action of New York, but a reaction in favor of the Constitution was soon realized in North

Carolina. The Federalists now began to summon their forces in a last attempt to sway the public opinion into favor of ratification. Friends of the Constitution in every town in the State began to send petitions to the General Assembly asking for the call of the second State Convention. The State was now nearing the August election of Assemblymen, and the Second State Convention was to be one of the issues of the election. The people began to realize the benefits that might be derived from being in the union when the expected amendments should be formed.

The Federalists now made steady gains. The people of western North Carolina, who had generally opposed the Constitution at first, elected Federalists to the Assembly. They hoped that the Constitution would be ratified and that they might gain a more prominent part in the affairs of the State. Governor Johnston encouraged the interests of the people as much as possible in order to secure their influence at the Convention. The threat of an Indian war at this time also caused the people to realize the need of being in the Union for protection.

The change of public opinion was more strongly in favor of the Federalists, but Jones exerted all his power in order to maintain the standing of his party. He insisted that North Carolina should remain outside for at least five or six years. He strengthened his party somewhat in his own district but was unable to check the gain of the Federalists.

When the Assembly met in November, the parties were almost evenly divided. This fact showed a great decrease in the ranks of the Republicans in comparison with their strength at the Hillsboro Convention. Petitions for a new convention were now received daily by the General Assembly. It was evident that the sentiment of North Carolina was strong for a reconsideration of the Constitution. A Convention Bill was prepared and passed by the Assembly, but the opposing party succeeded in setting a later date than was desired by the Federalists. The convention was to meet in Fayetteville on November 16, 1789. This was six months after the first Congress would convene under the Constitution. The attitude of this Congress toward the states outside was that of a courteous invitation.

The leaders in Congress soon realized a difference of interest between the North and the South, and they wished in some way to balance the power. In a letter to James Iredell, Pierce Butler of South Caro-

(Continued on Page 94)

# Exchanges

AS WE VIEW in prospect the work of this department for the coming year, the thought comes to us that the opportunity to peruse a fair cross-section of the literary production of American college students will mean far more to us than our feeble efforts at literary criticism will mean to those for whom they are intended. How can we make this department most worth while? This is a question not to be answered here after a few moments of reflection. It must be answered during the coming months as we try to offer suggestions, criticisms, and words of praise that will be received in the same friendly way in which they are offered and that will be helpful to those who are working along with us to offer a type of collegiate literary production that is wholesome. We desire to be fair in our judgments; if we prove to be not so, remember that our mistakes are as frequent and as glaring as those of others. In a spirit of mutual helpfulness we solicit the criticisms of our various exchanges, and we trust that you, along with us, will experience an interesting and a helpful year.

First to our desk this year comes the October issue of the *Acorn*. It wears the same dress as last year and wears it gracefully. It is an issue of which our young lady neighbors may well be proud.

*The Meredith Acorn* Were it an ordinary issue, we might ask for more completeness, something in a lighter vein, but it has a particular purpose to perform, and that purpose it performs well. As a memorial issue it is a delightful tribute to the teacher and class-mate who have passed into the great beyond. Miss Warriek's *In Memoriam* is admirably written, and the note of hope in Miss Herring's *Aufwiederschen* is very appropriate. *Symbolism in the Purgatorio* presents an interpretation of Dante in a very interesting way. With the help of the nineteenth century romantic poets Miss Strickland helps us to a better understanding of poetic ideals. Her comparative analysis of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats is an interesting study. *To Them That Believe* presents a cheerful picture of the home life of Lydia and helps to fill a gap in the life history

of a well-known character. *Wise Telemachus* is a delightful conceit with just enough of Homer in it to make us feel that it is a part of the story that we know. Miss Warriek accomplishes a quaintness of expression that rivals that of the most acceptable translation of the *Odyssey*. Throughout the issue there is a note of solemnity and sadness that is highly appropriate for a memorial number.

Enter the freshmen at the University of North Carolina to receive at the hands of the editor of the *Magazine* a literary hazing. One is inclined to wonder

*The Carolina Magazine* if the editor was ever a freshman. We hope that the men of the incoming class will find other influences at the University that will lead them to believe that at least the air about the campus is theirs to breathe. Mr. Hsiung's *Thrice Promised Bride* is a well written folk-play. We envy the *Magazine* the opportunity that the work of Dr. Koch and the Carolina Playmakers offers it to present such readable material. Mr. Cocke's discussion of clean fiction is reassuring. We commend his efforts to foster an appreciation of this type of writing. *Mr. and Mrs. Hap Hazard* certainly leaves something to be desired. The motion picture is adhering closely enough to the line of the suggestive and questionable; should not our college publications rather shun it? *About Co-eds* is interesting. We are glad to hear of an armistice, and we hope that, when the new \$100,000 building is filled with co-eds, the men on the Hill will like them as well as we do our co-eds here. *What's It All About?* gives us something to think about, to say the least of it. We are reminded of Tennyson's lines,

"Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be."

Whether the writer is right or not is not for us to say. He has been there, and he is frank enough to give us an honest retrospect. The poetry here and there throughout the *Magazine* is good. We particularly like Mr. Whitehurst's verses. On the whole the issue is a good one.

Our predecessor at the exchange desk told us that we might expect something good from Furman. The *Echo* has arrived and with it no disappointment. At the outset let us thank the exchange editor for his salutatory remarks. We hope to profit by them. The editorial setting forth the new policy of the *Echo* promises a real literary magazine, and the first issue fulfills the hope. The new cover is attractive; the bell tower is so appropriate that we wonder that it has not been hit upon before. The poetry throughout the magazine is well written. The Messrs. Hartley both have a light touch that pleases. Mr. Pettigrew is excellent both in his apocalyptic verse and in his translation of Horace's ninth ode. We take it that the word, Socrates, in the first verse

of the ode is a mistake of the printer rather than of the translator. Rather reluctantly would we imagine the philosopher standing "white with deep snow." There is a wealth of instructive material in Mr. Gibson's prize-winning essay on Brazil as there is also in the brief biography of John R. Thompson. Our college writers do well in doing honor to our Southern poets. *The Deathly Hour* is a well written story. Mr. Hartley has succeeded admirably in producing a colorful setting; there is art in the work. *Now That I Am Twenty-one* starts off rather whimsically but changes later to a deeper tone. We venture the assertion that Mr. Morrison did a good bit of thinking before he reached his majority. We should like to see just such an article as this broadcasted among college students everywhere.



## The Two Bridges at Nikko

*FOR I have climbed the iron-spiked gate  
And fled the stumbling priest guard on his round.  
For just an instant Duiya-gawa's sound  
Rose, like a sinner's prayer to that prelate  
Whose right it is to walk here, cold, sedate,  
To me, who trembled lest I should be found  
On this forbidden arch, where all around  
The ghosts of kings whispered of life and fate.*

*"Save only priest and emperor, no man  
May tread this arch"; so speaks the sacred lore.  
But I who dared, despite the holy ban,  
Saw neither god nor ghost I should adore.  
Yet, having stood upon that upper span  
I now must cross the lower bridge no more.*

C. D. EL M.



# Wayside Wares

The question is—do Trinckety students really crave a good comic section in the Ar-Chive? After the statement made in the October issue, we expected to be deluged with material, and had visions of private secretaries attending to our mail and swearing at the amount of it. To date we have received but small recognition of this departments efforts in the form of usable manuscript. Don't be bashful,—we know it'll probably be rotten, but you won't get arrested for submitting it.—Otherwise the Wares are liable to drop by the Wayside and die a lingering death. We will pay for all contributions at our regular space rates.—You know what they are.—Editor, Wayside Wares.

## HOW WE FEEL ABOUT IT

(With a wink at some of the present-day manufacturers of bob-tail verse and worse.)

Hitch Pegasus to a cart,  
Doek his tail to make him smart,  
Clip his wings and frizzle his mane,  
Kick him a couple to make it plain  
That you're his master and his boss,—  
And he's an ordinary loss:

But you may drive and coax in vain,  
And tug at his bridle and strain and strain,  
Lay on the leather until you perspire,  
And under the poor beast build a fire,—  
There's one thing certain about Pegasus,  
You'll never make him pull Parnassus.

\* \* \*

## ALCOHOLIC THOUGHT

The world is so full of successful bootleggers,  
I'm sure the rest of us soon will be beggars.

\* \* \*

## TIMELY THOUGHT

(A Proff Speaks)

The world is so full of a number of asses,  
I am sure we professors should have smaller classes.

\* \* \*

From off the levee docks of the Mississippi River  
came one Battling Mooneye, husky darky, with an  
ambition to carve his name deep in the pugilistic  
records of the world.

Mooneye presented himself to Billy Haack, noted  
southern referee and promoter.

"Ah craves action in the prize ring, Mistah Haack."

The referee-promoter, struck by Mooneye's rugged-  
ness of build, promised to get him a fight.



"But you will have to do a lot of road work." insisted Haack.

Several days later Haack came upon Mooneye in the middle of one of the city's main thoroughfares industriously applying a stiff-bearded broom to the cobble stones.

It was plain that Mooneye had been at his task for many hours.

"What the heck are you doing, Mooneye?" queried Haack.

"Just a little road work, Mr. Haack. Just a little road work."

\* \* \*

## AIN'T NATURE SIMPLY GRAND, REALLY?

The Sun came up  
And the Sun went down  
And the whole blame world  
Went aroun' and aroun',  
And the Moon came out  
Like a great big Cheese  
And the Whifferpoof fillilewed  
In the breeze.

\* \* \*

Dr. Gilbert: "What gender is he?"

Co-ed: "Neuter."

—Contributed.

\* \* \*

Burke (after the Trinity-Virginia game): "Can't I get some shoe polish and clean this suit myself, you reckon?"

—Contributed.

## The 1923 "All-State" Team

WITH THE approach of the close of the 1923 football season it is the purpose of the ARCHIVE to pick its choice for an "All-State" team. Last year the *Chronicle* chose a team, which lived up to the highest expectations for the



remainder of the season. With such a wealth of material in the present freshman class it will be exceedingly difficult to choose the right man for every position. So in the beginning an apology is extended to any player who feels that he has been overlooked. The eleven this year is composed for greater part of freshmen, only five old men being selected.

For the coach of this "All-State" team Dr. A. H. Gilbert seems the most logical choice. In delicacy of gridiron technique and fineness of play he excels the other competitors. Dr. Gilbert's personality would so dominate his men that they would put forth every ounce of their virile strength in an effort to perpetuate the glorious name of the team. As the coach of this mythical eleven, Dr. Gilbert could develop his system of calling signals, which begins and ends with a little hectic laugh. This outburst of mirth would always throw a scare into the opposing linesmen due to its weird sound. On the defensive the tackles could use this little outburst of merriment to rattle the center, who would probably pass wild. Dr. Gilbert's faultless diction and knowledge of football would enable him to perfect his machine in every department of the game. There are several other coaches who should be given honorable mention for their ability to lead their teams. Among these are "Bishop" Ervin, the peerless mentor of the "Praying Parsons" of the Columbia Literary Society, and "Chink" Lim,

the oriental prodigy. "Chink" could look after all of the laundry of the team. Ervin might be appointed as first assistant to Dr. Gilbert. His talk on "The Value of a Purpose in Life" would stimulate the morale of the team. The coaching staff would be well taken care of by these three "athletes."

In placing the men on the "All-State" team merit alone has been the means for judging the player. The selection has been made after careful observation, both on the field and in the classroom. A man's brains are always shown in his ability to answer up quickly on recitation and surprise the professor and the class. Thus every man on the eleven is a man of keen intelligence and high understanding. The center position undoubtedly goes to "Frenchy" Bridgers, of the 1922 squad. Bridgers is without question the peer of any center. He is the center of attraction of all the girls. This year he has been especially good on the offense and equally good in defending himself against all comers. The only criticism of Bridgers is that his ruggedness of physique often cripples the opposing players. "Frenchy" did not get into the Elon game on account of a slight headache, but followers of the gridiron sport are hoping that he will be indisposed for the remainder of the season. In case he does not play, he will be ably represented by his brother, Tommie. Tommie has shown promise all the year of stepping into his brother's shoes. He, too, is good on the offense.

The two guard positions go to "Deacon" Lander and "Wat" Sprinkle. Both of these are old men, and their past experience should help to balance both sides of the line. Lander would be a whale on the



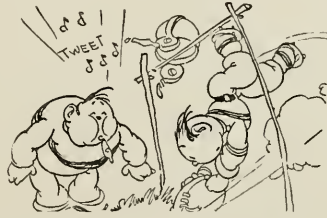
defense with his walking cane. Sprinkle developed wonderful driving power by pushing his motorcycle

up the numerous hills of the vicinity. As both of these men are in rival literary societies, the ARCHIVE proposes that they hold a joint captaincy over the team. In that case both would vie with each other in upholding their Alma Mater. Neither one of these guards would need a headgear as their plug hats would furnish ample protection.

The two tackle positions offer some difficulty. The most logical man, however, for right tackle is "Jacob's" Latta, the freckled denizen of the frau shack. Although a new man here this year, "Jacob's" has shown his ability to tackle every feminine proposition in sight. His subtle brain and supple movements would be invaluable in knifing through the opposing linesmen. On the defense his low stature would enable him to elip the backs on the line of scrimmage. When the screen pass is used, he can easily hide behind the center and run excellent interference. The other tackle goes to "Sleepy" William Leak. "Sleepy" is so indifferent that the opposing quarterback would send every play over him, thinking that he was asleep. This bit of strategy on the part of Leak would break up play after play. "Sleepy" has gone out for practically every college sport, and he well deserves mention for "All-State" honors. As this is Leake's last year in college, it is rumored that he will take up coaching as his profession.

There has been a wealth of ends to pick from this year. Our choice, however, has been arrived at after analyzing the playing ability of every candidate. Left end will be taken care of by "Rudy" Babbington, the midget wonder. "Rudy" showed his speed last year, and he has repeated this season. He can fool the largest tackles and ends by crawling under their legs. He is rarely "sucked in" on any play. In one game this year the opposing team started a run around "Rudy's" end. They did not gain an inch, however, because the interference overlooked him, and he nailed the runner behind the line of scrimmage. Babbington will be one of the outstanding stars this year. "Bozo" Schellberg gets the right end. "Bozo" kept time at all of the Hamilton Institute games and will be well qualified to hold down one of the ends. His many vari-colored socks will make him an excellent target for forward passes. In a recent game "Bozo" intercepted a forward pass and dashed three yards for a touchdown. The end positions of the team should undoubtedly be one of the strongest departments of the team.

Quarterback is assigned to that peerless little field general, "Little" Willie Sprinkle. "Little" Willie is the best yet. In the first game he hid behind the colossal form of "Frenchy" Bridgers and ran twenty yards before any one saw him. He is especially good in running punts back as he can conceal himself behind his interference. Willie is an exceptional passer. In the Guilford game he completed five out of six passes for a total gain of ten yards. Although



Sprinkle is only a freshman, he has shown some exceptional ability.

It was a hard matter to choose the two halfbacks. These two positions were closely contested. "Rat" Kearns gets the left half. His high knee motion when running makes it almost impossible to stop him. His wonderful physique also gives him a world of drive in line plunging. Carrying the ball every other time in the Elon game, he gained a total of ten yards. In all the other games he has gained from two to three yards. He has also intercepted one forward pass this season. Trinity was on the offensive when the pass was intercepted. Sprinkle passed the ball toward Schellberg. The oval never reached him. Kearns, thinking the opposite side had passed the ball, intercepted his own pass and ran to the line of scrimmage. "Rat" should be the best ground gainer for the team.

"Shack" Kramer is the best man for right halfback. With all the co-eds cheering him on, he should do wonders. Kramer was not well known last year, but at the beginning of this season it was evident that he was one of the headliners. "Shack" is also a good tackler. He and Kearns should be good running mates.

The full back position has only one real contender; that one is "Slippery" James Oliver. After anointing his head with Stacomb, "Slippery" could slide through the line without any difficulty. On the defensive no back can elude the eel-like motions of James. Behind the dark exterior of his "butler" sideburns

he hides a most wonderful head. He anticipates every play of the opposition and runs around the opposite side in an effort to catch the runner behind the line of scrimmage. He did this one time this year when the runner fell down. "Slippery" James completes the backfield.

This year it was decided to pick an "All-State" manager due to the increased competition in the field. The outstanding man for this office is Thomas William Parker. As the manager is the most important position, Parker was chosen because of his exceptional business ability and the record he has made as a student. He has been known as the "college politician." The manager and coach will work in harmony with each other. The manager will also appoint his assistants, who will do all the work. In case interstate games are played this season, Manager Parker will supervise all arrangements.

The exalted position of waterboy is assigned to "Bertha" Colt, the "Beau Brummel of the college." Colt's duties will be to take water to the players after every play and furnish lemonade between halves. Colt also has a good deal of nerve and can stand the sight of injured men without any misgivings.

The last job goes to "Shorty" Love. "Shorty" will be the club trainer. He is so small he will take up very little space on the trips. His ability to sing will keep the team in good spirits during the games. "Shorty" would also sing between halves in order to keep the players in good spirits. The choice of trainer completes the "All-State" team. This eleven is composed of the best men in the State. The ARCHIVE wishes to congratulate every one of these men, and the editor prophesies that, if each continues as he has started, he will make some record in college. Here's wishing luck to the "All-State" team!

\* \* \*

Willie poisoned Grandma's tea,  
Grandma died in agony.  
Willie's father was sorely vexed,  
And said to Willie, "My son, what next?"

Willie with his pocket knife  
Separated ma from life.  
One of Willie's cunning tricks!  
Wasn't he cute—and only six?

Little Willie hmg his sister,  
She was dead before they missed her.  
Another of Willie's cunning tricks;  
He's so cute—and only six!

Little Willie, in best of sashes,  
Fell in the grate and was burned to ashes.  
Bye and bye the room grew chilly,  
But no one cared to poke up Willie.

Willie was walking on the track,  
The engine gave the worst of squeals,  
And then they turned the engine back  
And scraped off Willie from the wheels.  
—From the "Willie Ballads."

\* \* \*

### STYGIAN BEELSEBUG REPLIES TO THE MISOGYNIST

My Paphian flame, dear Unsophisticate;  
How like sweet wine your amatories are!  
Most ravishing you soft, Palladian prate,  
Your phrases cryptic, billa-bongs, bizarre.  
Indeed, you are not, *caro*, singular,  
But blithe as any debonaire cuckoo;  
No doubt your letter travelled oft and far,—  
For I have known misogynists ere you.

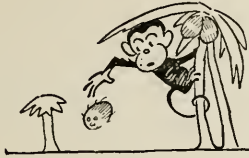
Don't, prithee, claim your cardiac estate  
Impregnable to Cupid's cunning spar,—  
I know you don't Stay-comb your hair, your gait  
Is wobbly, or perhaps you have catarrh;  
Else, you could call, by piping half a bar,  
The Marys and the Janes. I've found it true  
Your pose is awkward, simian avatar,  
For I have known misogynists ere you.

Well, *entre nous*, and speaking tete a tete,  
I'll be, O Crisbeo, your chtholian star;  
There's no resisting one so passionate  
Who raps upon my ventriole dubar;  
And though I may be waging wanton war  
Somewhere on Mars, you have your *bienvenue*,—  
I can't stop work,—sit down, smoke-a cigar,—  
For I have known misogynists ere you.

### ENVOY

Misogynist, come sojourn (till the scar  
She gave is gone) with me as others do;  
You'll always find my jasper gates ajar,  
For I have known misogynists ere you.

—Die Kleiner Teufelen.



THESE AWFUL EVOLUTIONISTS

A science student says that if William Jennings Bryan would look up his family tree, he would probably get hit with a coconut.

WHY NOT STOP?

She: "Better use both hands."
He: Can't. Got to keep one on the wheel."
—Sun Dial.

\*\*\*

Girlie: "Can you give me a couple of rooms?"
Hotel Clerk: "Yes. Suite One."
Girlie: "Sir!"
—Goblin.

\*\*\*

Little girl out playing: "I'm never going to marry and I'm going to bring up my children the same way."

\*\*\*

"How do you know he's in love?"
"What else would make a man put his dirty shirt in bed and jump down the clothes chute?"
—Sun Dodger.

\*\*\*

You Say—Do you know any deaf and dumb people?
Then we say—No, but I know a man who would be if he were deaf.
—Oregon Lemon Punch.

\*\*\*

Mary's Beau (waiting for her to come down stairs)
—Is Mary your oldest sister?
Kid Brother—Yep.
"And who comes after her?"
"You and two other guys.
—Lehigh Burr.

\*\*\*

She: "Don't you think that talkative women are the most popular?"
He: "What other kinds are there?"
—Punch Bowl.

AT 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Irate Student (from his bedroom window)—Say, you, down there, who are you talking to?
Intoxicated Romeo—Nobody n'particeler. I'm jes broadashtin'.

\*\*\*

AS IN YE OLDEN DAYS:—

Listen you Rummies
And You will hear
The Midnight ride
Of a Can of Beer;
It was down the Alley,
And over the Fence:
Who's got the Bucket?—
Here's ten cents!

BUT NOW:—

I sthoo'd on th' bridge at mid-nighth,
When th' cloek was sthriking th' hour,
An the fumes of bootleg liquor
Held me in their power.
My gal's eyes sparkled and glittered,
Like a poisoned purple pup's.
And you couldn't hear the cloek sthriking
For the sound of the loud hick-ups.

\*\*\*

THOSE HATEFUL SOPHOMORES

"Most of them seem to think they are doing their duty when they chase a freshman from his slumbering couch."

\*\*\*

A CASE FOR MISSIONARY WORK

"Spiritually, the majority no not god, and a great many worship Ideals."

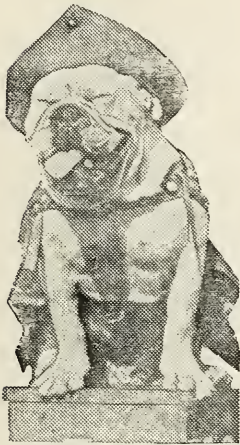
\*\*\*

PROOF

"The Literary Society enables many in the same way. Only in personified way, and by these facts the educated man rules."

\*\*\*





# The Campus Darog

*Ye Campus Canine makes his initial appearance with the November issue of the Archive. From now on he expects to hang around the place and express his opinion of the campus, the students, the faculty, and everybody in general, including the janitors and Co-Eds. His views and observations may not always agree with everybody on the park,—but then you must remember that his bark is worse than his bite.—Ed.*

A growing tendency to affect canes and walking sticks, upon the part of the Co-Eds causes Scab and me to fear that the Shack isn't going to be a healthy place for us, in case the women declare against dogs.

\* \* \*

But after hearing some of the dear young things converse about the rushing season, we can appreciate the picture which came out on the cover of *Life*, some time ago, entitled: "Our Dumb Animals."

\* \* \*

Of all sad thoughts of tongue or typewriter, the saddest are these: "Beautiful but dumb."

\* \* \*

If any lad thinks the above was meant for merely a dirty dig as the Fraushackers, let him first compare the respective theme grades of the Co-eds and the male inhabitants of Trinckety.

\* \* \*

And then take a look at himself in a mirror. And read the latest version of *The Shiek*, entitled,—"Hansome Harry, the Doleful Dumbell."

Of course this doesn't have anything to do with cats or bones, but since I heard it I have thought over it a bit, and the thinking made me laff. In fact, I would have wagged my caudal appendage considerably, if I had had a sufficient amount of said appendage to wag:

It is said that a young man once brought Steve Brodie, (not the Carolina Bordy, but the man who made an ass of himself and Brooklyn bridge famous.) into the Dean's office one day, and said,

"Here, doctor, I want you to meet my friend here. —He jumped off Brooklyn bridge."

"Yes, yes, come right up! So you jumped over Brooklyn bridge? Well, well!"

"No sir,—off it."

"Oh! Oh! Anybody can jump off the dern thing. Thought you said *over* it. Good day, sir! I'm busy."

\* \* \*

"Pewee" Turner has his room over in Jarvis Hall festooned with cornstalks. Pewee says it is done to make his friends feel at home when they come to see him, and his friends claim that Pewee does it to make himself feel at home. —Reminds me of the time when Scab was a freshman here. Gad! he was ignorant and "country." He thought Theda Barrow and Paul Barrow and Wheel Barrow were all related, and that Rex Beach was a winter resort.

\* \* \*

## Fate

*E*TERNAL vassals, slaves of chance,  
Tossed on the sea of circumstance;  
We rise or fall, succeed or fail  
As fate decrees to set our sail.

We have no choice, the stage is set;  
We act our part, the rest—forget.  
A span of years and we are gone—  
A tear a sigh and then—unknown.

I. B. KRACKED.

\* \* \*

We have heard that—  
10 words make 1 joke,  
10 jokes make 1 humorous department,  
10 departments make 1 weary.

Which is pretty good higher math for a fellow who flunked Trig under Bobby.

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*A Pair of Grey Eyes*

(Continued From Page 67)

In the first place Stephen was no iceman. In fact, he himself lived in an apartment on the third floor. He lived comfortably and happily, with none except an old darkey who did the work. Stephen was not married and from outward appearances had no intentions of taking such a step. Yet he was no woman hater. He didn't give that sex enough thought to get up a good case of hate over women. He remained blind to all the adoring glances that were cast his way. There still remained hope, for he was young yet.

On this especial morning he had been working on his car and had started up the back stairs when he heard a crash. Turning around, he beheld the iceman, sprawled on the floor, shattered ice all around him. Stephen hurried back and helped the man up. He quickly realized that the man was hurt and should be taken to a doctor. He helped the man to his own car, and together they went to the doctor and from there to the man's home. After he had been awkwardly thanked by the iceman and tearfully thanked by his tiny wife, Stephen turned his car homeward. Beside him lay the ice grabs, which the ice man had unconsciously held until they had reached the doctor's.

According to instructions from the iceman, he got his own ice from the waiting truck and started upstairs. Thus he came up the stairs, looking indeed like a true iceman.

As he was about to enter his own door, he heard the opposite one open.

"Oh, Mr. Iceman, will you bring me seventy-five pounds this morning instead of fifty?"

"I—," he started to explain, but the door was closed.

The mistake was quite natural, and he was to be blamed. There were probably no men over there, and they would need the ice. They didn't know him; so it would be all right. If they were in a burning building, he would probably risk his life to save them; so why balk at a piece of ice?

Five minutes later he was in a strange apartment, reaching for an ice ticket. (He would give it to the iceman later.) The visor of his cap was pulled far down over his eyes, and all that he could see of the person opposite him was a pair of very small feet, clad in well-fitting low shoes, a pair of trim ankles, a

chie black froek almost hidden by a large apron, and—what held his attention, a pair of amazingly beautiful hands, spattered with flour. From the hands his eyes traveled upward, past a full white throat, a pair of not too red lips and stopped, resting on a pair of wide grey eyes. He seemed charmed, for he was powerless to move. But the charm was soon broken. The owner of those eyes handed him the ticket.

"That is all, thank you," she said in a tone that plainly dismissed him.

He turned quickly and went out, angry with himself for his actions, angry at this girl for her easy assurance. Never again would he carry seventy-five pounds of ice up three flights of steps—to be dismissed by a mere slip of a girl. They could all burn up and beg for ice for all he cared.

Yet those eyes. They followed him wherever he went. Plainly those eyes belonged to the maid. He knew enough about his neighbors to know that they were only a man and his wife, both past forty. A maid—with such eyes. Such lovely eyes, such soft eyes, such understanding eyes, eyes capable of twinkling one minute and brooking with tenderness the next. Those eyes would never narrow to a mere slit, nor would they be used to attract attention. How wonderful they would be when they were turned on one in full faith, confidence, trust, understanding, and, yes—love.

"Aw shut up," he muttered. "You act like a sixteen year old. Are you going to fall in love with a maid?"

"That's just it," he answered. "A maid should not have such eyes. If only I could see her again. Perhaps I was wrong; perhaps carrying seventy-five pounds of ice up three flights of stairs had a queer effect upon me."

In spite of misgivings, Stephen planned to try to find a chance to help this girl, to see that she was lent money to go to school and have like advantages. "Not that I care personally," he kept repeating to himself, "but I hate to see such eyes wasted."

So the next day found him knocking at the same door, dressed in the same overalls, carrying the ice which he had sworn never to bring again. He had bribed the new iceman, who was rather glad to be relieved of a trip up three flights of steps.

The door was opened soon after he knocked, and Stephen placed the ice in the chest, conscious that his heart was not acting quite right. He had steeled him-

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self for this second meeting and was determined not to stare. He turned around and reached for the ticket. A thin hand with many rings on the fingers held the ticket toward him.

He looked up in amazement. The wide grey eyes were gone. In their place were pale blue ones.

"Oh, Mr. Iceman, do you know of anyone that would like to work? My maid had to leave this morning."

He mumbled something and fled. Gone—the grey eyes. Not that he cared, he assured himself, but it did spoil his plans. All day grey eyes followed him. Somewhere in the city those eyes were; perhaps they were calling—

By night he had decided on a bold plan. He would go across the hall and ask about the owner of those grey eyes. His explanation would be that he was looking for a girl with grey eyes, and he had been referred to this apartment.

Yet his trip yielded him very little. The maidless lady answered all his questions, and in a few minutes the interview was over. His information was slight indeed. Her name was Mary Adams; she had staid two weeks, had been a wonderful servant, and did not say where she was going when she left. So Stephen was forced to give up any hope of seeing those grey eyes again. Yet those grey eyes remained—in his memory. Sometimes they laughed at him; sometimes they pleaded; sometimes they beckoned him; sometimes they looked at him with the hope and trust of a child.

\* \* \*

Cynthia walked down a long corridor towards her room. From rooms on all sides came happy voices of girls comparing incidents of the holiday that had just ended.

"And then he—"

"I was dancing with him the second—"

"Oh, you should see the new car, and I drove it—"

"My flowers were so pretty and—"

These and many other snatches floated to her from the rooms. Her spring holiday—filled with soiled dishes, dust, and humiliating patronage. And now she must use all her inventive powers to explain to the girls how she spent her holidays. She wearily opened the door—to be surrounded by six or eight arms.

"Oh, Cynth," they all cried in the same breath, "we thought you'd never come. And we've got the most exciting news—'cept it's a secret."

A secret it was, and, when arms had been once more restored to their proper sphere, no amount of pleading would disclose the wonderful secret.

"That's all right," contributed one. "You'll know in the morning at nine-thirty."

At nine-thirty next morning Cynthia hastened to chemistry class. The rest of the girls were already there, talking together in high, excited whispers.

"Don't tell Cynth," someone warned, and the whispering subsided.

A minute passed, and the door opened. Cynthia gave one gasp—a man! In Miss Holcomb's school, a man who was neither a visitor nor a trustee. He marched up to the desk and took his place. A man professor, the first in the history of the school!

"That's our secret. We found out yesterday. Miss Stokes is ill and can't come back, and they asked this man to teach chem, spring term," whispered her roommate. "Just think of seeing a man, and a good-looking one at that, every day for three months!"

This was too much for the roommate, and she sank back, speechless with delight.

The new professor turned to the roll.

"Miss Adams," he called.

"Here," was the reply.

That voice, where had he heard it before? He looked up and saw—straight before him—the *grey eyes*. Somehow he managed to call the rest of the roll, but they all might have been absent as far as he was concerned.

Cynthia watched the new professor. She knew that she had seen him somewhere before, and the red shock of hair seemed strangely familiar. That afternoon she remained later than usual in the laboratory, finishing an experiment. As she bent over her work, she realized that someone was near, watching her keenly. It was the new professor.

"How is your experiment working out, Miss Adams?" he asked.

"Nicely, thank you," she replied.

"Er—aw—Miss Adams—I think I have—er—seen you before."

Cynthia smiled. "It's rather queer, Professor Albright, but I thought the same about you."

She saw him perceptibly start.

"Then you remember the iceman, do you?"

"Oh!" surprise written largely over her face. "You were the iceman?"

"And you were—"

"The maid," she supplied, blushing as she said it.

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"But you were no more a maid than I an iceman."

"But there was a reason for my being a maid," she added.

"Perhaps there was a reason for my being an iceman. I imagine our stories would be of mutual interest."

By this time the Bunsen Burner was going full tilt, and the testing tube placed over it was becoming dangerously hot. But the man and the girl heeded nothing.

Thus Cynthia told of her two weeks' holiday, and Stephen explained about the iceman, carefully concealing the fact that he had inquired about her from Mrs. Mastin.

"Isn't life queer!" she exclaimed when he had finished.

"Queer, yet beautiful," he added.

Now the Bunsen Burner and the test tube conspired together, and the test tube chose this moment to break. The noise of shattered glass brought the two to earth once more, and the spell was broken.

"I really must hurry, or I shall be late for gym," Cynthia said confusedly.

At the door she turned, "Good-bye, Professor Icceman," she called.

"Good-bye, Mary Adams."

"How did you know—"

"Because professors and icemen are supposed to know everything," he replied.

At this Cynthia fled, nor did she stop until she had reached her own room. Behind the closed door she stood—breathless—cheeks flushed—eyes glowing with a new light.

"If he knows everything," she cried, addressing a pennant that hung on the opposite wall, "I wonder if he knows that—I think he's awful nice."

And the man who was supposed to know everything stood gazing at the Bunsen Burner, which sparkled at him like two grey eyes.

And the man said to himself, "Someday, I think I shall thank that iceman for getting hurt."

### *A Carolina 'Possum Hunt*

(Continued from Page 69)

As we near the oak grove, I feel someone touch me on the arm. Glancing around, I see Nigger Chick.

"Mist' Bob," he says, "How come yo' quits de hunt so soon fo'? We's rarely jes' begun."

The darkie's chagrin is manifestly genuine, so I compromised on a promise to accompany him, a few nights hence, on a coon hunt.

"No crowd, dis time, Mist' Bob, suh! Jes' me en yo' en de dawgs."

### *North Carolina and the Federal Constitution*

(Continued from Page 78)

lina said, "I confess I wish you to come into the Confederacy, as it is the only chance the Southern interests have to preserve a balance of power." No one desired the interests of North Carolina in Congress more at this time than did the majority of the people of the State.

The Second North Carolina Convention met in Fayetteville at the appointed time to consider the Constitution. A number of the same oppositions made at the Hillsboro Convention were made again, but the general sentiment had changed considerably. The Anti-Federalists, however, did not cease in their efforts to defeat ratification. In referring to the interest manifested in the Convention, Governor Johnston said, "There is still a violent and virulent opposition kept up to the new Constitution, but the friends of that measure count upon its adoption by a considerable majority." Davie, at first, feared that the Constitution would not be ratified, but he had failed to estimate correctly the rapidity with which the sentiment had changed. The Federalists succeeded in ratifying the Constitution by a majority of 118 votes.

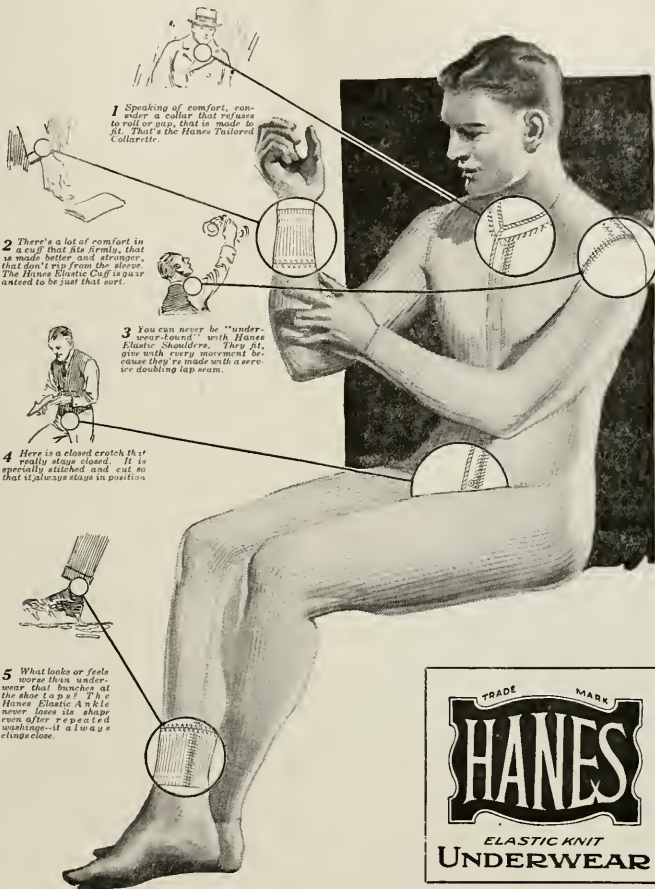
### VII

North Carolina was now ready to enter the Union as the twelfth state to ratify the Constitution. It probably was best that she held off, for the majority of the people of the State did not understand the Constitution. The speeches of the Federalists at Hillsboro caused the people as a whole to realize the benefits to be derived from a Union, and they were ready to adopt the Constitution at the Second Convention without lengthy discussions.

Therefore, the fact that many of the people first opposed the Constitution and that they later agreed on the matter is evidence that the people firmly believed their new government to be efficient and practical. North Carolina had deliberated the matter for a long time, but her history shows that she has ever been true to her interpretations of the Constitution.

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# The Trinity Archive

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C.

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The ARCHIVE is published on the fifteenth of each month, October to May inclusive, by the senior class at Trinity College. It is the purpose of the editorial and managerial staffs to make the magazine one of the best in the South, to give expression to the thoughts of the students, and to



stimulate literary interest among them. Contributions from Trinity students, alumni, and faculty are solicited. It is urged that all manuscript be typewritten and in the hands of the editors not later than the twentieth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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# Editorial

## Escape Through Christmas

AT FIRST blush, it seems rather a droll and unreasonable survival of the Middle Ages, this practice of exchanging gifts and making merry during the last week of the year. There is, so the learned tell, no reason at all to suppose that Jesus was born in December; the fixing of the now generally accepted date is to be ascribed to influences originating without the church. Yet Christmas, historically unjustifiable as it may be, continues to thrive; and to-day it is beyond doubt the most popular holiday in the calendar.

The universal appeal of Christmas is derived from two sources. There is a beautiful religious significance in the Biblical story of the coming of the Christ. And then, Christmas offers to people of the modern world the opportunity to let the ordinary struggle for existence be forgotten: it is a season wherein one can devote oneself to thinking about others.

After the cynics and satirists have mathematically demonstrated that human nature is wholly a thing of evil, there yet remains in all the rest of us some tendency toward unselfishness and altruism which we are fain to believe innate. It is this time of Christmas that is appointed for the exercise of generous instincts. For once in the year, practically all members of the community stop their regular business and devote themselves to the celebration of divine goodness by the display of unwonted human goodness. That such display may occasionally be insincere is deplorable; but the institution itself is certainly not to be blamed for the misuse of its rites. And ordinarily the giving of presents and the letting go the affairs of routine living are entirely honest and sincere expressions, for most human beings want to be as good as the world will let them be, and they eagerly take advantage of the Christmas season to let themselves be ruled by the nobler desires. Almost every influence of modern living is thrown on the side of selfishness and a general adoption of the motto, "Everybody for himself," as the golden rule of business. The present organization of the world makes for the eschewing of gentleness and generosity

as a principle of consistent practice at the penalty of financial and social ruin. But a safety valve for the excessive pressure is provided in the quaint and vital custom of Christmas. For through this custom lies the path of temporary escape from the mean and drab selfishness imposed by living in the twentieth century, into the pleasant country of self-forgetfulness.



## The Christmas Spirit

THE CHRISTMAS season is here. And with it has come that spirit which calls us back home, to sit round the hearth with the homefolk, to romp on the floor with the children, and to greet old friends again. As the days of the holidays draw near, we become more happy. All grouches are forgotten in the thought that Christmas is near and that we will soon be home.

Such is the spirit of the Christmas season. It is a season of happiness. Everyone from the homesick freshman who has been counting the days, hours, and minutes of the holidays ever since the first day he spent on the campus, to the serious-minded senior has a smiling countenance as he goes about the campus nowadays. It is no time for frowns and grouches; even the campus dog has sensed a different atmosphere and decided to give his bronze enemies peace for a little while.

And this spirit is good. Christmas would not be Christmas if it were not for the spirit "Peace on earth, good will to men." Have you ever thought what a short while the Christmas spirit lingered with us? But have you ever thought what a grand place this old world would be if every season were a Christmas season? Is it possible that we can make every season a Christmas season? It is! What an absurdity that we should keep happy and peaceful with the world for a few special days and then all of a sudden drop into a grouch—all because the Christmas season is past.

Let us all go to our homes and enjoy the freedom of the holidays. May all of us be filled to overflowing with the joy of the season, but let us all store

up a reserve stock of that spirit for the coming year so that the glad tidings of the season will ring out long after Christmas has passed and make the old campus a better place on which to live.



### "The Art of Giving Presents"

"A MERRY Christmas and a happy New Year!" These are immortal words that suggest days that have long since passed—days when we were children and the cry of "Christmas Gift" aroused us from our beds. Likewise, they bring to our minds visions of happy firesides, blazing Yule logs, and the joyful cries of children as they empty the contents of their overflowing stockings.

To us Christmas is both sad and sweet. It is the time when we go home to see our mothers, fathers, friends, and relatives. To the children it seems as if Christmas is far, far away: to most of us it has approached so fast that we have not realized what has taken place. "Heaven here belongs to the tender world that doesn't know the truth about Santa Claus, and beyond that world happiness is feverish and fitful," said one writer. Whether our happiness this Christmas is going to be "feverish and fitful" remains yet to be seen.

To the average freshman the three months have dragged slowly by. He imagines over and over again just how everything is going to look when he gets home. Mother and father will be waiting with outstretched arms to greet him; his dog will come running to meet him; his little brother will be the same freckled faced youngster—everything will be just as it was when he left. In his zeal to go home he forgets that time's circle moves rapidly and that everything *will not* be just as it was when he departed for college. He does not take time to think, however; he just talks and talks and keeps on talking about Christmas and the good time he is going to have. He is wrought up to such a point that he does things absent-mindedly. In his confusion he decides that the true Christmas spirit is charity. He must give gifts, but what shall they be?

The art of giving presents we know not. We can but quote a sketch from *Idle Comments*, by Isaac

Erwin Avery, a former editor of the ARCHIVE, and from January 1, 1900 until his death on April 2, 1904, city editor of the *Charlotte Observer*:

"A man who is a sensible man was bothered over selecting a present to send a young woman, and many men got together and discussed the right thing to do. Opinions varied. Some said jewelry, but that is too dangerous and delicate a matter to argue about. Others said books, and books are always safe and cheap. It is singular, however, that the woman who is certain to appreciate most highly your gift of a book is exactly the kind of a person to whom you would like to give a house and lot. As a rule, books make the greatest hit with your aged relatives, with people who are not literary, or with one particular woman who reads you between the lines. Most discussions about presents end by trying to decide whether she would prefer candy or flowers. Every woman likes candy, but the woman who prefers flowers to candy—and violets to American Beauty roses—is apt to be the same curious woman who will set more store by a book than a diamond brooch. The woman to whom anything may be given, in utter safety, is the woman who picks up a flower and presses it and keeps it forever. The most intimate possessions of the most womanly woman show that she is altogether crazy and perfectly delicious."



### Send Names with Contributions

THE ARCHIVE staff has been greatly handicapped in the selection of material for the magazine because of the fact that the identity of some of the authors was unknown. No publication prints contributions without knowing who wrote them, and the ARCHIVE is no exception to the rule. The editorial staff is responsible for what goes in the publication, and the names of the contributors *must* be known. The mail brings in manuscript signed "R.", "J. K.", "B.", and other similar abbreviations. Now we don't know who in the thunder "R.", "J. K.", or "B." are; so we want to ask contributors to send their names with the contributions. We want it clearly understood, however, that we are not making a request for real names to be signed when the articles are printed, for any appropriate *nom de plume* may be used then; but we *are* asking that the names of the authors be given to the editors.

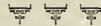
# The Origin of the Form Xmas

A. H. GILBERT

**T**HE FORM XMAS, as an abbreviation for Christmas, is a puzzle to many. Some seem to think that it has some relation to the X of algebra, the sign of an unknown quantity. The zeal of those who labor under some such apprehension is often comic. Indeed, I have even heard a person

The word *mass* is derived from the Latin *missa*, which occurs at the end of the celebration of Holy Communion in the Catholic church. Thus the name of the *missa*, or in English *mass*, came to be applied to the whole service. On the day selected by the church as the birthday of Christ, the celebration of the communion was called the Christ Mass. This might be indicated in a written service book as Xmas.

The abbreviation still remains after many changes in belief and language as a mute reminder of the time when Greek was the language of the church, and of the later time when the Christian church knew no Catholic or Protestant, but in the Latin tongue celebrated the Holy Communion on the birthday of our Lord as a mass. Perhaps the antiquity of the symbol may recall to us also something of the ancient meaning of the day, not a time for vain display, but one to recall the spirit of Him whose name is the symbol of the things that abide.



## Act Now

**S**OME CHRISTMAS-tide 'mid gleams of radiant glory

We'll sing with joyful notes a sweet refrain,  
Our thankful lips will tell earth's sweetest story:  
The message of the Christmas-child again.  
We'll sound the praise of Him who lived and died.  
Some Christmas-tide.

Some Christmas-tide with hearts of overflowing  
Our costly presents to His throne we'll bring;  
With willing hands our generous gifts bestowing  
On needy subjects of the Christmas-king;  
We'll scatter deeds of kindness far and wide,  
Some Christmas-tide.

Some Christmas-tide? No oracle discloses  
What fate awaits the coming of the years;  
The heads we gladly would have wreathed with roses  
May lie entombed beyond our falling tears;  
Let joy and gladness in our midst abide  
This Christmas-tide.

—H. E. SPENCE.



excessive in his zeal for reformation refer to it as "profane and sacrilegious." This is an example of the folly of a protest against an ancient custom as though it were a modern impiety. The early language of the Christian church, as of the New Testament, was Greek. In this language the name of Christ—itsself a Greek word which we spell out in our letters—begins with the letter Chi, which is shaped like our X. In times before printing was invented, and everything written was produced by hand, a large number of standard abbreviations were developed, which were commonly understood. Hence the name of Christ was often abbreviated, especially for use in the decoration of churches. In this form it commonly appeared with the second letter of the name drawn through it, like a P, as it is drawn at the head of this page. This is called the Constantinian symbol, after the Emperor Constantine. Similarly the letters I H S (often interpreted Jesus Hominum Salvator) are in reality the first three letters of the name Jesus in Greek. These often appear as an ornament on the coverings of altars, and in similar places in churches.

# Aunt Patience and the Christmas Ham

A. B. G.

**T**HERE WAS a mulberry tree in front of Aunt Patience's cabin, and a telephone line passed through the limbs of this tree. It was necessary very often to cut the limbs from around the line, in order to keep the wires from tangling. One day I was engaged at this task when Aunt Patience came out and questioned me.

"What yo' doing up in dat tree, chile?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm up here listening to a strange noise, Aunt Patience," I returned.

With her curiosity and superstition at its height, we started our conversation.

"Lawsy, chile, don yo' try to fool dis old colored 'oman. I wuz here befo de wah, and I'se seed a heap o' things dat yo' ain't gonna neber see. Dere ain't nothin' in dat tree but wares whut belong to dat thing whut yo' talks ober. Don' I see dem wares? Go long, chile! Yo' mammy wouldn't let yo' sass an ole colored 'oman like dat," Aunt Patience stormed.

"But, Aunt Patience, this is a mulberry tree," I reminded her.

"Huh, I don' care if twuz dat schycimo tree whut Zacchus clumbed. What's dat yo' doin' in dat tree, boy?"

"Aunt Patience, doesn't the Bible say, 'When thou hearest the sounds of a going in the tops of the mulberry tree, thou shalt bestir thyself?'"

"Whur does it say dat, chile?" Aunt Patience demanded.

"Fifth chapter of Samuel," I answered.

"Dey ain't nobody goin' in dat tree but yo' an dem dere wares whut you straightening out. Yo' let dis ole 'oman alone. I'se got to cook mah dinnah."

With that she went in the cabin, and in a few minutes I could hear her singing about her work. She didn't stay long, however, for her curiosity plainly had the best of her.

"Aunt Patience, a man died in that house you are living in," I told her as soon as she returned.

"Whut did he die ob, honey?" she asked, plainly concerned.

"Shortness of breath," I retorted, using a trite gag.

"Shortness ob bref, sho. Dey wuz a man died in yo' hous,' too, honey," she reminded me.

"What did he die of, Aunt Patience?" I asked.

"Nachel deceasement, honey, nachel diseasement. Yo' trying to scare dis ole colored woman. Yo' reckon I'm gonna let de chile whut I nussed scare me. Chile, I members yo' mammy befo' she wuz married. Whut's dat I hears chile," she asked as I tapped the wires behind me.

"The sounds of the goings, I reckon," I replied.

"Yo' bettah hush up bout dem goings, or I'll go yo' wid dis coffee pot in a minute. Whut did dat man look like whut died in dis house, chile?" Her eagerness betrayed her.

"He was a mighty bad man, I don't know how he looked," I told her.

"Huh, yo' can't scare me. I wuz gonna stay at my son's tonight anyhow. Don' yo' think dat's de reason do," she said apologetically.

It was plainly time to change the subject; so I brought up a new topic.

"That new dress you passed home in Sunday looked mighty fine, Aunt Patience," I told her.

"Whoo-ee, honey! Who tolt yo' dat wuz a new dress whut I had on? Yo' neber seed me weah it befo'. I wuz started to chuch myself. Who tolt yo' dat wuz a new dress? Dat's whut I want to know."

Aunt Patience was enthusiastic.

"Why, Aunt Patience you looked so proud anybody would have known that it was a new dress," I replied.

"Hush yo' mouf, honey. I don' care if I did look proud it wuz de bestest dress at preachin'. Yo' bettah come down out ob dat tree and drink some ob dis ole 'oman's coffee, chile. It's dinnah time."

"I can still hear the sounds of the goings up here, Aunt Patience. Wait a minute or two," I returned.

"Yo' had bettah let dem goin's alone, chile. I'll wure yo' out like I uster. I'm gonna axe yo' maw whut yo' doin' in my tree nohow. Come here tellin' dis ole 'oman 'bout de goings; tain't nothin' but de wind in dem dere wares. I ain't askered of no goins nor comins nurther. Yo' had better quit trying to scare old folkses; baasers got dem school chilluns in



de Bible because dey made fun ob an ole man whut wuz tendin' to his bizeness. Dem goins ain't gonna bother dis ole 'oman, ner sperets ob no dead man nurther. What's dat yo' listenin' fur, honey?"

Without answering her I climbed down out of the tree, and went into the cabin. Aunt Patience spread a spotless table cloth over a battered table and pointed me to my chair.

"Aunt Patience ain't got much for yo' this time, honey; de bread's mighty poly, but you's welcome to it ef yo' can crack it," she said apologetically.

She was less conceited about this than she was about the dress, however, for the dinner was excellent.

"Aunt Patience can't you tell me an old Christmas story," I asked her, after I had finished eating.

"Sholy, ehile, I can tell yo' a Christmas story, but mos' ob de Christmus is lef out it," she returned.

"That will be all right," I assured her.

"When yo' granpa went to wah," she began, "'twon't nobody lef but me an yo' granny to look after de things at home. We won't skeered at all, but we had a hard time keeping everything frum gitting stole. 'Twuz jis three weeks frum Christmus dat we heard dem Yankees wuz a comin' thru. Yo' grandpa had written dat he wuz gonna try an be home fer Christmus, and yo' granny wanted to sabe him sumpin good. Dem Yankees wuz a cleanin' up everything whur dey went, and me an yo' mammy didn't habe nothin' ceptin' one ham, and we shore wuz 'terminated to sabe dat. Me an yo' granny hid dat ham ebry place an den hid hit again. At last we stuek it in de hollow ob an old tree whut wuz in de yard.

"Yo' ought to hab seen dem Yankees when dey eum. I couldn't told yo' half whut dey did. Dey begunned totin' out all whut wuz in de hous'. And den, when dey wuz about through, a great big gran' lookin' man eum walkin' up ter yer granny, and he say he wuz de general, and he say his name wuz Hookah. He tolt yer granny if dey wuz anything whatsumeber dat she wanted to sabe, fer her to jis put hit in de nex room, and he would hab a sojer guard hit. Cous yo' granny couldn't tote nothin' in de nex room when dey wont nothin' to tote. Yo' granny wouldn't ery befo' dat bunch ob Yankee sojers; she jis smiled and thanked him.

"'Bout dat time, ehile, I thinked 'bout de ham. I looked at yo' granny, an' I imagined she wuz thinkin' 'bout de ham, too. I went to de do as fas as I could,

and looked toads dat tree. Dere wuz a sojer setten' at de foot ob de tree noddin'. Dat ham warn't safe dere I knowed. I erept sof laek up to dat tree an extricated dat ham. Sho as yo' is born I warn't gonna take dat ham whur dat general could see hit; so I folded hit in my apron and made fur de back yawd. I seed de ole washpot; so I turned de pot ober dat ham an sat down on de pot. Pretty soon a sojer eum up.

"'Whut yo' setting on dat pot fur, auntie', say he.

"'I'se tard,' I says to him.

"'Tain't a common habit of yourn to set on a black pot when yer get tard is it, auntie,' he axe me.

"'Lawsy!' says I, jumping up sprized lack, 'I ain't settin' on de pot am I; I wuz so nachly tard I didn't know whur I wuz a settin'.'

"'Is de inside ob dat pot clean, auntie,' says he.

"'Sho hits clean,' says I, proud lack, 'Yer reckon de missus ud keep a dirty pot?'

"'Good,' says he, 'I'm gonna eook my dinnah in hit today.'

"'Hits clean,' says I, 'but hits pizen; I made soap in hit yistiddy.'

"'Look lack a mighty good pot ter eook a ham in,' he say, and wid dat he walk off smiling.

"'Chile, dey wuz sumpin suppahnachel bout dat sojer made him say dat, but he didn't trouble de pot. Yo' ole auntie prayed all de time.

"'Well, dem sojers left, an' we kept de ham. Yo' granny say she nebber would a got along wid out me. Christmus eum, but yo' granpa didn't come till a long time after dat, but me an yo' granny sabel dat Christmus hame till he did eum, an den we had our Christmus dinnah. Dat's bout all dere is to de story,'" Aunt Patience concluded.

I thanked Aunt Patience for the story and started to go, but she stopped me.

"'Chile, whur 'bouts in dis hous did dat man die?'" she asked me.

"'I was only fooling you; nobody died here,'" I assured her.

"'Huh, hit's gittin' a little chilly; guess I want go to my son's after all. Yo' see I ain't askeered to stay,'" she said, justifyingly.

As I started to leave, I looked up in the mulberry tree to make sure that I had left everything all right.

"'Whut's dat yer listenin' fer, honey?'" I heard Aunt Patience say, but I pretended that I didn't hear her.

# Ancient and Modern Christmas Customs

C. S. G.

REGARDLESS of individual creed, doctrine or belief the whole Christian world at one season of the year turns its thoughts toward the crib of Bethlehem that more than nineteen hundred years ago witnessed the birth of the one great Being whom the angels of Heaven proclaimed as "a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." It is this one period that all men recognize as the time of greatest praise and a period when the love of mankind is centered in the story of Christ, the fact of whose birth brings all kindred souls to a new level of adoration in which Christ is to be all blessed and worshipped as the God of love and creation.

Christmas times inspires men to new thoughts of life and its purposes, and at this time they can direct their energies anew to plans for service to God. Cardinal Gibbons in writing of the season said, "If asked to explain the rapturous influence which controls us, we have no other words than the evangel of joy which the angels gave unto the earth. We rejoice in anticipation of the outpouring of God's blessed life, for the scope of the Divine Infant's mission is 'to enlighten them who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet into the way of peace.' He is in our midst to flood the world with the light of God's truth; to restore to us our lost birthright of joy; to set the discordant wail of humanity to new harmonies; to attune to the music of heavenly hope hearts which for the ages had been swept by the wild notes of despair."

It is beautiful to realize that the message of Christmas morning is "as universal as it is personal and present." There is not a man living to whom this message is not addressed, and whose action is not influenced by its teachings and its precepts. Comparing the condition of the world before the advent of Christ we find that all of the world with the possible exception of the small region known as Palestine was buried in idolatry. The sun, the moon and the stars of the heaven were worshipped as Gods, and as the Apostle of the Gentiles said, "They worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever." How striking is the contrast which is to be brought between the ideas of these pagans and our own idea of the Deity.

Men sometimes ask what the birth of Christ meant to the world of man and particularly to the world of Christianity. There had been before the time of the Saviour a conception of God, but this conception had been rather hazy. Men had come to think of God as an indefinable Being that was beyond their realm to such an extent that He could never be reached, but the coming of the Christ brought a new interpretation. Man was regarded as a mystery and a riddle to even himself before the coming of Christ, but with the advent of the Saviour the riddle is solved, and the mystery is cleared away. Man had been groping in darkness, but now he has seen the light of a new day, and in that new day Christ the Saviour stands out clear and distinct. Christ pointed out to man hopes of the future and even made the way of destiny seem clear to the mind of man, who had apparently been wandering in a labyrinth of error into which he had been led by Paganism.

Combined with the intellect that we believe and feel the coming of the Christ brought there was brought love to the heart of man to the extent that he anew assumed feelings of rational sympathy and love toward his fellowman and adopted a different attitude toward the hope of a future. So this message of Christmas Day is intended for all men, of all classes, of all creeds, of all walks and strata of life. Christ gave the commandment to His disciples that they should "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Thereby the call of Christianity become universal in its scope and excluded none.

The message of Christmas then is plain, and it is only by strict adherence to the suggestions and rules of living laid down by the Christ that individuals or nations can hope to attain the soul-restful peace which is promised to men of good will. "To violate them is to reverse the order established by God and disorder is the synonym for sin and strife."

But a glance at the historical foundation of this celebration might also prove interesting, having seen what it means to the world of Christianity. The day that we speak of as Christmas Day is celebrated as the birthday of Jesus Christ, and is observed throughout almost the entire realm of Christendom. There is no definite record in history which designates the

date of the birth of Christ, but the feast has been adopted by the churches so that December 25 has become recognized as a symbol of the event of the birth. The feast was first celebrated by the Eastern church in the second century as Epiphania, with January 6 as the date, while the Western church celebrated the feast of *Natalis* on December 25. So it came, then, that the latter date was selected as the common date for all churches, and the day was a time for great rejoicing and happiness throughout the regions.

It is interesting to note that at this same time of the year in the early Roman life there occurred a series of Pagan feasts which were closely connected with the civic and social life of the country, but which were equally capable of being made symbolic. The last feasts of this group was that of the winter solstice which was regarded as the birthday of the new sun about to return to earth. So it was very easy for the Christian idea of the Sun of life to be fitted into this last feast; hence December 25 was set aside in the cycle of Christian holidays to celebrate the birth of the Saviour of mankind, with the purpose in view of "drawing away Christian people from the heathen festivities, and of purifying eventually these heathen customs and ideas." Prynne says, in his strong way, "Our Christmas lords of misrule, together with dancing, masks, mummeries, stage-players, and such other Christmas disorders, now in use with Christians, were derived from these Pagan festivals, which should cause all pious Christians eternally to abominate them."

Christmastide is the basis of much folklore in various countries, and there is always something fascinating about the season and its customs. There are many traditions that have passed on down through the ages to the present day which bring with them pleasing incidents connected with the holiday. In an article on Christmas customs the world around Will M. Clemens has retold some of these traditions with a touch of interest that is well worth reproducing.

England has a quaint belief that if a mattress is turned on Christmas Day that the persons performing the act will die within the year; but comparable to this sad idea is also the belief that a loaf of bread cooked on Christmas Eve will never grow moldy and will always be fresh and ready for eating.

"The Scotch hold it as very unlucky for any but a dark-haired person to first cross the threshold on

Christmas Day, the reason assigned being that Judas had red hair. In parts of Lancashire, and in Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire, no one would dream of giving matches, fire or light out of a house on Christmas Day; but what trouble is to ensue if the rule is violated is not clear.

"Of course bees are not exempt from special observance. They must be wished the compliments of the season in the same way that they are told of births and deaths; and a sprig of holly must adorn the hive, just as white ribbon or crepe does duty on other occasions. Devenshire folk say that the bees sing all night through on Christmas Eve, but as bees are seldom quiet, there is nothing unusual about that.

"All over England and Wales some graceful traditions prevail, not the least touching being the general belief amongst country folk that persons who die on Christmas Eve are certain of immediate and eternal happiness.

"In Germany on Christmas Eve the whole household prepares for church, where a simple but impressive service is always held. The worshippers are always armed with lighted candles, and the first comer will find the church in darkness. He places his lighted candle before him; and as one after another appears, fresh candles flash out till the building resembles a large parterre of single flames. The service over the season is supposed to have fairly begun, and Christmas greetings are heard on every side.

"In Sweden and Norway the 'Julafred,' or peace of Christmas, is publicly proclaimed. Quite early in the day the children hasten to the churches, which are appropriately decorated, and later the adults attend. The time out-of-mind custom of telling stories and legends about a blazing hearth is still most popular, and a really good raconteur is ever welcome. Both Norwegians and Swedes are noted for their hospitality, which extends not only to domestic pets but to wild birds. A like custom of feeding the birds prevails also in Switzerland, Montenegro, and other places.

"At Lyons, France, it has long been the rule for the first infant received at the Foundling Hospital on Christmas Day to be welcomed with special honor. A handsome cradle is in readiness, softest clothing is provided, and the kindest solicitude is evinced. The object of the ceremony is to mark the contrast between the lot of the Saviour and one of the most helpless and forlorn of His creatures on the anniver-

sary of the beginning of the great renunciation. It is a lesson in charity that is not lightly forgotten.

"A very singular custom prevails in Serbia and Bulgaria amongst the orthodox. If it can possibly be avoided, no one crosses a strange threshold on Christmas morning. An early ceremony has to be performed by the head of each household. Before breakfast is thought of, corn is placed in a stocking, and the chief of the family sprinkles a little before the house door, saying, 'Christ is born,' to which one of the inmates replies, 'He is born indeed.' Then the house-father has to 'wish,' and, advancing to the hearth, where logs are burning in readiness, strikes them till sparks fly out, with a good wish for the horses, another for the cows, another for the goats, and so on through the whole farm-stock, winding up with an extra blow for a plenteous harvest. Then the ashes are collected, a coin is placed among them, and the whole is hidden, or, in some districts, burned. As for the Yule logs, they are not permitted to smolder quite away, but are carefully garnered, and the burnt ends placed in the clefts of fruit trees, so as to ensure a bountiful crop."

But what does Christmas Day mean to us in this land of plenty, peace and happiness that is to be had almost for the asking? There should be no group of people on earth who might more easily look with joy and thanksgiving to the Christmas season as a time for real happiness. How is this happiness attained, and what does it mean to us? Charles Dickens said of Christmas, "I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time."

One of the most beautiful expressions of real lessons of the Christmas season which we have is the simple message of Edward Bok: "There can be no love for God which is unattended with love for man. The final test of a Christian life is not the worship of God, but always the love of man for man. If the

message of Him whose birth we celebrate on Christmas teaches us one thing above all others, it is not that we shall try to do for Him as a person, but that we shall seek to do for one another. That is knowing Jesus and clearly understanding Him.

"And wherever the true conception of His life and teaching is reached, there we find men and women thrilled with the passion of giving. The little child wakes on Christmas morning with its heart full to overflowing with gladness, and by every gift in stocking, or beside cradle or bed, is taught anew the old, old lesson of love. Husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and sweetheart, friend and friend, as they receive their gifts are reminded once more that love is not a dream, but a reality—and a reality which grows more vital, more precious and more enduring with years.

"The sick, in chair or in bed, as they open their Christmas packages are almost reconciled to loneliness and pain. The friendliness, the poor, the outcasts, the waifs on the street; those who have sinned and seem shut out from God and from man, all begin to feel strange thrills of hope and renewed aspiration as they are taken up and enfolded in the richness and fullness of the Divine love as it comes to them through human love or attention on Christmas Day. That is knowing Christmas in its highest and noblest sense; in its truest conception; knowing it in that spirit from which we derive the surest happiness."

So we come again to the greatest season of rejoicing and love of the whole year—the celebration of Christmas in memory of the birth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ who was announced by the angels of Heaven as the great king of men and who came to bring to men everywhere the first message of real love and to show to them why Christmas Day should be regarded now as the time of love's expressions—the outpouring of the admiration of one soul for another, realizing that in loving and serving men we are in turn serving God, for God is pleased when His children are blessed.

# Merrie England: A Toast

By JOCK MCCOLLOUGH



The Pule-log crackles on the hearth,  
The gathered Christmas greens are merry;  
The Old Squire's face beams by the fire,  
As red as a ripe cherry.

The boar's-head waits the roasting spits,  
The servants' punch is piping hot;  
The goose hangs dressed upon the wall,  
"While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

"Hey! Tally-ho!" the coach boys cry;  
The Highway's covered jack-boot deep  
With snow. The Carols sing to-night,  
And Waits their morning watch will keep.

Ho! footman, carol, page, and groom,  
And coachman with your four-in-hand!  
Ho! Oxford student home from school:  
Your health! And Old England!



R.P.H.

# The First Christmas Tree

By L. B. HOLLOWELL

UPON THINKING of Christmas, one cannot but have the curiosity to wonder about the origin of the many customs that are connected with this joyous day. The Christmas tree is one of the most potent factors in the celebration of the birth of Christ. The other day, while glancing through a book, *The Blue Flower*, by Henry Van Dyke, my attention was attracted to a story entitled *The First Christmas Tree*, which, upon reading it, settled my curiosity as to the origin of the first Christmas tree.

It was the day before Christmas in the year of our Lord 722. Broad snow-meadows glistened white along the banks of the river Moselle; steep hillsides bloomed with mystic forget-me-nots where the glow of the setting sun cast long shadows down their eastern slope; silence was over all,—a gentle, eager, conscious stillness diffused through the air as if earth and sky were hushing themselves to hear the voice of the river faintly murmuring down the valley.

A little company of pilgrims, less than a score of men, was travelling slowly northward through the wide forest that rolled over the hills of central Germany.

At the head of the band marched Winfried of England, clad in a tunic of fur, with his long black robe girt high above his waist so that it might not hinder his stride. He was a great preacher; a wonderful scholar; but, more than all, a daring traveller, a venturesome pilgrim, and a priest of romance.

Behind this leader came a pair of teamsters, and last of all came the rear guard, armed with bows and javelins. It was no child's play in those days, to cross Europe afoot.

Winfried and his followers suddenly paused at the edge of a thicket, for a great sight was before their eyes. A great throng of people were gathered round an immense fire. Tongues of ruddy flames, fountains of ruby sparks, ascended through the spreading limbs and flung a fierce illumination upward and around.

Then Winfried's voice rang out, "Hail, ye sons of the forest! A stranger claims the warmth of your fire in the winter night."

"Welcome, welcome, and be silent," said an old

priest with flowing hair and beard, and clad in a long spectral robe.

Suddenly, a chant, in which the voices of men and women blended, like the shrill wind in the pine trees above the rumbling thunder of a waterfall, rose and fell in rude cadences.

"This will not please the gods," said the old priest as he moved nearer to a group of children who stood watching the fire and the swarms of spark-serpents darting upward.

"Here," said the old man with his voice vibrating, "here is the chosen one, the eldest son of the chief. My boy, will you sacrifice your life to bear a message to the gods?"

The boy answered swift and clear:

"Yes, priest. I will go. Naught fear I, neither darkness, nor the great bear."

Then the priest led the child to a broad stone in front of the fire. He bound the child's eyes with a white cloth and bade him kneel beside the stone with his face to the east. The old man stooped and lifted a black hammer of stone from the ground. Summoning all the strength of his withered arms, he swung it high in the air. It poised for an instant above the child's fair head—then turned to fall. Suddenly, Winfried's heavy staff thrust mightily against the hammer's handle as it fell. Sideways it glanced from the old man's grasp, and the black stone, striking on the altar's edge, split in twain.

Anger and wonder, reverence and joy and confusion surged through the crowd. Winfried's bold deed fell into the midst of the thoughts and passions of the people. They knew not which way to move: to resent the intrusion of the stranger as an insult to their gods, or to welcome him as the rescuer of their prince.

Conflicting counsels troubled the air. The angry voices clashed against each other and fell like opposing waves. Then the chieftain, Gundhar, struck the earth with his spear and gave his decision.

"All have spoken, but none are agreed. Keep silence now, and let the stranger speak."

"This is the birth-night of the white Christ, son of

the All-Father, and Saviour of mankind," said Winfried. "Will you serve a helpless god?"

"Here," said he, as his eyes fell on a young fir tree, standing straight and green, with its top pointing towards the stars, "here is a living tree that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Call it the tree of the Christ-child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall. The day is coming when there shall not be a home in all Germany where the children are not gathered around the green fir tree to rejoice in the birth-right of Christ."

So they took the little fir from its place and carried it in a joyous procession to the house of the chieftain, where he bade them throw open the doors

of the hall and set the tree in the midst of it. They kindled lights among the branches until it seemed to be tangled full of fireflies. The children encircled it, wondering, and the sweet odour of balsam filled the house.

All at once, voices were heard at the lower end of the hall, and upon investigation it was found to be Winfried and his companions chanting their Christmas hymn:

*"All glory be to God of high,  
And on the earth be peace!  
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men  
Begin and never cease."*



## *A Christmas Prayer*

By H. E. SPENCE

*Alone she sits*

*Silent and thoughtful, by the fire's pale gleams,  
While through her brain the fitful mem'ry flits  
Of long-departed dreams.*

*The trickling tears*

*Flow down her furrowed face. Sad mem'ry grieves  
Her lonely heart with thoughts of other years  
And other Christmas eves.*

*Her childhood days—*

*She dreams of them, and of her children, too,  
Once bright'ning home-life with their winning ways;  
Tonight—so far from view.*

*Around her head,*

*Until the weary watch of life shall cease,  
Do thou in e'er increasing radiance shed  
The holy light of peace.*

*And one doth pray,*

*For that dear mother on this Christmas night:  
Keep Thou the weary feet in that strait way  
That leadeth unto light.*

*Those withered hands,*

*So worn and weary with Life's tiresome task,  
So faithful in fulfilling Love's commands—  
Lord, give them rest, we ask.*

*To that dear heart,*

*Which ached and throbbed for me, her wayward boy,  
Do thou, O Christmas Child, the lot impart  
Of happiness and joy.*

# A Christmas of Long Ago

By F. A. B.

ONE MORNING early in December of the year 1856 I was sitting before the fire reading when gradually thoughts of the approaching Christmas season began to intrude. Idly I fingered the small calendar on the desk before me and mused over the fact that it was time to be making plans for the holidays.

"Thirty-five years old, a bachelor, and no relatives within two hundred miles of Raleigh; a pleasant prospect for Christmas," I told myself.

A knock sounded on the door. Upon my calling "Come in" my valet, Scipio, entered.

"What is it, Scipio?" I asked.

"Here's a letter, Marse John," he replied, holding out a tray containing the missive, "what Cunnel Parten done sent by one o' his niggers."

Breaking the seal I found the following:

Merry Oaks,  
December 4, 1856.

My Dear Friend:

I am writing to extend you a most cordial invitation to spend Christmas with us at Merry Oaks. The Madam joins me in assuring you a most hearty welcome, and you may be sure that the hospitality of Merry Oaks is yours to command.

It may be of interest to you to know that Mrs. Cofield, the charming young widow who so captivated you at the Governor's ball this season, is to be one of our guests.

Again, my dear friend, let me say that I should be most happy to have your company during the holidays, and let me urge you to write that you will come.

With best wishes I beg to remain your most faithful and sincere friend,

SAMUEL D. PARTEN.

At mention of the Widow Cofield I grew a trifle red, and, at the conclusion of the letter I said to myself, "So the Colonel thinks the visit of Mrs. Cofield will be of interest to me; well . . . it may be. I think—in fact, I know—I shall accept his invitation."

The morning of the twentieth of December found me in a carriage I had hired, with a driver for the trip, on the way to the Colonel's plantation situated on the Neuse river, twelve miles east of Raleigh. Fortunately the weather was unusually pleasant for the time of the year; consequently the trip was most

enjoyable. It was a treat to watch the gradually changing scenery; now the road lay between fields brown with the dead stalks of corn or cotton, or here a wide stretch of newly sprouted wheat thrust up its delicate green spikes in pleasing contrast to the somber hue of the surrounding landscape. Occasionally the road dipped down through some slight valley or meadow-land covered with thick brown marsh grass where a profusion of sycamores, with their curiously mottled bark, and clumps of alders already hung with tiny green catkins lined a shallow stream. At times we passed through wood of pine and oak in whose dark recesses could be seen the glossy, dark green leaves and brilliant red berries of the holly, as well as the thick, interlacing boughs of aromatic cedar, all of which lent something of a Christmas air to the out-of-doors.

At length we drew near Merry Oaks; in high anticipation I watched eagerly for the first sight of the house. A turn in the road brought the plantation in view, and what a charming scene lay before me: from the road a graveled drive framed by an ivy-covered stone gateway led off through an ancient oak grove to the "Big House," a two-story white wooden structure of Colonial lines showing classical influence in its portico set with four Doric columns.

As we drove up, the Colonel, followed by the "Madam" and the greater part of the household, swelled to unusual proportions by the influx of many aunts, uncles, and cousins, came out to welcome me. Such a reception was indeed gratifying, yet it was merely the beginning of that old hospitality so characteristic of the South.

In a very short time I was comfortably installed, and soon felt myself as much one of the family as if such were really a fact. How delightful it was to enter into the excited spirit of preparation which so completely took possession of the household. On every hand were signs of hustle and bustle presaging great events. Miss Susanna Parten, the Colonel's only daughter and an attractive miss of twenty, was busily engaged with her young female cousins in decorating the parlors and hall with a profusion of holly, cedar, and mistletoe, great heaps of which were



provided by the excursions of Master George Parten, Miss Susanna's only brother, a year older than she, and other young gallants to the near-by woods; she big kitehew, however, was the center of all industry. Here Mrs. Parten supervised operations, and what fascinating operations they were: at one table Cousin Maria was putting together the fragrant layers of a wonderful cocconut cake, while near her Aunt Penina was blanching almonds for that delicacy of delicacies, tipsy cake. Aunt Jane, the colored head cook and usual boss of the "cook-room," though resenting the intrusion of "de white folks," had no time to sulk so intent was she on seeing to it that her colored helpers kept actively employed.

"Hyare yo' Sukey, don't peel dem apples so keerness," she would be heard to call out, or "Now, Tiny, how many times I'm gwine have tell yo' keep yo' eye ou dem 'tater custuds; cyaint yo' smell 'em a-burnin'?"

The cooking of meats was Aunt Jane's special province; it was she who from time to time peered critically into the steaming pots where fresh pork was boiling or stooped to examine the state of monstrous hams baking in the oven.

One of Aunt Jane's most amusing duties was the apportioning of pans and bowls containing left-over icing and cake batter among the bevy of small children running about from table to table. What a ludicrous sight the little rascals presented as they delved into some big crock lined with rich yellow batter or disputed the ownership of some stolen tidbit. One little aristocrat was deriving considerable enjoyment from licking a huge wooden spoon coated with thick chocolate icing and, incidentally, in smearing hands, face, and clothes with the same; in fact, it was a certainty that more icing went on the outside of his small person than on the inside.

"Law, Massa Frank," ejaculated Aunt Jane upon seeing this spectacle, "yo' is done got yo'self in a plum' mess! Jes' look at yo' face, and dat spankin' clean shirt yo' mammy jes' put ou yo' dis mawnin'. Laws but yo' is a sight in dis worl'."

Little satisfaction did Aunt Jane get from her remonstrations, however, for Master Frank, poking out a chocolate-covered tongue, merely grinned up at her and continued the smearing.

One of the most interesting parts of the kitchen was the large pantry, into which Mrs. Parten, in order to show me a part of the Christmas supplies, led the

way with considerable pride, and indeed, her pride was well justified, for the like of the great store of good things there assembled has never been seen before. Picture to yourself shelves loaded down with rows and rows of jellies, jams, preserves and pickles, great crocks of luscious peaches swimming in Barbados rum, and huge tins bulging with chunks of honeycomb dripping sweet golden liquid. In one corner large stone jars held plum pudding left to mellow in cloths dipped in French wines, while other containers gave out fragrant, spicy odor of cookies and doughnuts. There were cake-boxes, too, filled with masterpieces of culinary skill, including many such well-known varieties as Lord Baltimore, raisin, spice, chocolate, caramel, and pound cake. In a special container reposed the pride of the collection, an enormous fruit cake, which, like the puddings, was swathed in cloths saturated with imported wine. On the floor were boxes and barrels overflowing with nuts, raisins, apples, and oranges. It is no wonder that so imposing an array of delicacies made me dizzy with visions of delights to come.

The days prior to Christmas were spent most pleasantly by us of the older set in riding about the plantation on the Colonel's splendid horses, in hunting, or in gathering about the fire to read, play at cards, or converse. The latter occupation I found most to my liking when for companion I had the lovely Widow Cofield, who seemed the embodiment of all charms I most preferred in women: she was a brunette of even, delicate features whose expressive blue eyes were framed by mobile, aristocratically arched eyebrows. Her lustrous chestnut hair she wore parted in the middle and coiled loosely at the back of her head. How graceful and stately she seemed, too, in the full, billowy dresses with tight, low bodice worn at that time.

All unmindful that I was supposed to have reached years of the most complete discretion, at times I found it entirely to my liking to give myself up to dreams centering about the delightful person of Mistress Cofield. I know the Colonel must have been puzzled on more than one occasion at my habit of falling into a reverie regardless of the fact that he was then approaching the climax of the story he happened to be telling; it may be, however, that he, clever old soul that he was, saw and understood.

Thus time sped on until at length Christmas Eve arrived. For once it was not difficult to prevail on

the children to go to bed early, a feat accomplished by telling them that the sooner they got to bed, the sooner Santa Claus would come. It was with a sigh for old times, a stirring of cherished memories of childhood, that we old folk saw the little ones, happy in the expectancy of what Santa Claus would bring, hang up their stockings and troop off with colored Mammy to be tucked in bed.

After the children had fallen asleep, the stores of toys and confections were brought out to be distributed among the various hungry stockings to the ladies, who seemed to enjoy their task thoroughly. The Colonel jokingly remarked that if the women folk did not refrain from so much "sampling" on the morrow the children would have reason to reproach Santa Claus for neglect, all of which provoked much merriment, for the Colonel himself had been most eager to taste a bit of everything.

When every stocking had been filled to the fullest extent possible, and the large hampers containing presents for the servants and plantation negroes had been assembled, everyone betook himself to bed and pleasant dreams.

Early the next morning I was awakened by Scipio, whom I had brought with me, who was calling out excitedly,

"Law', Marse John, neah 'bout evybody in de house is done up an' dressed, an' de Cunnul is a-passin' out egnnog downstairs."

Jumping out of bed, I began to dress hastily. All at once a sudden commotion was heard below.

"What's that, Scipio?" I asked.

"I'll see, Suh," he replied and went out.

In a short while he returned to inform me that the Yule-log was being carried amid much ceremony into the parlor and installed in the cavernous brick fireplace.

"Dey tell me, Suh," he said, "Dat ez long ez de log burns all de plantation niggus has holiday."

While I was surveying myself in the glass preparatory to going out, Scipio kept showering me with the most extravagant compliments.

"I declare to goodness, Marse John," he rattled on, "yo' sho is handsome dis mawmin. Dat new suit sho do fit yo' to a T; hit's jis perzaactly right."

After a sudden silence he began apologetically, "Marse John, hain't yo' done fohgot sumpin' dis mawmin'?"

"What's that, Scipio?" I queried, knowing full well what he meant.

"Christmus gif', Suh, Christmus gif'," he responded grinning.

"Oh ho, you rogue," I exclaimed smiling, "so that's the secret of your praise; 'Christmus gif' is it? Well, Scipio," I continued in mock solemnity, "you've been such a trifling old ens this year, I think I shan't give you much of a Christmas present."

The face of the old darkey became so gloomy I could not help laughing aloud.

"Cheer up, Scipio," I said, "I relent. I've decided to give you the blue suit you've been hinting about, and over there on the table is a box for you."

Scipio was immediately all smiles. "Law' Marse John," he exclaimed happily, "bress yo' heart. Thank'ee, Suh, thank'ee. Merry Christmus," he added, "an' I sho hopes yo' cotesches de Widow under de mistletoe."

"Shut np, you old idiot," I said blushing, and slipped out of the room.

Downstairs the Colonel was at the height of his glory presiding over a huge glass bowl filled with frothy yellow eggnog which he dispensed with a cherry wish for a "Merry Christmas" to the guests gathered about him. As I came up, he called out jovially, "Ah, ladies, here is a dandy for you. Better watch out he doesn't catch you under the mistletoe!"

"Not fair, Colonel," I replied smiling, "you shouldn't put them on their guard."

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Travers," said Miss Susanna dimpling prettily, "it's catch who catch ean, you know. Perhaps we ladies shall find it convenient to edge under the mistletoe occasionally."

"Very cleverly answered," laughed the Colonel. "And now," he continued artfully, holding out to me a slender glass of eggnog, "pledge the lady of your choice."

Taking the glass and holding it aloft I said lightly, letting my eyes rest on the face of Mistress Cofield, "Here's to the health and happiness of the lady whom my heart chooses, and, ladies," I said turning about, "here's a 'Merry Christmas' to you all."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Colonel. "And I," he went on gaily, filling a glass, "drink to your success, Sir; may the lady be kind."

Everyone looked at Mrs. Cofield, who blushed violently and glanced down demurely.

The children had now come downstairs holding in their arms presents and bulging stockings. Such pandemonium as ensued: drums, horns, and whistles vied with one another in making noise, while above all could be heard the excited treble of childish voices.

After breakfast the entire household went out on the portico, the weather being mild, to see the presents distributed to the negroes of the plantation. The Colonel and Mrs. Parten stood on the lower steps, and, as the procession filed by, gave each one a gift, whereupon a grateful "Thank 'ee, Marse; thank 'ee Missus: Merry Christmas to yo' all," came from each darkey.

From the "Big House" the colored housewives went to the general storeroom in the yard to receive from the overseer an extra allotment of meat, flour, sugar, and molasses for Christmas cooking.

Since one of the guests at Merry Oaks was a minister, it was decided to hold a short Christmas service in the space provided by throwing together the hall and two large parlors. The white folks occupied the parlors, while into the hall as many of the house servants crowded as could squeeze in.

The service was very simple, yet sincere and inspiring. Led by Miss Susanna Parten at the piano, the entire company joined heartily in singing some of the old, well-known hymns and carols. The Reverend Harper then gave a short discourse concerning the spiritual significance of Christmas, after which a collection was taken for the poor of the neighborhood.

At two o'clock came the long awaited event, Christmas dinner. Such a feast as we sat down to merits the descriptive powers of a writer far more gifted than I. Often had I heard the expression "the groaning board," but not until then did I realize the full significance of the term; the table literally did groan under its savory burden of good things to eat. Around the *pièce-de-resistance*, a monster turkey perfectly browned, decorated with baked apples, and stuffed with chestnut dressing, were crowded quails on toast, baked fish, barbecued pork, chicken pie, baked ham steaming under its blanket of brown sugar, dishes of candied sweet potatoes, bowls of mashed Irish potatoes, creamed turnips, and boiled onions, not to mention such sundries as cranberry jelly, preserves, pickles, celery, and countless other things. Suffice it to say that the best from pantry, smoke-house, and the plantation at large contributed to the bountiful spread.

After the meat course had been finished, the upper tablecloth was removed, leaving a second snowy cloth in place. Then came a long procession of deserts, including apple dumplings smothered in wine sauce, puddings redolent with spices and fine liquors, pies, custards, and cakes, all of which were accompanied by wines of many sorts.

When we had made an end of dessert, the second cloth was removed, and beneath was found still another covering, on which fruit and nuts, with more wine, were set. All the servants now left the dining room, allowing us perfect freedom to converse until late in the afternoon.

In the evening old and young alike gave themselves up to singing, games, and dancing, until the whole house, blazing with the light of hundreds of wax tapers, resounded with laughter and merriment; there were two guests, however, who were not taking part in the festivities. In a screened nook the Widow Cofield and I were making plans for a future we were to share as man and wife. As we talked, her eyes became fixed dreamily on the holly and other greenery suspended over our heads. All at once she smiled coquettishly and, pointing upward with her fan said shyly, "Look, we are under the mistletoe."

Need I tell what followed?

Late that night as Scipio was helping me off with my clothes I said slowly, "Well, Scipio, I 'cotched de Widow under de mistletoe' and as a consequence you are to have a mistress."

"Law's a massy," exclaimed Scipio, his eyes shining, "I jes' knowed it, I knowed it! Law', Marse John," he queried eagerly, "when yo' gwine git married?"

"The Colonel has asked us to stay and have the ceremony performed on New Year's Day," I responded, "and we have decided to do that."

"Law', Law'," ejaculated Scipio afresh, still impressed with the news, "jes' think o' havin' a missus. Law', Law', but I'll sho have to step lively when Miz Cofield gits to be the boss."

From New York where we had gone on our honeymoon I wrote Colonel and Mrs. Parten thanking them in behalf of Mrs. Travers and myself for the many kindnesses they had shown us and assuring them that memories of the wonderful Christmas spent at Merry Oaks would be ever cherished in our hearts.

# Playing Santa Claus

CARL G. KNOX

CHRISTMAS time was slow in coming—that was when I was a little boy. But now, even though a student eagerly looking forward to the Christmas holidays, it seems only a short while between one Christmas and the next. As a child, one has something to look forward to which cannot be compared to anything else; namely, the coming of Santa Claus. I shall never forget with what joy and anticipation I looked forward to Christmas time; yet it seemed ages coming, for it was then, and then only, that Santa Claus came. I had toys, and I got new playthings often, but I valued none of them so highly as I did those things which Santa Claus brought me—things that I held sacred. I remember finding sleigh tracks, and I remember seeing the tracks of Santa Claus' reindeers; I remember hearing the sleigh bells late in the night; and I remember placing a plate of cake on a table near the fireplace for dear Santa,—God bless him—and I remember finding the plate empty on Christmas morning. I envy the child who thinks of Santa Claus only as a real person, and who looks forward to his coming as I did.

But there came a time when I doubted there being a real Santa Claus. The wiseacres in school knew there was no Santa Claus in their home, and they wanted other children to know the same thing. I can remember how I wondered, as I grew older, if Santa Claus were not a mythical being; I remember how I went "snooping around," as Edgar A. Guest expresses it, trying to find out what Santa Claus was going to bring me; but curses be on the day I found out who and what Santa Claus was.

But there are those who are not, and have not been, so fortunate as we, for they do not know Santa Claus as we do, but rather as a legendary character of long ago. And it is to them that I express a profound sympathy, for the best days of their lives—childhood days—have lacked something which brings joy to childhood. "May the traditional Santa Claus be ever preserved in homes the world over" is my earnest prayer.

Not long ago, a high school student asked me for some points on the theme subject, "How I Should Spend One Thousand Dollars." Now spending a thousand dollars would be an easy matter for me, but

this thought came to me: "I would play Santa Claus." For what could be more fun and give a grown-up person more joy than playing Santa Claus to some poor unfortunate children whose parents were not able to bring this Christmas visitor into their homes, or who, for some selfish reason, did not wish their children to believe in the mythical thing?

And so I recalled the only time I ever played Santa Claus. It was last Christmas, and the place we—there were several of us in the party—visited was a wretched one. The place was off from the main highway—far from everybody. In fact the house, or rather the shanty, was in a swamp, virtually speaking, for the run of a branch was not more than fifty yards from the front door. This shack contained only two rooms, and the family—there were eight children—slept in one room and cooked and ate in the other. It was a deplorable place in which to live.

When we arrived at the place, most of the family had gone to bed. Santa Claus had already come, but most children would scorn at the things displayed as gifts from the Christmas visitor. There were two rag dolls, a little horse on rollers, some cheap candy, apples, and raisins; that was all. But, as I entered the door, the oldest child, who was not more than fourteen years old, peeped through the bedroom door and exclaimed,

"'Eil Great God, ma! Looky yonder! Ef it hain't Sandy Clauw."

I was thankful that I had on a false face, for I was thoroughly amused and could laugh without being seen. We sat down to warm, and soon three or four of the children were aroused and brought out where we were. There were other expressions similar to the one above, and one little girl began laughing hysterically. I distributed the few things I had—dolls, horses, rattlers, horns, whistles, fruit, nuts, and the like, and left not letting the people know who I was. However, I believe I can safely say that that simple little home was made the happiest of any in the community, for Santa Claus had been there—the children had seen him. And, to be sure, I shared a joy with them such as I had never had before that Christmas Eve.

# *A Yuletide Evening With Dickens*

ROBERT H. JAMES

**W**HEN THE cold December winds drive me to the comfort of the fireside, I always love to have with me some good, lively Christmas story. Last night was an ideal time for such a story. Outside it was bitter cold; I could not resist the invitation of the fire to draw near and read. I drew my chair up to the hearth, opened my book to *A Christmas Carol*, by Dickens, and became so interested that I would not stop until I had finished it.

The story of *A Christmas Carol* is beautifully interwoven around the various elements of the Christmas season: winter, happiness, chimes, goblins, and charity. Scrooge, the principal character, "a gasping, covetous old man, the surviving partner of the firm of Scrooge and Marley" is introduced in the beginning of the story as he sits at his work in his counting house on a cold, wintry Christmas Eve. Immediately his character is portrayed when his nephew drops into the office to extend him "a merry Christmas"; the old man returns his nephew's greetings with a "bah" and "humbug." A gentleman making a petition for money for the poor is turned away by a curt remark from the cold-hearted old miser. Bob Cratchit, the office clerk, receives a rebuke when he asks to be off during Christmas Day. Such is the picture the reader has of old Scrooge as he watches him leave the office on Christmas Eve.

But with darkness there come strange happenings in the life of Ebenezer Scrooge. After he has gone to

sleep, the spirits of the Christmas Past, the Present Christmas, and the Future Christmas go to his bed and by means of their mystical powers conduct him to the days of his youth, then on a journey in which he sees life as he has failed to see it in his low narrow life, and finally to the days of the future. The result is a miraculous one. On Christmas morning, when Scrooge awakes he is a changed man; he is overflowing with the real, happy Christmas spirit. Happy and jubilant over his transformation, he becomes almost riotous in extending charity to his acquaintances. He purchases the prize turkey and sends it to Bob Cratchit. He finds the petitioner and whispers to him that he wishes to give a large amount to the poor. He hastens to the home of his nephew, and there he spends the day merrily with the children. The spirit of Christmas dominates his soul; he and all around him are happy.

This, briefly, is the plot of *A Christmas Carol*. It is a story of happiness. It is true that there is sadness in the story; nevertheless the dominant tone is one of happiness: the joy of the sudden conversion of a man who could see no happiness in life. Not only does happiness reign in the life of Scrooge, but it extends to all the characters of the story. And I believe that all who read *A Christmas Carol* are more happy for having done so.



# The Wandering Jew

H. E. SPENCE

CARTAPHILUS dropped his awl and thread and hastened to the door. The noise of conflict and disturbance was in the air. The thousands who had been massed in the city hall since early in the previous night were now giving vent to their pent up feelings in shouts of derision. The Jewish shoemaker had to ask no questions to know the meaning of the strange confusion. He well knew that the multitude had prevailed upon Pontius Pilate to give his consent to the crucifixion of one, Jesus of Nazareth, and that the concourse was even now sweeping on to Golgotha to carry out their fiendish purpose.

It was the season of the Passover in Jerusalem. Thousands of Jews and Proselytes from every land had assembled to engage in that greatest of all Jewish feasts. Every nook and corner of the city was crowded. Groups of foreigners of almost every nationality thronged together and talked until the air was a perfect baffle of confusion. Jews were there from every corner of the earth. Some who had migrated to other lands had returned to one more celebration before they should die. Others who were born in foreign lands but whose parents had brought them up in staunch loyalty to the Church had come to see the far-famed shrine of the Temple. Men from the snow-capped mountains of India touched elbows with men from Africa, Egypt sent her learned sons to participate in the ceremonies. And strange were these ceremonies. They had resolved themselves into the trial of the One of all men who could furnish the satisfactory answer to the questions of all these learned ones and who could bring a sufficient boon into their lives to quell their restlessness. Jesus of Nazareth had dared to say that He was King of the Jews and the loyal ones were offended that such a lowly one should assume such grandeur. And Cartaphilus reasoned that he had just cause for the offense. He himself had heard this man and knew that there was not an element of royalty in Him. He was of humble birth and pursued a trade. (Low men of the earth are the first to appear superior.) This man Jesus claimed that humility was one of the chief virtues of His kingdom, that submission to the will of

others was one test of citizenship and the simplicity of a child its prerequisite. Such a man was clearly an impostor. And what was more Cartaphilus knew one of this man's closest adherents, one Judas, who had been with him these several years and knew him thoroughly, and this man Judas had now shown conclusively that he did not believe that his Master was in the slightest degree worthy by selling Him for thirty pieces of silver. Cartaphilus would not have sold a pair of little Mary's shoes for that simple amount. There was evidently just cause for the treatment which the mob was now bestowing upon the impostor. Cartaphilus was a little sorry now that he himself had not taken part in this trial. He had heard this man say that He would some day come in the power of His Father and with the holy angels and surely this was more than any treason to earthly king—this was the blasphemy against the Most High. He would leave his work now and go with the mob to see this man crucified.

The mob drew nearer. A howl of rage was issuing hoarsely from every throat. "Crucify Him!" they cried. Some of them were brandishing staves and shaking their fists threateningly. And in the van of the mob came their innocent victim dragging on His weak shoulders a heavy cross. Jesus of Nazareth looked anything but the God He claimed to be. His face was pinched and thin from the over strain of the recent trial. Upon His head was a thin ringlet of short but sharp thorns which had been pressed down ruthlessly upon His brow until the blood flowed in thin streams down His furrowed cheeks—furrowed by pain, not age. His lips were dry and parched save where He bit one of them to keep back the almost involuntary cry of pain. A sight to touch the stones that lacerated His feet! But pity was as far from the heart of Cartaphilus as it was from the mob that was dragging their victim to His fearful doom. Cartaphilus stood calmly contemplating the procession. As it neared the door of his shop the prisoner staggered and fell. He looked up imploringly at the shoemaker and begged for water. But the man afraid that he would be jeered by the un pitying mob, thrust Him rudely aside and ordered Him harshly along.

The Master rose to go but stopped at the sight of the shoemaker's little Mary and would have given her a farewell blessing had not the irate father violently pushed Him from the door. Scorn curled the Master's lips—the first that had been upon His face since the day He drove the money-changers from the temple with the scourge of cords. With a strange calm fury He looked at the shoemaker and hissed: "Because thou hast refused to allow a blessing upon this thy child, blessing shall be denied her in the hour of need. Because thou hast denied me rest, unrest shall be thy portion and that which men crave as a blessing shall be thy curse. Live thou till we meet again!"

The shoemaker laughed at this strange curse little reckoning what it meant. Then a shiver of dread passed over him and he was filled with fury. He followed on in the wake of the mob occasionally lending his voice to that of the mob as it clamored for the speedy death of its victim. No one seemed to take notice of him or of any one else for that matter. Presently he caught sight of a face that had a familiar gleam about it. It was the Christ man's former disciple—Judas, who had betrayed Him. He was seeking other faces in the crowd. A group of priests seemed to be the ones he was seeking. Cartaphilus saw him thrust his hand in his wallet, thrust it forward to them, saw them shake their heads in derision, heard Judas mutter something unintelligible, saw him throw a handful of coins upon the ground and then hasten away. As he passed he was heard to mutter: "Woe is me for I have betrayed the innocent blood!" The priest stopped to pick up the coins and moved on to overtake the crowd. They had already reached the top of Golgotha. The cross was quickly prepared and the victim stretched upon it. The crowd then sat idly down to await the inevitable end. But there was no spirit of frivolity about the shoemaker now. He could not forget Judas and that expression of agony. Nor were the scenes upon the cross calculated to ease his conscience. At one time the victim showed kindness to His mother, at another He prayed for his enemies, and still again He showed compassion upon a dying thief. Such kindness at least must have come from the innocent. Judas was evidently right. And to prick the man's conscience even more deeply the dying one called for water. How gladly would the shoemaker now have furnished the water! How he regretted his action of an hour ago. He asked permission of the soldier to give the

drink to this man now and although it was for a different reason that the Master declined the pain-allaying drink, the shoemaker thought that it was because he had offered it. And he shrank away in despair. A rift of thunder shook the air. The earth was trembling. The sky began to darken. Terror seized the spectators. And no one was more panic-stricken nor more filled with remorse than the man who had rudely pushed the Master away from his door. He fled wildly away from the field but not until he had heard the Roman Centurion say: "Surely this was a righteous man."

The way from Golgotha to the city was crowded with panic-stricken men trying to get away from the scene of the crucifixion. The earthquake had struck terror into every soul. Cartaphilus was jostled even in his wild flight by others who were equally as desirous of quitting the scene. One group of the spectators arrested their attention. A man was to be seen suspended by the neck from a near-by tree. One glance at the drawn terror-stricken face and the shoemaker fled even more wildly than before. The dead man was Judas, the faithless apostle. As they neared the city a new terror dawned upon them—fear for the welfare of those whom they had left at home. Here the earthquake seemed to have been even more severe than at Cavalry. The Temple had been shaken down and the veil rent in twain. Several houses were entirely demolished and among these was the house of the shoemaker. And beneath its ruins was the crushed form of his little Mary. The Master's strange curse had come home already. He remembered the power of this man to restore life and tried to pray. But the man was dead and no help was at hand. What would he not have given now for the blessing which was proffered and refused only a few hours since! Completely overwhelmed he would have sought death with Judas but the curse of life was upon him. He must tarry till the dead man came again. What if he never came!

## PART II

The year of our Lord 70! Three score and ten years had passed since the angels had sung their sweet anthems of Peace upon earth, good will towards men to the simple shepherds upon Judean Hills. But the message was far from being realized in the hearts of the world. Confusion was at its height around the Jewish capital. The curse which they had invoked

might be upon them and their childreu was realized. His blood was upon them and that with a vengeance! The fields of pleasant pastures where the sheep were pastured so peacefully were now trampled down by the tread of the mailed foot. The sheep had been confiscated for the use of the Roman army. The sheep-folds were the resting place of the Roman war-horse and desolation filled the land. Famine had set in, and it was only a question of time when the loyal ones must succumb to the army of the Emperor. An aged man is captured by the Roman scouts and taken into custody. It is Cartaphilus. Worn old and weary with the burden of eighty winters he still is energetic. His eyes are filled with the beam of feverishness that denotes the fires of youth within his bones. He has come over many miles of weary wandering to be present at this terrible holocaust. The years have been cruel to the shoemaker. He has traversed every known land but has found no rest. Out among even the heathen he has proclaimed the story of the cross. Over many a cold and desolate region, through many a painful pass, into snow-filled gorges, in almost impenetrable forest, and over the treacherous hills he has gone without harm. Lightnings have played around his pathway throwing their thunder-stones in destructive force, but fate has caused him to go through it all unscathed. Darkness of the night has encompassed him about, but no unseen face dared touch the man accursed of the Gods. Charms and boiling floods have swallowed companions but he still lives. He has been to Rome during the terrible holocaust when Nero burned the Christians and although professing that name himself no one has touched him. Fellow-Christians have been thrown to dogs in sacks of animals skins and have been devoured. Others have been sawn asunder, some have been permitted to fight for life on the arena, while others were wrapped in pitch and burned alive to lighten the city. But fate was more cruel than the heartless Roman, and he escaped. It was while in Rome that he heard of the rebellion that was going on in Jerusalem and the reported coming of Christ. No one will ever know with what joy he hailed that word. Surely He that prayed for the men who crucified Him will now relent and give him peace. One more effort will be made to find death, and he at least will do valiant service in the defense of his country.

The Sabbath dawned clear and bright. The Roman army taking advantage of the Jewish reverence for

that day and their aversion to fighting then had plannued an attack. The resistance was feeble and a few well-directed blows from the battering ram made sufficient breaches in the wall to allow an attack. The Jews were entirely panic-stricken. Only a feeble effort was made at defense. The majority of the Christians had escaped previously to the hills and the few remaining were happy in the expectation of the second coming of the Master. But none were more expectant or eager than the man doomed to eternal existence. Every new noise of battle, every strange confusion brought him hope. But as the day grew to a close and no Master had come, the hopes of Cartaphilus began to wane and he became desperate. He would do something for the old faith and the temple of his fathers. A band of soldiers who were desecrating the temple and sacking the Holy of Holies were surprised at the valor of the strange individual who dared attack them single-handed and who fought as though possessed with the strength of ten men. But no attempts of theirs could harm him. He still fought on, and they shrank from the temple in alarm as if they thought Jehovah were defending the place of worship. Down in the peasant quarters an aged woman was being beaten because she remonstrated with the soldiers for their brutal and beastly attempts against the purity of a granddaughter. She was aided by the furious onslaught of an aged man who fought with demoniacal strength for the sake of his wife and the honor of his granddaughter. But the effort was in vain, for they were killed before his eyes and the shoemaker still remained unscathed. When the day had passed out into darkness and another sun had risen, it was seen that Jerusalem was no more. The Day of the Lord had come with a vengeance but only to the doomed city. Cartaphilus was not yet free!

He that placed the master feeling in our breasts may have failed to make that master feeling clear but that He did all things wisely is evidenced daily in the lives and experiences of men. And nowhere is that more clearly shown than in the length and division of men's lives. We have our lives so planned that to us all who live our allotted years there comes just the changes of human activity that is necessary to develop the soul in all lines and give us a well-ordered view of life, and then we die. Babyhood lies about us with its roseate hues of dawn when heaven

(Continued on Page 138)



## On Christmas Day in the Morning

(A traditional Christmas carol which is very popular. It is found in many different forms in nearly every collection of sheet carols.)

*I SAW three ships come sailing in,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
I saw three ships come sailing in  
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*And who was in those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?  
And who was in those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?*

*Our Saviour Christ and his lady,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
Our Saviour Christ and his lady,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*Pray whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?  
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?*

*O they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
O they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*And all the Angels in heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the Angels in heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*And all the souls on earth shall sing,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the souls on earth shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*Then let us all rejoice amain,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
Then let us all rejoice amain,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

## The Cherry-Tree Carol

*Joseph and Mary walked  
Through a garden gay,  
Where the cherries they grew  
Upon every tree.*

*“O eat your cherries, Mary,  
O eat your cherries now,  
O eat your cherries, Mary,  
That grow upon the bough.”*

*As Joseph was a walking  
He heard an Angel sing:  
“This night shall be born  
Our Heavenly King;*

*“He neither shall be born  
In housen, nor in hall  
Nor in the place of Paradise.  
But in an ox’s stall;*

*“He neither shall be clothed  
In purple nor in pall,  
But all in fair linen,  
As were babies all;*

*“He neither shall be rocked  
In silver nor in gold,  
But in a wooden cradle,  
That rocks on the mould;*

*“He neither shall be christened  
In white wine or red,  
But with fair spring water  
With which we were christened.”*

*Then Mary took her young Son  
And set him on her knee:*

*“I pray thee now, dear child,  
Tell how this world shall be?”*

*“O, I shall be as dead, Mother,  
As the stones in the wall;  
O, the stones in the street, Mother,  
Shall mourn for me all.*

*“And upon a Wednesday  
My vow I will make,  
And upon Good Friday  
My death I will take;*

*“Upon Easter-day, Mother,  
My rising shall be;  
O, the sun and the moon,  
Shall uprise with me.”*

# Exchanges

THE MOST significant thing that impresses us as we read through the columns of the college literary publications is the fact that almost all of the editors claim to be suffering from a dearth of material and are calling upon their student constituents in well written and earnest editorials to betake themselves to more pronounced literary effort. We wonder why this condition exists. Surely there is sufficient talent, yet a goodly part of its seems to have been "born to blush unseen." How much better it would be, certainly for the editors, and we believe for everyone concerned if students would give more time to worth while literary pursuits and less time to the frothy, ephemeral nothings that crowd campus life! Now that the much abused Thanksgiving Day has passed and we are afforded a welcome relief from the outlandish tyranny of football, let us get the hysteria out of our heads and the blood out of our eyes and give the poetry that is in our hearts a chance to find expression.

The opening issue of the *Wake Forest Student* is very pleasing throughout. The three short stories are particularly good. Through the first two there runs a note of sadness, and in very different ways they present striking pictures of life's inequalities. In both *The Last Judgment* and *The Opportunity* the recognition of true worth comes too late to reward those who have been of service to their fellowmen. The stories are true to life and are well written. *Babies and Politics* presents an old theme in an attractive way, and it should be particularly interesting to all college students who have day dreams of future greatness. Mr. Lamb's *American Contribution to World Peace* is not only very well written, but it possesses excellent thought. The oration is worthy of the honor that it brought to Mr. Lamb. *Jerusalem* is an instructive article on a subject of universal interest. *Ethics of Smoking* is an admirable presentation of what we had thought was a rather drab subject. We must confess, however, that some of the "ethics" seem to us rather unethical. The department of *Notes and Clippings* is brief but good, and the two poems in the issue are

well written. *The Battle of Kings Mountain* is among the best that we have read.

We believe that the October *Carolinian* would present a better appearance interally if full pages were devoted to different departments and articles. We find the beginning of an article immediately following the preceding one, no matter on what part of the page the end comes, to be somewhat monotonous and contributory to an unorganized appearance. We also wonder how appropriate the cover design is for a literary magazine. *Her Decision* and *The Emancipation of May Yin* are both good stories. *Cupid's Snare* is, we believe, a bit too light, although we cannot bring the charge that it is not true to life. *Torish Moonshine* lacks point; it seems not to arrive anywhere. *Co-operation* is an ably written article on co-operative marketing, and we hope that it will be read widely. *Spanish Moss* is decidedly tragic; Mr. Freeman is to be congratulated on this effort to reveal conditions that should not be. The pen pictures in *What the Moon Saw* are very striking and are handled with an artistic touch. We should like to see a department of clean humor in the magazine.

The *Tattler* is one of the most pleasing magazines that we have read. We wish that the editor had had some sort of Aladdin's lamp to procure more material of the same type, for the issue is a bit too brief. We read it through in a short while and then regretted that we could go no further. *The Microcosm* is an interesting departure. We wish success for the department, and its beginning augurs well. We like very much the tribute of V. G. B. to her "parsou-daddy," and we must admit to E. D. O. that her *Madness* had cold chills playing up and down our spine in a way that would have done credit to Poe. We should like for Miss Van Ness to give us a sequel to her *Symphonic Pathetique* in order that we may know how Max and Bertha fared; we hated to leave Max in the vortex. *The Passion Flower* is a beautifully writteu allegory and its philosophy is good. We believe that Miss Smith marred the gem somewhat by particularizing as to

the alluring vices. The general statement would have carried the full meaning in a wholly unoffensive way. Miss Osborne in her *Miscellany* shows a delightful appreciation of nature. Her prose has the pitch and beauty of lyric poetry. The two poems, *Autumn Moon* and *The Wind*, are both well written.

The November issue of *The Aurora* has an abundance of good poetry, rather more than usual, but all good. A *Legend* presents an interesting story in

*The Agnes Scott Aurora* the metre of *Hiawatha*, and the work is excellently done. *An Efficiency Basis* is a very interesting short story, but we hope that the young ladies of Agnes Scott will not take too seriously what it teaches about the faithlessness of the masculine tribe. Miss Evans in *England's Poet-Sons and England* pictures in a very admirable way the love for England of several of her modern poets. The article might well have been longer. In common with Miss Greene we must all have a laugh at *Sir Thomas* as the hero of that playlet struts about resplendent in his new found glory. *Passing Fancy* is an interesting story of a young girl who is just entering the romantic age. We leave it with a hearty laugh at the vanity of passing fancies. *The Orange Dress* is a pathetic account of the overmastering passion of a simple minded poor child. It concludes with a delicate touch of setting and leaves us hoping that the future may hold more brightness for the little heroine. The department of *Salmagundi* contains some interesting articles that are both entertaining and on a high plane. The whole department is good.

*The College Message* for November opens with some striking editorial matter. *How Do You Look Upon Life?* and *Ruts* both contain very wholesome suggestions. The morality play, *A Wise Decision*, is rather short, but the theme is handled well, and it contains some delightful poetic touches. *Brotherly Love* is one of the best short stories that we have read. The suspense is developed admirably toward an excellent denouement. *A Hundred Dollars* is very well written and is interesting, but it contains, perhaps, too much of the improbable. The historical sketch about Greensboro College is an excellent piece of work. We think that it would be

a wholesome thing for all college students to know more of the history and tradition of their individual colleges. We are glad to see a music department in the magazine. The material in this issue is handled with a seriousness and an ability that speaks well for the music department of the college. The departments of news and humor are filled with good, readable material. Among the several admirable pieces of poetry we think that *The Highway of Life* and *The Petition of Youth* deserve particular commendation.

One of the most striking features of the November issue of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is the entertaining department, *College and Campus*, which is brimful of good, wholesome humor. We all like fun, and he is indeed a poor sort of collegian who cannot appreciate a good joke, but all too frequently we let offensive suggestions and risqué references creep into our humor. Now comes the *Magazine* with six pages of good fun without a single offensive touch, and we desire to offer our hearty commendation. We have long insisted that it could be done in a college magazine, and here is proof of the fact. *Aaron Whitfield Gets a New Church and a Wife* is a good story, but we hope that all ministerial students are not so susceptible to outside influences as was this Aaron. *Duelling in the South Before the War* is a very instructive and excellently written essay. Mr. Garlick shows that he has put considerable study into this work, and the result is altogether pleasing. *My Jimmy* seems to lack interest somewhat at the conclusion. *By-Paths of Hampden-Sidney* contains several sketches with a type of local color and human interest that is always appreciated on the local campus. *Where Are the Cops?* is an excellent type of humorous short story. The poetry scattered throughout the magazine is good.

We close our comments for the year 1923 with the wish that old Santa will be as good to all of our exchanges as we hope he will be to us. May the holidays be a season of pleasure to all of us, and may we return in January to take up the work with renewed interest and greater determination to offer to our readers a type of literature that is really worth while.

# Wayside Wares

*This being the Christmas number, the Wayside Wares editor should be filled with peace and cranberry sauce. He might feel inclined to cuss, too, since so few contributors are contributing, but—well, the Christmas spirit, y' know, etc. —Wrong again, Rollo! I sud spirit, not spirits. Just filled with them—that is, it.*

Suggestion for Christmas card, to accompany a gift, (if we really told the truth):

"Here is something I don't want, in exchange for something you don't want."

Christmas comes but once per year, and the poor, struggling bootlegger is able to pay off the mortgage on the old home, but a new doll for little Sadie, a pair of skates for little Willie, a Rolls-Royce for mother, and a million shares of stock for grandpa. Verily, we pity the poor bootlegger.

## Not in South Carolina

Old negro approaching window of ticket office: "I wan' a ticket fur Florençe."

Agent after a long search through guide book: "I can't find Florence. Where is it?"

Old negro pointing: "Thar she sets over thar. She's going to Hillsboro to spend Christmas."

## Heard in Kronheimer's

Half awake Christmas shopper (a boy): "You got any two-time ribbon in here?"

## The Modern Carols

**B**RIGHT and early Christmas morn,—  
Snow on chimney, roof, and dome—  
Noses red, but not from cold,  
See the home-brew carols come:

They serenade the parson's house,  
They shout, and ring the old town bell,  
The parson says, "The dreadful fuss!"  
The mayor says, "Now, what the h—!"

Does he invite the carols in,  
To take a "nip," and share the fun?  
I'll say he doesn't,—and what's more,  
The cop'll have 'em on the run.

## The Future

Fond Father: My boy, what do you expect to be when you get out of college?

Truthful Son: An old man, father.

—Banter.

Frances Bacon: Reading maketh a full man.

Penny Ante Pete: Stacking maketh a full house.

## Well, Do Tell!

Ben Turpin says: "I'll tell th' cock-eyed world!"  
—Well, he ought to be qualified to tell it, if anybody can.

## Christmas Eve in Eden

**W**HEN ADAM roamed in Eden's dells  
Six thousand years ago,  
They didn't have no Christmas bells  
A'ringing through the snow.

They didn't have no Christmas Eve,  
Tho' Eve was there you know.  
No Christmas gifts did they receive  
Back there, so long ago.

When Eve would want a new fig dress  
When Adam went to town,  
He couldn't say, "Oh, Eve, just rest  
Till Christmas comes around."

To Cain there came no dreams of joys,  
When he was just a kid,  
No Santa Claus with all his toys  
His mind of gall would rid.

And when the Great Judge draws his eard,  
This prayer may Angels pray,  
"Dear Lord, don't judge a man too hard  
Who had no Christmas day."

—A. B. G.



## *What Shall I Bring the Boys and Girls*

By SANTA CLAUS

### I WILL BRING—

“Sleepy” Paine a nice new set of English II books.  
Leaky Peguese a diploma.  
And one for “Doc,” too. Looks like his only chance.  
Mr. Breedlove, and all his jolly librarians each a megaphone.

The students a vietrola for the library.  
“Sailor” Jim Sloan a pair of pants, thirty-six inches wide at the bottoms.

Slippery Jim Oliver some Olive Oil.  
The members of the freshman, sophomore and junior classes all walking canes. Then the seniors won't be the only fools on the campus.

The A. D. Pi's a set of rushing rules.  
The K. D.'s a set of rushing rules.  
The Z. T. A.'s a set of rushing rules.  
Furman Bridgers a set of rules of etiquette.  
Scab a Finchley overcoat.

The Campus Dawg a muzzel.  
Songbird Babbington a Maxim silencer.  
Lucy Glasson a new Mink furpiece.  
The Dramatic Club a copy of the book by the Carolina Playfakers on “How to Act—At All Times.”

The sophomore class a cut-glass paddle for ornamental purposes.—It's a cinch they won't get a chance to use it.  
Tom Parker a hat.

A bottle of “Lasheen” for John Stamey's new mustache.

A new post office for Trinity.  
Shorty Love, librarian, a new dictionary of words and phrases.

Dean Wannamaker a stop-watch for use in chapel.  
A package of seed for The Sower.  
A lid for Eve English's “wildeat.”

A pair of garters for Bunn.  
Some water for the pool, that freshmen may occasionally bathe.

Tubby Boyd a new pipe.  
A pair of “Pointex” for Marie (52 in.).  
A Gillette (with 2,000 blades) for Dr. Baum.

Jim Cannon a Smith Motor Wheel attachment for his baby carriage.  
A butler's livery for the Sigma Chi's bell-hop.

A gross of ten-ounce bottles of “Bed-bug Exterminator” for the Inn.  
A new whistle for “Boss” Hill.

# The Shack Lord

(One Act Play)

## CHARACTERS:

*Sam Newark, Jacob's Ladder, Dim Secret, Mandy and Sophie (maids).*

SCENE—The Shack. TIME—7:45 P. M.

Door opens. Young lady in the room to the right and old one to the left. Two black figures are seated to the left in the corridor.

## SCENE ONE

*Enter Newark and Ladder*

NEWARK: How now my Jacobs, there's no one yet heard of our coming?

LADDER: O uncouth Newark, no one seems to await our coming save these two dark maidens who sit with paper in hand waiting to date up the girls with us.

NEWARK (to maid): Mandy, inform the girls of our presence.

LADDER: Accompany her dark Sophie, to withhold the rush of the delighted maidens.

## SCENE TWO

*Reception room. Newark seated on one side, Ladder on the other. Enter Mandy.*

MANDY: Ah! ha! dear Sam, there seems as if some Shiek is in our midst. The girls prefer to stay up, awaiting the arrival of The Lord Most High who makes his appearance ere the clock strikes eight. (Newark and Ladder gaze upon each other dazed, while Sophie and Mandy resume their former position. All is quiet—the two regulars somewhat outdone over the outcome of their visit).

## SCENE THREE

*Same as Scene One*

Bell rings thrice—in steps a speetaeled youth somewhat slue-footed but possessing the dignity of an all-powerful editor and ruler. Hangs coat and eane on Mandy's arm and moves toward the Salon which he finds locked.

SECRET: Curses! Such a one as I should receive a more cordial welcome, being as I am editor of the college weekly.

(Out walks two old women, one brunette by choice, the other blonde by force—one from the left end of the hall, the other from the right—speaking simultaneously:

Curses be upon us from the renowned Phew. Ye Olde Editor has now entered and lo, has been treated as an ordinary man.

BLONDE: Arise Sophie and make known to the girls the appearance of the Lord High Ruler.

## SCENE FOUR

*Reception Room*

Sophie goes up and announces that His Excellency has arrived, while Secret calmly seats himself upon his dignity which still leaves room for himself and another. Cow-eds are seen rushing out on every side.

IN CHORUS: Forsooth, we are not disappointed. He is deign to come amongst us.

FIRST COW-ED: My kingdom for a glance.

SECOND COW-ED: O that he would glance this way.

THIRD COW-ED: They are also served who only stand and wait.

FOURTH COW-ED: That I should but see him is enough.

FIFTH COW-ED: Secret is for us; who could be against us!

SECRET (arising from his dignity which rises with him and increasing in favor with himself and the girls): In vain you have not waited, O Maidens. Yours is a happy lot.

A mad scramble ensues but they heed not, for to the victor goes the spoils.

FIRST COW-ED: He smiled at me.

SECOND COW-ED: He did not, it was at me. (Much flying of hair; whereupon the curling irons became hot and there was scorching and singeing).

Borne aloft, seated complacently on a pair of sharp shoulders, Secret's dignity almost forsakes him but he composes himself, for such a tribute is nothing more than fitting.

SECRET: The land of hear's desire. (He is then carried off into the wilds and jungles of Southgate, followed by Mandy and Sophie, who pick up those

who are trodden under foot but who feel as if the sacrifice was not in vain.)

SECRET: This day my joy is complete. My cup runneth over. Surely Cow-eds and other hosts of admirers shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall live in reckless abandon forever.

(Quiet and darkness now reigns supreme within Southgate's bounds. The Cow-eds have fought the fight and victory is theirs.)

(Exeunt Newark and Ladder.)



### Rotten Somewhere

Talking of Christmas and spirits, a member of the ARCHIVE staff tells this story on Deuteronomy Johnson, the rustic lad from Burgaw who has won fame at Trinkity with his guitar and racket.

Deuteronomy was a guest at the home of the ARCHIVE staff-member, and was the guest of honor at a social. As the hours passed, the hostess, thinking to make the party a little more spicy, stirred up a bowl of punch, and added a drop or two of wine. Deuteronomy's friend knew well enough that it was strictly against the scruples of the "Burgawite" to touch anything stronger than lemon soda, but before he could tell him the ingredients of the punch, "Deut" had taken a third cup. Nothing was said, however, until Deuteronomy and his friend had gone to bed.

Half asleep the host said, "'Deut,' how did you like the punch?"

"Pretty good," he replied, "but you know, I believe there was a rotten orange in it."



### Merry Xmas

Jolly is a good word. It brings remembrance of the old poem, "The Night Before Christmas," and of good old St. Nick whose "round little belly shook when he walked like a bowl full of jelly."

There is nothing wrong with the word "Xmas." It is not sacrilegious as many would have one believe. Xmas is a good word.

But!!

If anyone says, "Jolly Xmas" instead of "Merry Christmas" crown him once on general principles!

—A. B. G.



Barney: Do you know any deaf and dumb people?  
Google: No, but I know a girl that would be if she wasn't deaf.

### Lady Bess

(A yarn that was told at the dog-show)

A beauty, sir?—yes, you have said it!  
And as handsome a worker as bencher—  
Pure strain of blue-blooded Lewellyn.  
With the registry papers to prove it.

A finer was never shot over,  
A dashing and dauntless bird-finder,—  
So clever and flashy and speedy,  
Yet a careful and gentle retriever.

A gun-dog of the first water,  
And a hunter in any old weather;  
Wide-ranging and speedy as lightning,  
And staunch on the point as a statue!

Last Fall I was out with "Doc" Rankin  
(A man who is fair with a twenty)  
The weather was chilly and nasty,  
Ere night it was snowing and sleeting.

Toward evening I missed Lady Bessie,  
I whistled the setter—but vainly;  
The doctor, sir, he too was missing,  
And night coming, sir, and snow falling.

I searched, but at last sought the farm-house,  
For shelter and cheer from the weather;  
Next morning I went out on horse-back  
Through the snow-fall to look for my setter.

At ten in the morning I found her  
Half-covered with snow—*yet still pointing*,  
Half-frozen, half-dead from the weather,  
With the covey still roosting before her!

I carried her home in a blanket,  
And warmed her and dosed her with brandy:  
Inside of a month she was romping  
And happy and healthy as ever.

The doctor, sir?—ah! yes they found *him*,  
He was frozen to death in a gully,  
Near-buried in snow in a thicket,  
*And not half a mile from the farm-house!*

You see, he'd no "bump of location,"  
You could never have made him a woodsman:  
He'd get lost, when alone, in a wood-lot,  
And walk in a circle forever.

But Lady Bess.—ah! *she* is clever,  
Her pedigree's long as a dachshund;  
Ha! you needn't to make me an offer,  
For money won't buy Lady Bessie.

—Jock McC.



# The Campus Dawg

Scab says he wonders just how old Ye Olde Editor of the Chronic-ill Campus Chatter column is. We've seen a lot of seniors with canes, and a few with abbreviated mustaches, but no beards, yet.

The Campus Canine hasn't heard any of the fellows who live in Alspangh kicking about the high rent there, but he has heard them raising cain about the hot water they don't get, the cold water that doesn't run but about half the time, and the annoyance caused by the water—hot, cold, or lukewarm—which has so much sediment in it that one has to take a shower, after taking a bath, to get clean. It is so doggone funny to see a bird who has a date and is already late, soap up and then find the water isn't running. But such a situation is conducive of an increased vocabulary, and it is then that a student is thankful that he took French or German, so that he can have a little range in which to express his feelings.

Who was it, up at the Trinity-Davidson game who said, when it started to rain: "Well, I'll be damped!"?

When the seniors graduate next year, many a father will tell you that he is glad he is through working his son's way through college.

It seems the editor had a mighty hard time getting out his magazine this month owing to the fact that one of the contributing editors was campused.

'Pon my word! There's nothing like being campused, is there V. G. ?

Another thing we've noticed, too. There's some lights in the library. Gad! didn't that editorial bring quick results? We'll say it bore fruit,—that is, bulbs.

## Bundled

"I saw Jack had something in the paper yesterday."

"I never noticed it. What was it?"

"A pair of pants for the tailor."

—*Sour Owl.*

"Whatcha runnin' for, Bill? In a hurry?"

"No, just trying to get there before I get tired."

—*Cougar's Paw.*

Bolshi: "Wanna go on a sleighing party?"

Viki: "Who are you going to slay?"

—*Medley.*

## A Fool Question

By "Hambone"

As I wuz passin' de county jail

Las' Chris'mus when Ah wuz in town,  
I'v uh sudden Ah heered sombuddy hail,

An' Ah stopped mah mule an' looked aroun' ;

A-settin' dar behin' de bars,

As fat an' sassy as yo' pleas',  
Wuz dat air no-count nigger, Marz,  
Shiny black, an' slick as greas'.

"Whut time am it?" he axed me slow,

—Ole Marz is in fo' nigh uh y'ur—  
Ah say: "How come yo' craves t' know?"

Yo' sho' ain' gwine no-whur!"





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I ever smoked—  
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If a girl falls in love, that's her business.  
If they get married, that's the preacher's business.  
If they go to housekeeping, that's OUR BUSINESS!  
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Picture Frames Made to Order  
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Engraved Stationery & Cards  
Christmas Package Dressings

## Durham Book & Stationery Company

112 W. Main Street

*The Wandering Jew*

(Continued from Page 124)

throws its love-gleams in our secret souls. Childhood brings us glimpses of fairy land, and we in play live lives of preparation for the real struggles. Youth furnishes us with noble aspirations, sanguine hopes, brilliant dreams and love. Manhood allows us to delve in the deeper realms of life, brings us the happiness of the home, and we have an opportunity to acquit ourselves like men. Old age brings us the softening influence of dreams that come in the slumber prior to the journey—and then come night. All phases of human activity have been allotted to us. All sorrows and joys have been ours. A thousand added years would merely be a repetition in kind of the experiences which we have undergone, and man would be miserable. When he has drunk life to the lees, it is best that he should say "Good-night."

Such was the fate of Cartaphilus. Nearly a hundred winters had passed, and he still was alive. Friends that he had known and loved were but voices of the past. His nation had gone out into ignominious defeat and was almost annihilated. The God of his Fathers was no longer respected. Earthly hopes had vanished. The few Christian friends who had been kind to him were now creatures of the earth. They were looking to a time when they should be liberated from the fetters of flesh and allowed to go to the Great Beyond. The belief in the second coming of Christ had changed, and now the desire was to depart and be with Him. The shoemaker, too, wished to go and be with Him, but however he might wish to go to the paradise of God, he was denied. His life was the life here. No attempt of his could change it. And so he wandered through the ages. He walked through the valley of the shadow where death spread its net about the myriads, but no meshes could entangle him. He passed through all phases of danger but remained unscathed. He undertook long pilgrimages. The desert storm swept down upon him in all its fury burying others beneath its scorching blast, but no death came to him. Hills of sand piled along his way entombing the caravan. The wild bore no fruit, and hunger came, but death had forsaken famine. He sought the plague infested districts where thousands of human beings perished unaided and alone. Reeking ghastly forms of decaying bodies met at his every glance. Death stalked abroad in the land and scattered its poisonous fumes and took its human toll,

but he walked on like an angel of mercy finding relief. At times a pitiful little baby tugging at a dead mother's breast would touch his heart, and he would stoop to help it only to be stricken with remorse for failing to let the Master bless his long-lost babe. An occasional dominie would bring the crucifix to shrive the dying and would add fresh fuel to the already burning hell within his breast. Finally he could endure it no longer, and standing at the brink of an awful chasm he hurls himself into its depths only to find that the angels of mercy have turned the instruments of fate, and death is again denied him.

Thus the years come and go. And one day as Cartaphilus is pondering over his sad and curious fate the great thought came home to him that all the service he had done has been selfish service. He has merely tried to forget his own pain. And with a heart full of shame and regret he takes up the burdens of life no longer fretting because of his fate but willing to endure that he may be of service. And in the discovery of his better self he finds a new joy. Each season now as the birth of Christ comes, he goes about giving wonderful gifts as tokens of Christmas cheer and expressions of good will. In some countries he is known as Santa Claus, in some they call him Kris Kringle, while in others he is known as St. Nicholas. And as each holiday season returns, he makes glad the hearts of thousands who are reminded of the great gift that God made when He sent his only son. And with his coming Cartaphilus brings youth again. It is now no longer a burden to him to live, for life means service. He thus found Christ in the walks of love. And each year as the Christmas bells ring old men are blessed with the return of youth. Hearts of all ages are turned to joy—notes and lives are made happier. And thus Cartaphilus found the rest for his soul.

So runs the old legend, false in detail but true in spirit. It is the story of those souls of earth who try to find life and its meaning and never find it until they forget self. The mythologies of the past are full of the legends of men who are either favored or accursed and pass the limit of years allotted to humanity. Some are ever renewing their strength at the fountain of perpetual youth; others having displeased God must suffer the weight of His displeasure without the repose of death. Is the message not true to life? Is it not true that only they find satisfaction who work for the pleasure they may bring to others?

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WEDNESDAYS

and

FRIDAYS

Continuous 11 to 11

Aye is it not a true picture of eternity? Will not thousands of souls like the Wandering Jew wander over the pitfalls and snares, over burning slag and fiery lake without being able to taste death? Will not the time go slowly by and the frantic soul ever strive for destruction and ever be thwarted by the fate that bids all live? And will not eternity be sweet only to those souls that come to the true vision of life and serve others? Let us take this as our Christmas lesson that we shall serve and by thus serving help to fill the ideal of Him whose day we commemorate.



## God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

(This carol is commonly spoken of as *the* Christmas carol, and it is almost universally known. As one would expect of a carol which is so often printed and sung in so many different parts of the country, there are many variations in the different copies of the piece, but the version here seems to be the most genuine, for it is the one most generally received.)

**G**OD REST you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ, our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas day;  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry  
This blessed babe was born,  
And laid within a manger  
Upon this blessed morn;  
The which His mother Mary  
Did nothing take in scorn.  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God, our Heavenly Father,  
A blessed Angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds,  
Brought tidings of the same;  
That there was born in Bethlehem  
The Son of God by name.  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

"Fear not," then said the Angel,  
"Let nothing you affright,  
"For three is born in Bethlehem  
"Of a pure Virgin bright,  
"One able to advance you,  
"And throw down Satan quite."  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds, at those tidings,  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm, and wind,  
And straightway went to Bethlehem  
The Son of God to find.  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

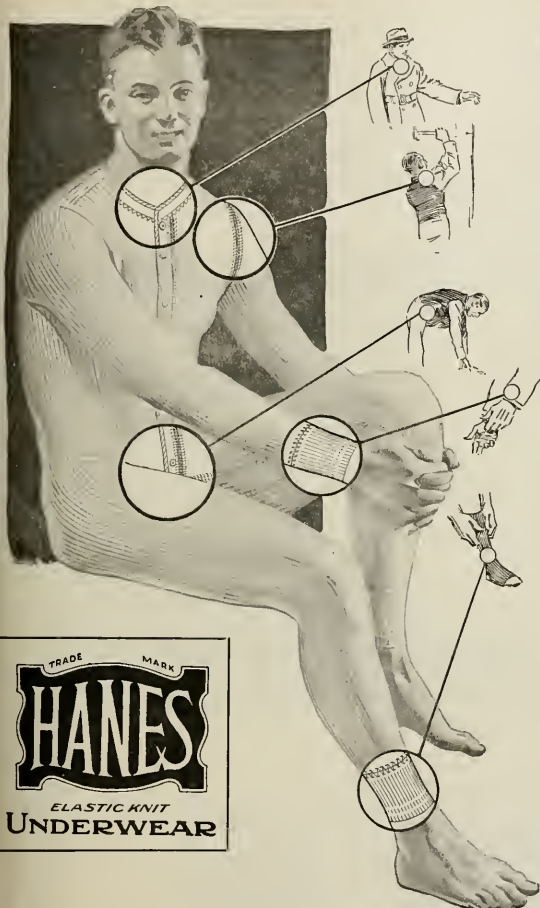
But when they came to Bethlehem,  
Where as this infant lay,  
They found Him in a manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay,  
His mother Mary kneeling down,  
Unto the Lord did pray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

With sudden joy and gladness  
The shepherds were beguiled,  
To see a Babe of Israel,  
Before His mother mild.  
O then with joy and cheerfulness  
Rejoice, each mother's child.  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace,  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface.  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

God bless the ruler of this house  
And send him long to reign,  
And many a merry Christmas  
May he live to see again  
Among his friend and kindred  
That live both far and near;  
And God send you a happy New Year.





1

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A MONTHLY PUBLICATION PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C.

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Number 4

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The ARCHIVE is published on the fifteenth of each month, October to May inclusive, by the senior class at Trinity College. It is the purpose of the editorial and managerial staffs to make the magazine one of the best in the South, to give expression to the thoughts of the students, and to



stimulate literary interest among them. Contributions from Trinity students, alumni, and faculty are solicited. It is urged that all manuscript be typewritten and in the hands of the editors not later than the twentieth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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# Editorial

## Notice

The January number of the ARCHIVE is issued by Chi Delta Phi, a literary sorority at Trinity College. With the exception of the Exchange Department the entire issue was in charge of the members of this sorority. They have collected the manuscript, read the proof, and have done the regular work of the editors.—Editor.



## A Chi Delta Phi Issue

CHI DELTA PHI through the medium of this January issue of the ARCHIVE extends to every reader best wishes for a happy New Year. Just here Chi Delta Phi wishes also to pay a tribute to its former president, Miss Bessie Tesh, who on account of ill health is unable to attend college this year. Each member wishes that for her the New Year will hold every thing that is good.

The members of Chi Delta Phi should like also to attempt to give the students of Trinity an idea of its purposes and ideals—in short, its reason for being. It was organized as a honorary sorority for those women who have done creative work in literature. Its purposes are to form bodies of representative women who shall by their influence and their literary interest uphold the highest ideals of a liberal education; to provide a means whereby congenial groups of women of a literary inclination may meet for the purposes of informal study and entertainment; to furnish the highest reward for conscientious effort in furthering the best interests of literature in the broadest sense, by election to membership in the sorority, based upon such meritorius work.

Although this is our first attempt, Chi Delta Phi in this issue of the ARCHIVE has striven to publish a magazine which will serve in a small way as a mirror for our ideals and purposes.

## Chapel

IF WE HAVE outgrown the Siwash stage why do we have to be told that chapel services are profitable to every student? Why do we not find out for

ourselves by attending these services daily? Many of us regard the chapel exercises as a time when we must "endure" religion. Rather a small number of students regard them as what they are, a rare opportunity to get in touch with the better influence in college life. The multitudinous worries and bothers of every day school life should be put away for a short period of worship. This should be a time for introspection.

We, as students of Trinity College, have many privileges which other students do not have, for it is indeed a privilege to hear men of the calibre of Dr. S. D. Gordon, Dr. Ashley Chappell, and others who have talked at chapel.

Perhaps you are only indifferent, and activity on your part would bring about your coöperation. Then why not help sing? If there is any one thing that mars a religious service it is a lack of whole-hearted singing. If you have had no voice culture and think you cannot sing, make a "joyful noise."

We believe that chapel services are going to be attended by the entire student body and that each student is going to do his part toward making these services contribute to the better life of the school. But we want Trinity College students to attend them because they want to, not from any feeling of duty. And we are confident that any feeling of duty will be lost in the delight and pleasure of worship and of listening to those who from time to time bring messages to us.



## Trinity Spirit

WE HEAR MUCH about Trinity Spirit. One often wonders what it really is. Is it the howl of the mob at the pep meeting? Is it the urge of the team on the athletic field? Is it the passion for literary honors? Is it the determination to down opponents at any cost? Is it the will to exceed in or to pass one's school work by fair or by foul means? Well may one wonder.

No thief is tolerated among Trinity students. That is a strong statement; the reader may see nothing but triteness in it. Do Trinity students allow an intellectual thief to undermine, blast, and steal the very

heart of Trinity College? Trinity has the Honor System, but an honor system cannot be honorable until it comes to mean an integral part of the personal life of every student. The Honor System is not an intangible, non-recognizable, far away ideal. It is a living thing. It is responsible for the character of the College—a character made up of the sum total of the characters of all the individuals connected with the College.

Do we have the *Trinity Spirit*? We do if we have that patriotic feeling that makes us cheer our teams, that makes us swell with pride at our literary achievements, and that makes us burn with anger at the *crimes of an intellectual thief*. Does the character of Trinity students add an unstained and straight-forward attribute to the great character of Trinity College? Our living expressions of the *Great Trinity Spirit* will answer this question.



### First Things First

“THE COLLEGE student of today is in too many activities.” This is what a member of our own Trinity Faculty said the other day, and how thoroughly we agree with this statement. He was only re-uttering a statement that has been made time after time by those who are in intimate touch with school life and yet far enough removed to see the deficiencies of college life. But the condition grows worse rather than improves.

Admitting that the colleges of the country are founded on the basic principle that study is the all important feature of college life, we sometimes wonder how the college can accomplish its fundamental purpose. Its students are so wrapped up in outside activities that college becomes, often, merely a means to an end—the road by which the outside activity can be carried on.

By the lure of outside activities collegiate work becomes second place, and the social life, the extra-curriculum activities assume first rank in the attention of the student.

There are students at Trinity so engrossed in carrying on the outside work that they have no time for other duties. No student can handle two important college jobs and do justice to both. Neither has any

student a right to hold two important jobs on the college campus, and yet this situation exists to an unthought of extent. As a result, the equally fit, but less fortunate are forced from the opportunity to serve their college.

Of course there is the argument that a student in college should erect a broad foundation upon which he may build along some specialized line when he takes up graduate work, and it is a good argument. But all of us are not going to take up graduate work. In fact very few of us are. And a “Jack-of-all-trades” does not have a very easy time out in the world.

The average student is apt to lack mental perspective. He is apt to disregard the fact that the primary object of a student should be high class standing. He should learn to distribute rightly his energies. For this, his conscience is not enough. He must have an appreciation of relative values. He must be able to put first things first, and not try to distribute his energies too widely.



### “The Naked Truth”

FACT AND GOSSIP are two enemies; by all standards of right thinking Fact should be the stronger. Yet in a college community, Gossip dominates to such an extent that Fact often is so overcome and bespattered that it almost becomes unrecognizable.

It is strange, too, how Gossip disguises itself. It often deceives the wisest. Sometimes it takes a Fairy-like Form—the contortion of idle brains—often it takes the enviable Form of a Devout Reformer, and still more often it parades itself as a rare, artistic Form—self-styled *The Naked Truth*.

This year the women of Trinity have discovered the reign of Gossip in all its guises. It is deplorable that certain supposed representatives of the community opinion of Trinity cannot distinguish the simple Truth from the wicked imagination of busy Gossip. Supreme in their knowledge of and confidence in Fact, Trinity women have not been lured by the beauty of Gossip—not even by the exquisite Form of *Naked Truth*. They merely ask that the admirers of Gossip at least recognize the existence of Fact before they broadcast the choice witticisms of the imps of Gossip.



# The History of Chi Delta Phi

ESTHER EVANS

THE CHI DELTA Phi Sorority, which was founded at the University of Tennessee, is the beginning of a national literary organization for women similar to that of the men's fraternity, Sigma Upsilon. It is the outgrowth of an older club at the university, the "Ceilidh," the name and purposes, in fact, having been changed. This club was organized in 1913, the change in form taking place in 1919. The honorary features, however, were retained and strengthened, and the movement became nationalized. There are now seven chapters of the sorority. It is interesting to note that Chi Delta Phi is the only organization of its type in existence.

Zeta Chapter of Chi Delta Phi was installed at Trinity College, on May 18, 1922, the charter having been granted to the Danyeh Club, a literary club which had been formed with the purpose of creating interest in original literary work among the women students. Flora Meredith with the assistance of Sophia Ryman was instrumental in the organization

of this club. The other charter members included Blanche Barringer, Helen Cantrell, Rosamond Clark, Lota Leigh Draughan, Herminia Haynes, Aura Holton, Nancy Maxwell, Elizabeth Walker, and Elodia Yancey. Miss Fronde Kennedy, dean of women, was unanimously elected an honorary member. During the fall of 1922 invitations to membership were extended to Nora Chaffin, Margaret Frank, and Esther Evans; in the spring of 1923, Elva Christenbury, Ethel Merritt, and Bessie Tesh were invited to join the sorority. Frances Ledbetter and Nancy Kirkman were asked to become members in November, 1923. These girls form the total active membership of Zeta Chapter.

Members of Chi Delta Phi: Frances Ledbetter, Nancy Kirkman, Esther Evans, Elva Christenbury, Nora Chaffin, Margaret Frank, Ethel Merritt.

Alumni contributors to this number: Mrs. Zebulon Vance, Miss Aura Holton, Mrs. Nancy Maxwell Green.

## My Sanctuary

ELVA CHRISTENBURY

THE SCENE of the campus, embellished with its garment of tinted foliage; the autumned air with its crispness and elixir; the quietness of the twilight hour—all these may add an element of beauty to my reverie, but they serve only as outside, material things.

If you could but step inside—not inside my room, but inside my little sanctuary, you would soon realize that what enhances my aspirations and ideals is not a matter of surroundings, nor of atmospheric conditions or time of day, but of the sanctuary itself.

For a long time it has stood there—this sanctuary of mine, so magnificent, so full of grandeur. Frequently I enter it but sometimes I fail to enter often enough. When this happens I fail to live up to the best that I know. I am repentant, but a blurred vision comes as an inevitable consequence, and upon entering again, a hazy mist surrounds me and I see only dimly the former beauty of my sanctuary. With

frequent visits the veil is lifted and I again enter with a clearness of vision and a renewal of spirit.

A magnificent edifice is my sanctuary, and the interior is elaborately furnished. Above it is a canopy of blue holding steadfast every truth of my life's experience. Surrounded by this canopy is an object which shines as does a star in the heavens of the material world. This object is a star whose chief constituent is Hope. However dark the night of the actual world, I enter and find light in abundance shining from this Hope star in the canopy of my sanctuary.

The floor is inlaid with tiles of costly stone. This is the constancy and staunchness of character that I strive to attain.

As objects of adornment there are castles and palaces more beautiful than ever earthly kings inhabited. Each castle is a Dream. One is of gold and stands out as sovereign over all the other castles. That is my Golden Dream. I often gaze upon this one for

long periods of time because it stands out as the most beautiful of all my dreams, one which can be talked of in no other place than in my sanctuary, and even there it is only whispered. Each palace is a vision pointing to a Life of Service, a Home of Perfection, and a World of Consecration.

All alone in another corner stands a chest beautifully carved from rare spice-wood. The chest is filled with Memories that add to the past a savory condiment. This is one of my cherished possessions, and almost every day I enter and fold into it another memory. It requires skill to do this, for each memory must be folded so it will not be marred and will add its full share of zest to the sanctuary.

Quite unlike the other castles and larger than the palaces of vision, but near them stands a cluster of citadels. In some strange, unexplainable way each citadel is related to a certain group of tiles which compose the sanctuary floor and a mysterious force goes out from them to hold together all the tiles that go in to make up the constancy and staunchness of this floor—my character. Every citadel is bedecked with jewels which characterize and distinguish it from all others. Each one stands out individually, because each citadel is a Friend I've found. Quite often I enter the sanctuary just to muse on one of these citadels. Sometimes I am seated upon the Memory Chest and gaze upon all of them together. It is then that they seem to blend into one outstanding structure. This is Friendship. With every year it grows larger, stronger, and more beautiful.

The last is not a chest, nor a castle. Neither is it a

cluster of citadels, altho' it was thro' this cluster that I came to see the unequalled loveliness of the last of these objects that adorns the interior of my sanctuary. I do not know what it is. It resembles a lighthouse and I call it that. Into every shaded spot of the sanctuary its beams have carried light. More brilliant than the Hope Star, more glorions than the Golden Dream Castle, and as sacred as the sanctuary itself stands this lighthouse. Its illuminating power is so great and serves in such a different capacity from any other illuminant that it cannot be described in terms of light of the material world. Its rays act as a purifier so that upon entering the sanctuary no obscenity, doubt, fear, selfishness, or any other undesirable element is admitted; they serve as a pacifier to appease the waves of worldliness which try to dash themselves into my life boat, and they serve as a beacon to guide me on to the very crest of the ideal of true womanhood. Of all the places in my sanctuary, truly this is my Shrine.

I would not fail to enter daily if only this one structure adorned this sacred place. I would not fail to kneel reverently and humbly before its altar with an offering of the purest, truest, and fullest life that I can offer. No, I would not fail, because this Shrine is my Mother—and God.

No other place could be the refuge that this sanctuary has been. When I need truth it is revealed to me there. When I need encouragement the Hope Star supplies it. When my character lacks strength I find it in my Sanctuary. It is indeed a hallowed place and I will not fail to enter. It is my Holy of Holies—my Sanctuary.



## *Ain't It Awful*

NANCY KIRKMAN

SAY, READERS, ain't it awful—  
Exactly like the boys  
To give us all the work to do  
And spoil our Xmas joys?

Of course we fully understand,  
(We're sympathetic quite)  
That their desire is honest,  
To start the New Year right

By having the best ARCHIVE yet.  
But worked they? No, not one.  
They simply gave the job to us  
And ruined all our fun.

Now they've come back a-feelin' fine;  
They ate, and slept, and dated,  
While we—well it did one good thing;  
We lost the weight we hated.

We worried morning, noon and night  
We couldn't enjoy a date;  
We'd think, "Oh, dear, what can I write?"  
From early until late.

And when we might have eaten all  
We wanted and even more  
Our appetites just left us;  
Now, wouldn't that make you sore?

What we must do was look around  
For food to fill up space.  
And that, space in the ARCHIVE,  
Not in us. That fact to face

Would take the joy from living;  
That's what it did—gee whiz—  
The ARCHIVE wanted some literature.  
So here it is.



## *The Ghost*

ESTHER EVANS

“JOHN, AIN'T that the ghost of a woman out there on that track?”

The engineer laughed shortly. “You had too much booze, I reckon, Dave. There ain't no seeh thing as ghosts.”

“That is! Look out thar, I tell you. She's wavin' her arms an' a beckonin' to us.” The man glanced out of the cab window nervously. “You better stop the train an' find out what 'tis.”

“Must a been mighty fine booze you had ter be makin' you secin' things so,” John Gower jeered contemptuously. “I reckon' you think she's a tellin' us not to go erost the bridge tonight. That hit's been blown up.”

The fireman's face flushed, and he caught Gower's arm fiercely. “Look thar,” exclaimed defiantly. “now ain't that a ghost out thar on the track ahead of us?”

The engineer glanced in the direction of Dave Holliday's pointing finger. His surprise was so great that his eyes almost bulged out of his head. Was he dreaming, he wondered, or did he really see a shadowy figure in the distance, a figure which waved its arms with mathematical precision? Only for a moment, however, did he lose his equilibrium.

“Aw,” Gower replied lightly. “'tain't nothin' but the shadow of a tree a wavin' in the wind. We won't see it any more after we get 'round the bend an' outa Flat Rock.”

The more superstitious man could not dismiss the subject so easily, but he said nothing, as the train swerved gently around the curve. For an instant, the phantom had disappeared, but when the train had begun to plough through the dusky forest, the apparition, larger than ever, loomed in the foreground again. Holliday was genuinely frightened now.

"John," he cried beseechingly. "let's don't go 'cross the bridge tonight 'til we find out what the ghost knows that he's a tryin' ter tell us. 'Cause ghosts are genally signs. They kin warn you," he said emphatically.

Gower's face softened slightly as he realized how great Holliday's terror really was. "Why, how do yo' mean?" he asked almost involuntarily.

"Didn't I ever tell you 'bout that experience of a frien' o' mines? Leastways I think it was a frien' o' mines," the old man amended. "Anyway, he tole it to me."

"What was it?" Gower asked abstractedly, his eyes fastened on the rails.

With a sidelong glance at the figure, which never varied its movements by the fraction of an inch, Holliday began, "Well, you see 'twas this a way. My frien' had a night run, too. One night he noticed on the track ahead of him a woman a wavin' her arms just like that one." He shuddered slightly. "And the figure went ahead of 'is train everywhere. Around the bends, through the tunnels, up the grades. Everywhere. Just like that one." He pointed toward the shadow which flared out in bold relief against the path of the searchlight. "An' he didn't pay it no mind," he added significantly, "and finally they come to the river, an' the fireman says to him, 'Paul, we better see what tis that ghost air trying to let us know—'"

"Didn't know shadows could talk," Gower exclaimed irrelevantly, as he skillfully guided the ponderous train through the murky darkness.

"And the engineer finally got tired o' hearing that fireman wantin' to know 'bout the ghost," Holliday continued, scarcely noticing the interruption, "so he says, 'I reckon we better see what sorter thing this ghost is and what he wants.' So before they 'cross the bridge—they had a bridge ter cross too, only 'twon't so long as that one we got ter cross tonight.'" The man paused and shivered fearfully; in the distance, he could see the awe-inspiring apparition drooping its arms with a gesture of resignation. "So before they got ter the bridge," the speaker reiterated, "Paul stops the train, and what do you reekin' they saw when they got out?"

Holliday waited expectantly; he was rewarded instantly by Gower's eager

"What?"

"The bridge was burnt down!" he stated triumph-

antly, "and they hadn't had no news of it 'til then. And when Paul saw that and knowed that he couldn't go on, why the ghost vanished." And then he added impressively, "But that ain't all. When the train pulled into the next station, there was a telegram waitin' for Paul, sayin' that his wife had died at two o'clock that night, the hour when they had first seen the ghost."

A long silence ensued, disturbed only by the incessant roar of the engine and the occasional shoveling of coal into the fire box. Gower was too engrossed in his own thoughts even to ask jeeringly just how the train could pull into the next station, if the bridge had been burned; Holliday was gazing hopelessly at the uncanny figure whose weird movements were always in front of the swift train.

Suddenly the phantom, fluttering wildly, fell to the ground, regained its balance, and again moved its arms with the same maddening regularity.

"John, John!" Holliday was almost crazed with fear now. "You got to stop the train before we 'cross the bridge tonight! Oh, I know that ghost's got a message for us." The man was white and haggard as he spoke.

"Ole man, I tole you you had too much booze before we left Flat Rock," Gower spoke sharply, but his voice had lost some of its self-assurance. "Taint no sech thing as ghosts." That he was trying to convince himself of the fact would have been evident to anyone except Holliday. "It's just—" his voice trailed off weakly, "shadows that the moon happens to be makin' tonight, or else," he muttered, "I'm dreamin'."

The fireman mechanically threw a shovel-full of coal into the cavernous red mouth of the fire box, glanced malevolently at his companion, and returned, still brooding, to his post. In the distance, he saw the river, a brown and turbulent stream, which reflected somberly the rays of moonlight. Beyond, he knew, lay the bridge, the heavy iron skeleton, which, for the first time in his life, Dave Holliday was afraid to cross. But immediately before him was the ghost, a gigantic shadow whose presence foreboded evil.

The firemen glanced at the apparition again, then with perfect self-control, he turned to Gower and remarked, "John, we ain't a goin' 'cross that bridge tonight till we see what that ghost's got to tell us."

There was something ominous in the man's words, some thing which made Gower shiver and laugh un-

easily as he countered. "But Dave, we can't stop till we reach the city. Don't you know this train ain't never bin late? Just because of an old—well, 'taint no ghost," he threw up his head defiantly. "Just because of an old shadow, the Lightnin' Express can't spile her record tonight."

Holliday was perfectly calm. "John," he said deliberately, his eyes piercing the erstwhile mocking engineer, "Record or no record, I said this train ain't goin' to crost this bridge tonight, until we see abont that there ghost. And 'taint." Without turning his head, he looked at the ghost. Already it had leaped on the bridge and was playing fantastically among the steel girders.

Suddenly the engineer realized that the cowering man beside him had turned into a man of steel, a man who was temporarily insane, it was true, but one whose determination to stop the train refused to be thwarted. Gower dropped his assumed air of bravado at once.

"Dave," he said, "I'm going to stop the train before we go on the bridge—to pacify you," he added hastily.

"It's good for you that you're goin' to," the other replied quietly.

There was a grinding of heavy brakes, and the Lightning Express came to a standstill. The two men clambered from the cab, and silently, fearfully, they walked to the front of the engine. Behind them, excited voices began to demand if there were a wreck, but Gower did not hear. The hour, that darkest hour of the night which precedes dawn, served only to increase the tensity of the situation.

"John, be you here?" Holliday asked, as he picked his way through briars and other underbrush to the front of the engine.

"Yep," Gower replied laconically, "'taint nothin'." "Told you so," but his voice belied the sincerity of his words.

"What's that noise I hear? Hit sounds like a—"

"Aw, 'taint nothin' but water lappin', just like hit's been doin' ever since the days of Adam and Eve," the engineer looked around cautiously as he spoke, "I tole you it wan't. You'e makin' the Lightnin' Express lose precious minutes," he grumbled.

"But, John, I heard somethin'. In the bushes, over there." The man pointed to a clump of cedar and myrtle growing on the water's edge. "Tbat's what the ghost was tellin' us about."

"Haw, haw, haw," the engineer laughed coarsely;

a careful survey of the bridge and adjacent territory had reassured him. "Told you you had too much booze. Git a hump on you. We got to git back."

Holliday refused to move. "John, that ghost means somethin', I tells you. I'm goin' to walk up the track a mite." After he finished speaking he moved slowly away, as if he were afraid to make the next step. When he reached the bridge, however, he sbrank back in terror and retraced his steps. Suddenly his swarthy face was illuminated. "John, the headlight, the headlight!" he screamed delightedly.

"W'at in te devil—" Gower ejaculated perplexedly, but he moved hastily to the side of the older man.

"Look, look, look!" Holliday reiterated, as he pointed a shaking finger toward the headlight, "it's somethin' in the headlight that we seen and thought was a ghost. It's in the headlight."

"Damn! It's nothin' but an ole bug in the headlight, and here you've been making all this fuss over nothin'." Gower tried to speak disgustedly, but his face betrayed his relief. "An' here the Lightnin' Express has lost ten minutes an' I'm skeered it'll break the record I been holdin' for comin' on nigh to five year."

"'Taint nothin' but an' ole bug, an' we thought it was a ghost," Holliday laughed as gleefully as a child. "Kin you get it out, John?"

"Yep, I think so," the engineer responded, as he climber on the cowcatcher. He opened the enormous light, and there fell into his fingers a beautiful yellow and lavender moth, which had obviously lost out in a struggle against death.

"Poor little pretty thing," the fireman crooned softly, as he stroked the limp velvety body in Gower's rough palm. "You got in the ole headlight, and you beat your wings back and fo'th in the old heat 'n' all. And we saw your shadow and thought you was a ghost. We thought a moth was a ghost." Holliday laughed weakly at his own joke.

"An' your old ghost 'tain't nothin' but a moth!" Gower laughed scornfully. "I knew it all the time. Come on, Dave, we gotta hurry if Number 26 is going to pull into Rugby at 5:19."

"Yep, I'm comin'," Holliday mumbled, but before he had taken two steps, he stumbled and fell headlong into the dense underbrush. He groped around on his hands and knees for a moment; his fingers clasped around the cold iron rail. "My Gawd," he whispered hoarsely, "John, for Gawd's sake, come here quick!"

Something in the man's voice impelled Gower to turn back quickly. "What is it?" he asked anxiously. "your ghost ain't appearin' again, is it?" he added, with an attempt at facetiousness.

"No," evident danger had driven the last trace of derangement from Holliday's mind. "Rail's been

split," he whispered tensely, "what I heard while ago must a been some damn fool what done it a hidin' in the bushes. An' you," Dave Holliday's black eyes seemed to pierce through John Gower. "You pretend not to b'lieve in ghosts when one has saved this train load o' people tonight!"

## The Pluralistic State

MARGARET FRANK

TODAY IT would take little argument to convince the average thinking man or woman that political ideas are undergoing radical change; that orthodox definitions and concepts are being questioned and rightly so; that world conditions demand of this and coming generations a more adequate solution of the existing problems than can be found in present political theories.

One of the most widely discussed solutions offered is that of Pluralism, a theory of state opposed to Monism. The best known exponents of Pluralism are Leon Duguit and Harold J. Laski. A number of writers in Europe and the United States have supported the theory almost *in toto*; many have adopted certain of its principles, denying the validity of others; and many more have bitterly attacked the entire theory.

The main points in the case of the pluralists against Monism may be summarized as follows: The monistic theory had its origin in the past to meet the needs of the past; it is inadequate for the present. By the simple process of evolution, society and political organization have become more complex. The state can no longer claim supreme allegiance from men, for it has not the *a priori* right to impose its will upon that of the individual. Today society is so complex that, under the monistic system, freedom, "the capacity for continuous initiative" as Laski defines it, is transferred from ordinary men to their rulers. The unit of the monistic state is too large for effective administration; the citizen as a political factor is impotent. The state is not a unique and paramount grouping; political loyalty is only one of many loyalties. The modern tendency is toward partitioning and narrowing of state power, and is not power the outward manifestation of sovereignty? The state is not a unity, nor is its power absolute. For instance, one need only note the powers which have been dele-

gated to the Interstate Commerce Commission by Congress. We claim that ultimate sovereignty resides in the individuals who make up the state; government is the agent of the state, its will being expressed by the laws; but laws exist only by the will of the people, are only an expression of the demands of social opinion; therefore sovereignty resides not in the state, but in the people, and is plural not single. "Sovereignty . . . is a consequence of the existence of the state rather than the state itself," writes Mary P. Follett in her book, *The New State*.

Thus, the pluralists affirm that Monism is an out-grown theory, a failure in practical politics. They propose, therefore, to substitute for it a new theory, Pluralism, which would substitute divided, functional sovereignty for the supreme sovereignty now claimed by the state in order that supreme power should not be concentrated at a single point in the body politic. De-centralization would provide smaller units; in smaller units the individual may feel significant, may "attain in politics the realization of right," as one writer expresses it. Thus de-centralization will improve the economic, moral and intellectual well-being of man and society; for the division of power will make men more intimately responsible than under the present system. Only through individual initiative can true democracy be expressed; that true democracy does not today exist.

The opponents of Pluralism accuse the pluralists of basing their arguments upon fallacious propositions, upon distorted conceptions. For instance, in their attack upon the Hegelian philosophy of the state, they affirm that the pluralists are impractical, think in terms of what "ought to be" rather than in terms of what "is." They question the workableness of the theory of divided sovereignty, prophesying disorganization—worse still, chaos—should the principles of Pluralism be put into effect. Finally, thinkers of the

school of Mary P. Follett, feel that Pluralism is not based upon a scientific, psychological study of groups.

Just at this point mention should be made of Mary P. Follett's contribution to political thought in her book, *The New State*. Her ideas are particularly interesting in that they seem to form a middle ground in the contest between conservative Monism and radical Pluralism. The key-note of her is neighborhood grouping, although she recognizes the importance of occupational grouping. Her scheme seems to be a practical application of the very suggestive ideas expressed by McDougall in his *Group Mind*. Her ideas

are revolutionary; yet they are essentially workable.

In that one point Pluralism has not yet offered the solution of present day problems; its principles are not usable in unmodified form. As the monists fear, disorganization and chaos might result should one paramount sovereignty be abolished; yet it seems to me that Mary P. Follett has offered the solution to this great drawback to the pluralistic theory. The group idea and the group will are not a mere majority idea nor a majority will. The common idea is created not by the process of addition, but by the interpenetration of the ideas contributed by every individual.

## Consolation for Co-Eds

AURA HOLTON

PRINTED ADVICE—reams of it, extending from the Proverbs of Solomon on down to the free verse of Amy Lowell. And we of today read it—some of us—discuss it, and ignore it—Solomon and Amy Lowell alike. Sometimes we are moved to say approvingly, "The old boy—or girl—knew his stuff all right." But does this constrain us to follow that advice, even to think seriously of it? Ah, that question alone labels you as hopelessly credulous. Shall we, merely because Solomon advised us that it is a good thing to do, *avoid strong drink*? Not at all. We agree with Solomon earnestly; and enjoy our champagne (or wood alcohol) to the last exhilarating (or murderous) drop. No, advice is merely advice, and as such should not be taken seriously.

*"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute  
What you can do, or think you can, begin it,  
Boldness has genius, pow'r and magic in it!"*

we are told, and we admiringly say, "Goethe wasn't half bad—that's good philosophy." And whether we pronounce it "Goy-thee" or not, we think we mean what we say. And who shall say we do not? Good philosophy—yes, but common everyday folks aren't

supposed to live by their philosophy—that's one of the myriad advantages they have over scholarly folk—who are supposed to know what philosophy means! Follow printed advice? Ah no! It has played its part by the time the printer's ink is dry—it has relieved the overburdened mind of the author and has filled space in print. Don't be unpleasantly persistent about it.

"But is there no exception?" you insist. Aye, surely we'd have been disappointed if you hadn't asked that. Always (and this is the exception) follow advice that is easy to follow—advice counselling you to do what you want to do—that is the only advice which justifies itself in actual practice. For example: "Are you down in the mouth? Remember Jonah! He was completely swallowed and he got out all right." Now do that—you'd like to forget that CR theme, that math flunk—you are only wanting an excuse to drown your sorrows in one wild evening of riotous living—go on—"Remember Jonah," and go to the Orpheum! Be sensible about it—cull from your reading the ideas that best suit your particular ease—and don't worry about the unused ideas—there are enough different kinds of people to use 'em all. Everybody isn't like you, praise the Lord!

# Alcohol and the Lie

FRANCES LEDBETTER

“GOODNESS! That supper bell will never ring, and I’m starved most to death. Boarding school fare certainly isn’t qualified to produce a fat lady for a circus.”

“It seems to agree with me: I have gained sixteen pounds since I came up here,” observed the fattest girl in the room.

“Yes, that is the bad part of it. It makes the thin grow thinner and the fat grow fatter.”

“Gracious, doesn’t that train which is passing make heaps of noise. Why I can barely hear my own ears.”

Six girls were talking in this manner in the room of Mary Whitfield. They were girls in Merrifield School, a small school in an old rather drowsy town. The restrictions placed upon the girls were many, and the rules were enforced by a strong faculty. These restrictions united the girls in a comradeship which would not be found in a school where there were outside interests and the girls were free to do as they wished. Their relationship with the faculty was also much closer than it would have been in a larger school, and even the president was known and liked by almost every girl in the school.

The conversation went on in this strain for half an hour, interrupted by snatches of songs, and often drowned by the noisy thrumming of an ukelele.

“Girls, I know the supper bell has rung ’cause I hear all the girls going down. Come on, we had better hurry.”

They rushed out to find to their dismay that the girls were returning from supper instead of going down. The supper bell had rung while the train was passing, and they had failed to hear it.

“I know I shall die,” moaned Dot Russell, “for it is a year before time for breakfast, and I am so hungry now I could eat cats. We haven’t got a thing in our room to eat, and Miss Mason would never let us go to town and buy anything.”

“Nothing on earth have I got,” groaned Mary, “but half a box of cocoa.”

“If we had a few other things such as sugar, milk, etc., we could make fudge,” despairingly suggested Dot.

“Listen, girls, I’ve got the best scheme.” Louise

Holmes, the avowed leader of the crowd in things both good and bad, spoke. She was not bad, but she was bubbling over with life and mischief, but dear and generous just the same. The girls instantly paid attention to her plan. She continued, “You, Mary, go and borrow some sugar from that little Freshman who adores you. I am sure that she has some. Dot, perhaps you can swipe the milk from the pantry if the matron is out, or bribe one of the maids to put some on the outside of the pantry window, and you can slip out the back door and get it from the outside. Goodness! I haven’t got a ray of sense; I had forgotten completely; we haven’t got a bit of alcohol. Oh, what shall we do? . . . Oh, I know! Jessie Morris and I will go over to the laboratory and swipe some, that is if I can borrow a flashlight. Alice, you and Marie stay here and get things ready.”

The appointed girls immediately started to carry out the scheme of Louise. The sugar was borrowed without serious mishap, but poor Louise and Jessie had a terrible time. Securing a flashlight, they reached the laboratory in safety, and by the judicious use of a hairpin got in, only to find that the large bottle which was supposed to contain the alcohol was absolutely empty.

“My word! If this bottle isn’t empty! What shall we do?” groaned Louise.

They stood for a few minutes in despair, then into Louise’s fertile brain there came an idea.

“Let’s drain some of the alcohol off that old snake they’re keeping there. Of course, I know it is horrid and yellow, but we’ve simply got to have something to cook with.”

They immediately turned the container with the snake in it over and poured some of the alcohol into a glass which they had carried with them. Then with a certain consciousness that they were being watched, they turned to find the president of the college looking at them, and holding a flashlight in his hand.

“May I inquire, young ladies, your business here at this hour in the evening?” This was spoken in cold even tones.

Jessie and Louise, too surprised to answer, stood and simply stared for a few minutes, then Louise said,



"Yes sir, you see our science teacher wanted us to get some of this alcohol the snake was in and examine it to find certain small animalcules which are supposed to be found in it. As we forgot it until to-night, and as we had to write a paper on it to go in to-morrow, we came out here to-night to get it."

"Very interesting," came in the dry voice of the president, "may I stay out here and watch the experiment, for of course you have to do it out here in order to use the microscope."

"What shall we do!" flashed the agonized telegraphic message from one girl's eyes to the other's. Then Louise spoke.

"No sir, you see Jess has a very powerful microscope. Her father, whose hobby is science, gave it to her, and we are going to use it."

"Very well, but please tell me to-morrow the result of the experiment, for I am very interested."

Then, and not until then, did the two girls leave, carrying the precious alcohol.

"Goodness! What an escape," breathed Louise as soon as they were out of the earshot of the president.

"Guess my dad would be surprised to learn that he an amateur scientist," laughed Jessie.

Their troubles were not yet over. They had not gone far when Louise in her intense excitement stumped her toe and fell headlong.

"Thank goodness, I have the alcohol," said Jessie. Then setting it down carefully, she went to her chum. "Are you dead?"

"No, but my nose is ruined. The skin is entirely off, and I shouldn't be surprised if it isn't always flat after this."

She managed, however, to regain her feet, and with many misfortunes they finally reached the room to be greeted with many "ohs" and "ahs" of sympathy.

Louise got some medicine from the nurse for her nose, and she coolly told her that she had skinned it by falling over a chair. She bandaged the nose up, and, since she was considered too sick to help, she lay on a couch and watched the others make the candy. When it was done, however, she announced that due to the amount of energy she had expended telling such monstrous lies, she had twice as much appetite as they and must eat accordingly.

The feast proceeded with chatter and light-hearted frolic. At ten o'clock each decided that as she had a lesson she must glance over before the morrow, she must leave.

The next morning just before English 4, Jessie called Louise aside and told her that she had just passed the president talking to the science teacher in the hall and had overheard the words, "experiment" and "alcohol." She knew absolutely that they were discussing their escapade of the night before.

"Prexy will find out that we told him a falsehood, and they say that he has awful notions about lies. Do you suppose we shall be shipped?" Jessie's eyes grew as big as saucers.

"You will not, but I will 'cause I'm on probation now for slipping out last Sunday afternoon during quiet hour and going down to the brook back of the college. I know that sitting down there quietly does me lots more good than staying up here in this stuffy place, but Miss Mason doesn't know it, and I got into a scrape as usual. Now we might as well expect the worse."

In chapel the dreadful summons came. They were requested to meet the president in his office immediately after chapel. Written on the faces of the other girls was inquiry in every form of a question mark.

After chapel they were ushered into the office of the president with ceremonious stiffness. Louise's brain was working in every direction to find a way out. She saw none. Therefore, before the president could say a word, she had decided on truth as the best course, and commenced to tell her story. Several times the president tried to interrupt, but Louise went on excitedly. She told the entire story from missing supper to the falsehood and skinning her nose. The president stopped trying to interrupt, and with an amused smile watched her through. When she finished, she was afraid to look up and with downcast faces she and Jessie awaited his verdict. She jumped, however, at the next words of the president.

"My dear young ladies, this is quite a surprise and quite a joke too. I thoroughly appreciate your story, I assure you. The fact of the matter is, I did not call you into my office to investigate the matter of the alcohol but to invite you to a dinner given by my wife in honor of our son who has just returned from France, and who demands that he must meet some of my college girls. We shall be very glad to have you come, and may I tell my wife that you accept for to-morrow evening?"

Louise and Jessie suddenly found that they must sit down, and they weakly dropped into the nearest chair. At last Louise found breath to gasp.

"But my nose, Doctor Merrifield!"

The president laughed, "Oh I guess that will not matter. You accept? Very good. My wife will be delighted."

The girls suddenly found themselves outside the office door with whirling brains and dazed faces.

At last the next night came, and, with delight and envy, the other girls watched them go.

When they returned, the awe-inspired girls gathered around them to hear of the events of the evening. Louise satisfied their curiosity in regard to the evening and the son.

"Oh, we had absolutely the most wonderful time in the world. His son is the handsomest thing you ever saw, and he didn't think skinned noses were bad at all, especially after he learned how it happened."

## *The Pride of Trinity Women*

NORA C. CHAFFIN

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago a little group of twelve women sat in the old Mary Duke Building and dreamed. Their dreams became burning visions. They saw the women of a future Trinity not only leaders in scholarship but in the great, varied interests of well-organized college activities. They saw women as integral parts of every phase of life at Trinity College. They believed in their visions, and better still, they believed in the human power of making visions become living realities. As a result of their earnest effort, a few of their little group have lived to see these visions being fulfilled.

One of the cherished dreams of this group of heroic pioneers at Trinity was an efficient women's student government association, and it was through the heritage of their enthusiasm and plans that six years ago a Women's Student Government Association was organized. It was a group of serious, earnest women who gathered in Alspaugh and drew up a simple constitution and by-laws which were unanimously passed by the forty-two women students. Miss Ruth Merritt was elected the first president of the Women's Student Government Association of Trinity College. This first year was one of struggle for the women. Each woman was placed on her personal honor to uphold the social standards prescribed by her government. It was new to the members in that it meant the sacrifice of little personal liberties for the sake of the group. By the end of the first year, however, on account of the splendid cooperation of the members of the Association, the Women's Student Government was on a working basis.

The following year, under the leadership of Miss Estelle Warlick, Phi Beta Kappa, the Association was widened in its scope. The honor system in the social

life was worked out in more detail, and the response of the increased membership to the requirements of their self-government began to take a more happy form.

By the time Miss Martha Wiggins, Phi Beta Kappa, became president in 1921, the attitude of the members of the Association had come to mean absolute integrity. The women began to feel that the infringement of a social regulation meant the lowering of their conception of honor and of morale. It was not easy sledding in those days. The group of women students had grown from 42 to 70, and there had begun to creep in among them a few who had a negligible conception of their social relationships. Because of these few and because of the ever increasing number of women, the constitutions, by-laws, and social regulations had to be worked out more concisely and definitely. Just as the women had outgrown the Alspaugh Building, so now they had outgrown their existing social standards.

The opening of Southgate Memorial Building meant the opening of broadening fields to the women of Trinity. Under the able leadership of Miss Blanche Barringer, Phi Beta Kappa and Chi Delta Phi, the Women's Student Government Association was reorganized to meet the changing conditions. The Association, through its efficient administration, had become eligible to membership in the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Government. Each year Trinity women have been represented at the meeting of this body composed of representatives of all the standard A grade colleges of the South. From these yearly meetings the leaders of the women's self-government have gleaned practical ideas which they have incorporated into the Trinity Association.

The close of the year 1923 marked a distinct epoch in the history of the Women's Student Government Association. Under the efficient, wise guidance of Miss Herminia Haynes, Phi Beta Kappa, Chi Delta Phi, the development of the Association was steady and rapid. The work of the different departments of the Association became systematized, and a more efficient administration was secured. Following the program formulated by the Southern Inter-collegiate Association of Student Government, the Trinity Association worked in coöperation with the student governments of North Carolina College for Women, Meredith, Greensboro College, and Guilford College in extending a modified form of self-government in the high schools of North Carolina. The aim of this program was to develop in the high school student a higher conception of honor in his relations with his fellows and to his school work.

Another distinct advance made under the leadership of Miss Haynes was the extension of the Association to include the off-campus women. Today all women matriculates of Trinity College are members of the Women's Student Government Association.

Probably the greatest advance made by the Women's Student Government Association during the year 1923 was the coöperation with the Men's Association in establishing the Honor System in academic work on Trinity campus. The Honor System was not new to the women of Southgate, hence its academic phase fell in naturally with the other phases of the Women's Student Government Association.

This year, 1923-24, has seen the continuation of the work begun last year. The women have worked with the leading colleges of the State in extending the Honor System into the high schools. They have been working out a feasible plan for the organization of

off-campus women. They have laid, and are still laying, special emphasis upon the Honor System in academic work.

The Association, with its ever growing responsibilities, is again outgrowing its present form, and the close of the year 1923-1924 will bring definite plans for the reorganization of the administration into a simpler and more efficient system.

The growth of the Women's Student Government Association has not been as carefree and easy as the tone of this article may indicate. Indeed, as all great movements, it was born in anguish; its childhood was filled with disappointments; and now its youth is full of perils. Its successes have been bought dearly—at the price of sacrifices, tears, and prayers. There have been martyrs too. Popularity has been sacrificed to Principle—Principle which has for its basis unstained honor in every phase of college life. No martyr is begrudged if her passing popularity was exchanged for the living principle found in the Honor System of Trinity College.

"And their young people shall dream dreams." For this the women of Trinity are thankful. The dreams of the young people of yesterday have become the visions of their mature years. Today these visions are becoming living realities. The growth of the Women's Student Government Association is only one example of many. There were visions of Trinity women with access to literary, athletic, religious, and social organizations. Today there are for women two national and three local literary societies, two athletic associations, six clubs, two religious bodies, and three social organizations. For the priceless heritage of their predecessors with vision, the women of Trinity will be always profoundly grateful.

## *In Old Japan*

MARGARET FRANK

HOME AGAIN, after six years' absence in Tokyo and Yokohama, great cities, pulsing with modern commercial and social ideas of the west—cities that in the little island empire spelled progress! Back home to the quiet, quaint village, far out in the interior, untouched by the hurried, troubles life of the open ports. Here the old priest—father as the villagers loved to call him—still watched over and guided his people, praying always that the beloved traditions

and customs of old Japan might ever influence—more than that, dominate—the lives of these children of his.

As the jinrikisha carried young Mitsushima rapidly through the narrow streets bordered by quaint mud walls crumbling with age, he scarcely saw the picturesque houses with their straw thatched roofs, with their paper walls slipped back for the day, giving intimate glimpses of happy home life within. With

his eyes dark with rebellion, his fists clinched as they gripped the sides of the jinrikisha. Mitsushima was thinking, "Home! May the gods forgive the thoughts that word calls up even as I catch a first glimpse of its distant roof: My home-coming; did I not dream of it during those first lonely years at the university? Did not the same dream keep me brave during the months of job-hunting in Yokohama? Did not the picture of my father and of my mother keep me from the temptations that lurk in the great cities? And when I, because the gods smiled upon me, became a business man like the westerners, matching my wits with them, becoming a leader among the young men about me, I was proud of my success only because it would make happy the heart of my father. And now—"

The thought ended half in a sob, half in a prayer. "May the Goddess of Mercy look down upon my heart to keep it from unfilial thoughts that I may be a worthy son of my ancestors and of my father," he petitioned, as through the gnarled old pines across the moat which surrounded his father's house, he caught sight of a tiny shrine. The shrine was the home of Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy, the patron saint of the village of Sugimoto. Once again the shrine in its grove of trees, as ancient as the very village, had quieted a young man's stormy heart with the beauty of its quiet seclusion, blessing always the lives of the villagers about it.

A moment later the jinrikisha had crossed the moat, entered the great gate that with its massive carving proclaimed the fact that this was the home of the family of Mitsushima. Renowned throughout the surrounding country for their sturdy bravery, their unwavering loyalty to the Mikado, and to the institutions of old Japan, the Mitsushima family had furnished a long line of *Shogun* in the days before the Restoration. Mitsushima's father had been the last *Shogun*. Scarcely reconciled to the events that had taken away his title, the old man still retained the courtly manners, studied courtesies, and intense conservatism of the old order.

As Mitsushima alighted from the jinrikisha and walked across the picturesque garden to the house, he realized only too well that he could no longer sympathize with his father. The years amid the bustling, westernized life of Tokyo and Yokohama had done their work—he belonged to the new generation.

From a servant he learned that his father was waiting for him in the ceremonial chamber overlooking

the quaint garden behind the house. Taking time only to inquire about his mother, he hurried to the ceremonial room. When he entered, his father, who had been standing on the narrow veranda looking outdoors, turned toward the young man. It was their first meeting in six long years. As the father nodded slowly in answer to Mitsushima's low bow, the old man's questioning eyes seemed to read down into his very soul, and to see there the thoughts that were tearing his soul.

"My son," he began slowly. "Your eyes tell me what our tongue cannot. Six years ago you stood in this room, telling your mother and me good-bye. You were a true, a worthy son, not only of a *Shogun*, but of your Emperor, and of our Japan. Today," and his eyes suddenly darkened with pain. "Today you are a foreigner—no, you cannot be; forgive me!" he broke off passionately.

"Oh, my son," he went on, struggling to keep the emotion from his voice, "Tell me that your eyes have lied. Tell me that you are a loyal son, that you are not today rebelling against our father's wishes. The gods can never forgive filial disloyalty. Have you forgotten that?"

"I have not forgotten," the young man answered in a low tone. "It is because of my love for you that I am today suffering thus. My father," he said suddenly, striding toward the older Mitsushima. "I am going to tell you just what is in my heart."

"I am listening," replied his father in a voice deep with suppressed sorrow.

"In the vast open port of Yokohama, I have in a small way achieved success. I am honored among my business associates. That success I owe to you. You think me contaminated by the foreigners. My father, it is not contamination as the people of Sugimoto think. This western civilization will make our beloved Japan great; without it we cannot compete with the other nations of the world."

"Ah, but Japan was great long before the foreign devils came to our shores bringing their poisonous ideas," broke in the old man.

"We thought ourselves great. Could we have defeated Russia before the foreigners taught us their civilization? Their ideas will bring us more than greatness; they will bring us happiness."

"Do you call it happiness that you bring back with you?" his father interrupted bitterly.

"But you can make me happy, if you will understand," Mitsushima pleaded. "I am a minor; I must

obey. But do not force me to marry this girl that you have chosen to be my wife. Allow me to marry the girl that I love. She will come here with me; she will be a loyal and a loving daughter to you and to my mother. Don't you see that I will give up my business in Yokohama in order that I may rightfully fulfill my duty as the eldest son?"

"You speak foolishly. What would my neighbors think? How could I explain to the honorable Takahashi San, father of the girl I have chosen for you to marry? No; you are my son. The marriage arrangements are completed. The marriage must take place next Saturday. Go."

With a deep bow the young man left the room. Outwardly his face was as expressionless as his father's; inwardly hot rebellion was surging in his heart. He could not see his mother in that mood; he wanted to get away, far from the home that to him spelled bitter disappointment. Out of the village, through the rice fields, velvet carpets of green, he walked on and on. Farmers, mired halfway to their knees in the muddy ricefields recognized the son of their beloved *Shogun* as they still called him, and bowed to him, and bowed to the young fellow as he passed them. Yet he scarcely saw them. In his eyes was the picture of dainty little Noboko San in far-away Yokohama waiting happily for his return; for they were to be married in less than six months. Again and again came another picture, vague and hated, blotting out the thought of Noboko San. The picture was that of another girl, a girl whom he had never seen. That girl was the one his father had decided that he should marry. How could he tell his beloved Noboko San that the beautiful plans made during long, peaceful hours in the quaint Japanese garden of her home were empty air castles; that love was powerless to combat the custom and tradition of old Japan?

"Saturday," he groaned. "The gods be merciful to me. I cannot obey; but I cannot disobey. Ah, Noboko San, I cannot give you up. Can the gods be so pitiless as to demand that?"

Twilight was covering the green valley with mystic shadows before Mitsushima turned homeward, but he

scarcely realized how late it was getting to be. Filial obedience and love were waging a bitter contest—the contest between Old Japan and Young Japan. As he re-entered Sugimoto the paper walls of the houses he passed had been drawn to; but the dim lights within cast weird dancing shadows upon the paper. The gay laughter of little children and the subdued voices of older people floated to him, only increasing the bitterness of his heart. "How can anyone be happy tonight?" he thought, as he neared his father's home.

Unconsciously his steps turned, not homeward, but to the tiny shrine of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. Straight to the shrine he went, and with a sob flung himself upon the prayer mat before the Goddess. To human eyes Kwannon might be only a great, misshapen, wooden image, repulsively hideous; but did he not know that within the ugly image lingered the Spirit of Mercy, ever ready and anxious to help suffering mortals?

As he lay prostrate on the prayer mat, the heavy, enveloping midnight silence, broken only by the faint mumbling of a priest in his wee house over against the shrine, by the wind rustling through the pines, and by the soft murmur of water flowing from the tiny stone fountain, seemed to concentrate in that one spot all the unfathomable mystery of the Orient. The moonlight, filtering through the gnarled old pines, lay in white patches on the clean-swept ground about the shrine. Shadows, flickering across the hideous wooden image, softened as if by magic the hard lines of the idol making it seem half beautiful to the wondering man. Surely, tonight, the Goddess of Mercy was hearing his prayer for himself and for his beloved little Noboko San whom he could never see again, which was bound for Havana, Cuba.

Seven years before, when he was seventeen, Edgar Filial obedience, an instinct too deeply rooted in the long years to be overcome in a single generation, had won the battle. He would marry the girl of his father's choice. And as he made the decision, was it only fancy, or did the Goddess, in that moment of hushed expectancy, bend over him, pityingly, to bless him and to heal the wounds of his heart?

*New Year Resolutions*

*What's the use to make 'em?*

*'Cause all the joy they bring to us*

*Is just a chance to break 'em.*

## The Old Year

E. C.

*Goodbye old, old Year, are you dying tonight?  
How quickly you fade into naught;  
Why do you not wait for a little reward  
For the many blessings you've bro't?*

*You've been kind to all your people  
You have bro't peace of soul to the sad  
Health and strength you gave to the suffering,  
And the discouraged ones you made glad.*

*You have bro't to us friendships lasting,  
Resolute, steadfast, sincere;  
If for no other gifts than these friendships  
We thy name would ever revere.*

*For the most priceless gifts of thy bounty  
Were these friends for which all our hearts yearn,  
But we ask thee to grant one more blessing—  
That we be wholly friends in return.*

*But why do you leave us so meekly?  
Not even a praise you request.  
And still you have given your all to us,  
Shall we give aught but the best?*

*So here, Old Fellow, is to you  
Obedience, homage, and praise!  
We scarcely can hope that the New Year  
May bring to us happier days.*

*And now as the bells toll your farewell,  
And ring in with gladness the New,  
We write your dear name on our memory;  
You've been kind, Friend Year, thanks to you!*

## The Attitude of the American People Toward the Fine Arts

FRANCES LEDBETTER

ARE WE A money mad, jazz mad people, we Americans? Foreigners say that the average American's mind is shaped like the dollar mark and that the American regards with indifference the finer things of life in a made effort to make money. Is American literature not as fine as that of other countries because Americans discourage and condemn poets while they smile with favor on the money-getters? This seems to be true of our nation, and Dr. Benjamin Sledd in the *Greensboro Daily News* makes a specific example of North Carolina when he says that only fifty copies of Walter Hines Page's *Life and Letters* have been sold in his native state. He further illustrates the point through two of his personal experiences. The first was in Italy where Dr. Sledd was revered and honored by rough soldiers because he told them that he was a poet and a lover of poetry. The second was in his native town where he returned for a visit. He repeats the conversation of some of the most intelligent and prosperous citizens.

"What is that ugly fellow doing?" one of the men wanted to know.

"Well, I hear he used to teach school, but now he has gone to writing this here poetry truck," a well informed one replied.

"Who would have thought it. But what wop't some folks stoop to make money," ended the moralizer, and there was a chorus of assents.

Dr. Sledd through the relation of these two events expresses aptly the attitude of Americans in general. Can this deplorable state of affairs be changed? It can. By whom? *The College Students*. The boys and girls who are given the opportunity to learn to appreciate the finer arts, who learn to discriminate between the good and the bad, have a mission of no small importance. They, as the future citizens of tomorrow, will be able to play a large part in determining what the attitude of the American people shall be in regard to the finer things of life. College men and women, shall the future symbol of America be the dollar mark, or shall it be a symbol of culture, and appreciation of the best in literature, music, and art?

# Physical Education for Women

MRS. Z. B. VANCE

THE EMPHASIS now being placed upon the physical education of women at Trinity College is a source of satisfaction to every one interested not only in this entire college, but especially gratifying is this to those who believe in the higher education of women for their proper responsibilities in the world today. Not only is such careful physical training essential to the young woman engaged in the strenuous pursuits of a modern college education, but such training gives promise of a more efficient, stronger womanhood for the future. A recent comparative study in a western institution of the physical condition of college women thirty years ago and today reveals gratifying results.

To one who left this college almost twenty-five years ago and recently has had the pleasure of a dip into college life again "the strenuous life" seems an inadequate phrase to express the activities here at Trinity College. In those days the demands upon one's time, ability and nerves, while exacting and thorough, were not to be compared to the various demands of today. The extra-curriculum activities alone at present could fill one's days and no one doubts their value. The more complex college life and life after college becomes the greater need is there for a high standard of physical fitness. No machine can run with highest efficiency on less than four cylinder performance. And as women have always been supposed to be more

delicately and complexly organized physically than men we might mention the necessity of at least a six cylinder performance in their case.

While to make Phi Beta Kappa may be a valuable distinction, and certainly of its kind the most desirable college attainment; yet to do so at the expense of one's physical fitness is doubtful. It is more: it shows a lack of relative values. Also, to engage in too many social activities or those connected with college organizations at the expense of one's physical fitness is short sighted. It is more: it is gathering goat feathers.

To keep one's nerves steady under the strain of modern living either in college or out of it—restlessness and feverish going are everywhere—extra attention must be given to physical education. The art of living so as to keep one's body and mind functioning at 100 per cent is certainly desirable equipment for these times. Possibly college triumphs of all kinds will fade into insignificance in future years if such have been secured at the expense of clear eyes and steady nerves. To the end that Trinity women may meet with ease and joy the tasks here at college and likewise be able in future years to do a trained woman's full part in the world, we are delighted to note that particular attention is paid to the physical education of women here at Trinity College.

## Do You Count?

ELVA CHRISTENBURY

DO YOU COUNT? Do you amount to something outside the class room or are you one of the vast majority who are content to follow where some one else leads?

It is an important fact that a small percentage of the two upper classes number in their ranks the leaders in all extra-curriculum activities, and at the same time the leaders in scholarship. These students are constantly doing more than they can efficiently accomplish, while others who possess almost as much ability and much more spare time are satisfied with playing a minor part in school life.

In college we get much more than a knowledge of books. In fact, college life is a little world in itself, in which there are many people who will sit back and look on, and a few outstanding personalities who walk off with all the honors. Then when the "mere people"

get out of school, they have become accustomed to seeing someone else walk off with the "bacon," and will not be surprised or dissatisfied if they have to take "back seats."

To the under-class students who have several years of college life before them, we say, "Get used to doing something and being somebody in school, or you will never do it afterward." Even if you have not the ability that some others have, you probably have more time, and good work can be made to take the place of natural ability.

Trinity College has departmental clubs and organizations which provide outlet for the spare energy and time of every student. Let's get out and take an active part in school life, and see how much more real enjoyment we can get from doing constructive work in our spare time than from loafing.

## Even as Jacob

NANCY KIRKMAN

TO EVERY American the slightest hint of "You can't have this," or "You can't do that" makes that thing just the more to be desired—so it was with a young American student, Edgar Lanning, who paced slowly back and forth on a ship which was bound for Havana, Cuba.

Seven years before, when he was seventeen, Edgar had been in Havana for a year studying—and had fallen desperately in love with a beautiful girl of the Spanish type, Dolores Duncan. Her father was an American, a Duncan from Virginia, and a well-known doctor in Havana; and her mother, of Spanish descent, had died when Dolores was quite small. Consequently, Dolores had been reared by a Spanish governess-housekeeper in whom Dr. Duncan had the utmost confidence. As a result the girl grew up with all the Spanish traditions and conventionalities firmly implanted in her. She was an American, molded into the life of a Spanish girl.

Edgar, at seventeen, was very susceptible to beauty and to a modern American the inaccessibility of the Spanish girl adds zest to a love affair. Edgar was not bad looking himself, with glowing brown eyes and wavy black hair. He had met and promptly fallen in love with Dolores near the end of his stay in Cuba, and had made up his mind that he would marry her some day. Dolores was three years younger than he, but she admired her American friend very much—and as the years passed, her admiration changed to love, because he could write such "be-aautiful" letters. And when he told her good-bye he had held her hand gently and whispered, "I am coming back for you"—and she could not forget the tone of his voice nor the tender light in his eyes. The Spanish have an uncanny way of reading eyes, anyway.

Edgar had returned to the United States, received his B.A., M.A., and LL.D. degrees, and was successfully practising law in a progressive community in Virginia. His success did not turn his head, but it made him think of "taking for himself a wife," and Dolores, the sweetheart of the youth of seventeen, still appealed to the lawyer of twenty-four.

Thus it happened that Edgar Lanning was on board a ship on a tranquil afternoon in the early fall—bound for Havana, Cuba. He was thinking of the

trip which he had taken seven years before, and he said to himself, "What a difference seven years can make in nature and in human beings."

He paused at the rail and gazed at the city which they were rapidly approaching. The white tower of a house high on a hill stood as a sentinel over the city, and to Edgar it seemed a lighthouse of hope, for it was Dolores' home. He fancied that he could see her looking out of the window at the great steamer. He could feel her beautiful brown eyes watching the ship come slowly into the harbor, and he could almost see a smile of welcoming joy lingering about her blood-red lips, causing the dimples to come and go in her rosy cheeks, and bringing a sparkle to her eyes, as she leaned against the window-frame and gazed toward the bay.

In a few moments Edgar was greeting an old friend with whom he was to stay during his visit. It was no other than the friend, Antonio Tomei, who had introduced him to Dolores. Antonio warned Edgar at once that he had a rival—but Edgar smiled and said, "So much the better. Nothing is more interesting than a fight. I shall have the pleasure of winning Dolores, and also of overcoming a rival suitor."

Antonio could not understand this attitude. He was in love also, and he knew that he did not relish the idea of a rival.

The next evening Edgar called on Dolores—and was attended by the governess, Dolores' brother and his wife. Thus is the Spanish custom; a young girl is always well chaperoned. Edgar was not in a cheerful mood after his call. He had been unable to tell Dolores all that he had wished to.

The day following he passed Dolores on the street, and she showed no sign of recognition. Edgar was angry; he had forgotten that no Spanish girl of the better class speaks to a man on the street. Antonio tried to comfort him, but he would not be comforted.

On Thursday evening, two days after his first call, he asked Dolores to go to the theatre. This maneuver was no more successful than the call—the governess went along also.

Edgar was nearly desperate. How was he to tell Dolores of the love that was consuming him? Why wouldn't she help him? After calling again and find-



ing his rival at Dolores' home, he nearly decided to give up and go back. But his spirit rebelled. Give up? Never.

"I'll have her if I want her. And after 'serving seven years as Jacob served for Rachel' I am sure I want her. After all she *won't* refuse me, if I can ever get the chance to see her alone." Such is the egotism of the American youth of today; in his own opinion, he is to be preferred to all others.

Finally, his chance came. One Sunday evening the family went out to the summer house just as the moon rose high enough to cast a silvery gleam over the beautiful gardens of the Duncan villa. Seeing Dolores in the moonlight he was bewitched. He decided to make the final effort.

"Dolores, let's walk down to the lake. I have dreamed of the moonlight there often—and you," he added in a low voice.

Dolores assented and they excused themselves for a little while, and ran gaily down the walk. "to see the moonlight on the water," Dolores said.

"Dolores, dear," Edgar breathed, "I have waited seven years for this moment. I have loved you and longed for you. I told you I would come back—Dolores, will you go back with me?"

Dolores turned her beautiful, appealing brown eyes up to his. She looked straight at him for a long

moment and then said, "My friend, I have been expecting this. I love you but I cannot marry you. I am going to marry the man whom you met a few evenings ago. I am more my mother's daughter than my father's."

Two days later Edgar Lanning left Havana for home. He felt no sadness for his blighted romance—but his pride had received a severe blow.

"To think after all these years, that she turned *me* down for a Cuban!" was his dominant thought, and so deep was he in this thought that he suddenly and unexpectedly collided with someone.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, and looked down into the most liquid blue eyes he had ever seen.

"Certainly," cooed a voice as liquid as the eyes.

Before the day was over, Edgar was well acquainted with the small golden-haired, blue-eyed person. He knew that she was from New Jersey; that her father was a Congressman; that she was unmarried and apparently unengaged; and that she was making the trip alone. She did not tell him, but he decided that she was just a little younger than himself, and a very pleasing sort of person.

That evening they danced together for a little while and then sat down to watch the moonlight on the water. It was a night for dreams and love. Edgar suddenly broke the silence by something which surprised the girl—"Jacob was a fool, and so was I."

## Germany's Capacity to Pay

H. G. MOULTON and C. E. MCGUIRE

(Reviewed by Margaret Frank)

THERE IS, perhaps no more interesting question today than that of Germany's capacity to meet her reparation payments to the Allied nations. The question is particularly vital in the light of recent events in Europe. Germany claims that she cannot make any further payments; France claims that she can. Is Germany right? Can France justify her policy in regard to the Ruhr valley?

The recent book, *Germany's Capacity to Pay*, by H. G. Moulton and C. E. McGuire, published under the auspices of the Institute of Economics, is the first of a series of investigations in international reconstruction. The purpose of the study is to meet the need of a general agreement on the economic facts and forces involved in the reparations problem; to

make as complete a diagnosis as possible of Germany's economic condition and of her ability to continue making reparation payments; and to point out the bearing of international trade conditions and commercial policies upon any reparation settlement whatsoever. The figures of the British student of international finance, J. M. Keynes, are used to considerable extent by the authors; the official reports of the United States government, official figures of the German government, and statistics obtained through the foreign connections of the Economic Institute constitute the sources of the data on which the analysis is based.

Confused notions as to what is involved in paying foreign obligations, and widely divergent principles

of measurement have resulted in the conclusions which place Germany's capacity to pay anywhere from nothing to 30 or 40 billion dollars in 40 years. The payment of foreign debts by a nation involves two distinct problems; first, an internal fiscal or budgetary problem; second, an external commercial or foreign trade problem. The payment of foreign debts involves the sending of tangible wealth across the country's borders. Several possible means of making such transfers are available. Gold and silver will be received abroad at its bullion value; yet a nation seldom has a very large total supply of precious metals. The total gold supply of Germany at the end of the war was 2,281,000,000 gold marks (about \$560,000,000); in March, 1923, it was 1,004,829,000 gold marks (about \$250,000,000). This would meet the minimum payments under the terms of the Louvain settlement of May, 1921, for a period of less than six months. In the meantime the loss of this gold supply would have disastrous economic consequences in Germany and greatly lessen the future capacity to pay by other means. The process of payment by paper marks was: Germany sold paper money to the people of the United States, for example, for as many dollars as the paper would bring at the rates of exchange then current. This American money obtained by Germany would then be turned over to the Reparation Commission for distribution among the Allies in proportion to their respective claims. In other words the Reparation Commission received bills of exchange which were convertible into gold on demand or at some specified date in the near future. It is obvious that Germany could not use this indirect means indefinitely because of the fact that unlimited quantities of paper money could not ultimately be redeemed in gold by Germany. Labor services—wholesale reconstruction by German armies, for instance—was only theoretical as a means of payment because of French opposition to German occupation and German labor competition. The only remaining means of payment is shipment of goods across the frontier. As a year-in-year-out proposition, current production in Germany constitutes the only source out of which payments can be made. Payments through exports may be made in two ways: by direct export to the creditor country—"deliveries in kind;" or by export to other countries, the proceeds or bills of exchange then being delivered to the creditor, i.e. "cash" payments. "Cash" payments are really a myth, for the total production of gold in the entire world since the discovery of America is little more

than half of the sum which Germany is obligated to pay. Therefore, most of the bills of exchange thus turned over to the Allies as "cash" could be used only in purchasing goods, and are therefore really payments in kind.

In other words, there must be exports, and in addition, there must be an excess of exports over imports. *Year in and year out, over a long period of years, Germany cannot possibly pay a sum greater than that by which total exports exceed total imports.*

In addition to the export and import of commodities there are "invisible" items which must be considered with the foreign trade: interests on foreign investments; shipping and other transport earnings; banking and insurance earnings and commissions arising out of international transactions; expenditures of tourists, commercial travelers and government representatives; emigrant remittances; gifts and relief contributions; and payments to migratory workers. In short, the total capacity of Germany to pay will be measured by the excess of her exports of goods and services rendered to foreigners over the imports of goods and the receipt of services from foreigners.

A nation's capacity to pay is not measured by the excess of annual production over annual consumption. A nation's income, although it may be expressed in money values, cannot be transferred in the form of cash to a foreign nation. Only such portion of the annual production can be turned over to a foreign nation as is in exportable form. Germany cannot pay by borrowing from the United States or in neutral countries; that would only be a shifting of creditors. Neither is discounting reparations bonds practicable, nor delivery to the Allies of the securities of German corporations, for that would imply that the promise of the German government is less good than the promise of German corporations to pay. Finally, the French plan of January, 1923, provided a scheme for genuine *productive* guarantee, that is, deliveries of coal, timber, and other materials.

Taxing German exports.....	400 million gold marks
Seizure of the customs.....	20 million gold marks
Seizure of the coal tax.....	120 million gold marks
<hr/>	
Total income expected.....	540 million gold marks

These various duties and taxes levied within Germany are to be paid in *foreign currencies*. If paid in foreign currencies, the French argue, the guarantees must be productive. These plans fail because they do not increase the excess of exports over imports; in

fact, many of the means actually tend to reduce exports, and therefore to diminish capacity to pay.

A brief study of Germany's pre-war international trade and financial balance, the effects of the war upon the international trade and financial position, and the international balance for the years 1919 to 1922 forms a necessary background to an understanding of the present economic chaos in Germany.

Moulton and McGuire have prepared a table showing German imports and exports of both commodities and precious metals for a twenty-year period before the war which reveals that the German trade balance was unfavorable for twenty consecutive years before the war. By five-year periods the average annual adverse trade balance grew as follows: 97 millions, 1,073 millions, 1,472 millions, and 1,480 millions. Germany also found it necessary to import bullion and specie. She met these payments with the so-called invisible credits: interest on foreign investments; shipping and inland transport service; banking and insurance earnings and commissions.

The growth of foreign investments is the most reliable index of Germany's international financial status. In 1893 the total of German foreign investments was approximately 12 billion marks, and in 1913 it was approximately 20 billion marks. The net annual international income from 1893 to 1913 average about 400 million gold marks as measured by pre-war values.

The maintenance of German exports is largely dependent upon the maintenance of imports. The factories must import a great part of the raw materials and partly finished goods they manufacture for export. The development of the German industrial system—which is based upon imported materials—has permitted a growth of population within Germany greatly in excess of the numbers which German agriculture is capable of supporting. It is estimated that nearly fifteen millions of the German city population was before the war dependent upon imported food. The two classes of exports, "raw materials and partly manufactured goods" and "food and living animals," comprised from 79 to 86 per cent of the total of German imports. Germany's net imports of raw materials, partly manufactured goods, and food and drink amounted to 390 million gold marks more than her net exports of manufactured goods. Besides this she had net imports of live animals to the extent of 283 million gold marks.

The Allies have suggested that Germany might lessen her imports by reducing the amount of lux-

uries imported. This is true to a limited extent; but a substantial reduction of liquors, tobacco, coffee, tea, fresh fruits, and fresh vegetables, would reduce the efficiency of the German population. Again the importation of raw materials and partly manufactured goods cannot be reduced without directly reducing exports. If the German people understood to produce within Germany materials and commodities for which the German resources are not adapted, the result would be to less inevitably the total volume of production. Furthermore, the curtailment of imports affects exports indirectly by restricting foreign purchasing power.

During the war imports of food and raw materials were greatly reduced; exports fell even more; shipping, insurance, and banking earnings were practically eliminated; and interest on foreign investments practically ceased to be paid.

The official figures of exports and imports, as given by Moulton and McGuire, show the following totals for the balance during the war, August 1, 1914 to the end of December, 1918:

Imports .....	22.8 billion gold marks
Exports .....	11.7 billion gold marks
Trade deficit .....	11.1 billion gold marks
Goods furnished to central allies....	4.0 billion gold marks
Total deficit .....	15.1 billion gold marks

This trade deficiency of 15 billions was met in the following ways:

Gold exports .....	1 billion gold marks
Sale of foreign securities .....	3 billion gold marks
Sale of domestic securities .....	1 billion gold marks
"Short-time" credits .....	3.4 billion gold marks
Sale of paper marks, and open accounts .....	6.7 billion gold marks
Total .....	15 billion gold marks

Of the 13 or 14 billions of foreign investments remaining, it is generally conceded that the greater part has been lost. The Germans have officially reported that 11.7 billions of German property abroad was liquidated or sequestered by the Allied governments. With all reductions, one may estimate that the net remnant of foreign investments left to Germany at the end of the war could not have exceeded 2 or 3 million gold marks at the outside.

For the four years, 1919-1922, since the war, the total export deficiency as estimated by Mr. Keynes is

(Continued on Page 186)

# Exchanges

W. R. BROWN, *Exchange Editor*

DU<sup>E</sup> TO a misunderstanding in the ARCHIVE office the previous issues of our magazine were not mailed out to our exchanges at the time of publication. This error was not detected until our return from the holidays, and at that time the issues were mailed out. We regret this mistake very much and wish to apologize to those of our exchanges who thought that we were not including them on our list this year. Perhaps this tardiness on our part has been the cause of our receiving so few exchanges, for up to the present time we have not received so large a number of them as we were expecting. We trust that this mistake will not occur again and that there will be no further interruption to the free interchange of our college magazines. We find the other magazines to be very helpful to us, and we hope that our exchanges are getting valuable suggestions from the ARCHIVE.

The November issue of the Davidson College Magazine is complete in almost every detail with the exception of editorial matter. One short notice outlining the changed nature and the new policy of the Magazine is all of the editorial matter that the issue contains. We believe that the staff should in every issue take advantage of the opportunity that it has to mould student opinion, and certainly this should be so when only four issues are published during the year. *The Lilly Fields* is a very appropriate article to appear in the issue published just before the Christmas season; it is a well written depiction of sacrificial service. Such articles as *Why Is a College Education of Value?* and *The Quest for Minerva* are always timely in a college publication. In the presence of all the diverting agencies on a college campus, the attention of students should be directed toward the real purposes of education. Both articles are well handled. *The Story Teller* is a rather unusual short story, but it is good. *Call It Humor* places a value upon humor that seems rather high to us. *The Great Tribunal* has a theme that is far from new, but it is handled admirably. The department of *Cap and Bells* contains on the whole very good material. We liked particularly *Caesar's Essay on Talk*. Back

in the good old days when we puzzled out that "essay," we had no idea that so subtle a meaning was hidden there. The parody is indeed handled well. The poetry throughout the issue is of varying excellence.

The most striking thing about the November issue of the *Erothesian* is the lack of balance between the literary matter and the advertising matter. We must compliment the enterprising business manager on her success in securing advertisements, but, unless the size of the literary departments of the magazine is increased to due proportion, there will be the appearance of the tail wagging the dog. *I Am Aware*— expresses an appreciation that must be experienced to be valued. We hope that at Lander, and at all other colleges, this appreciation is being inculcated into the minds and hearts of the students. *Leaves from a College Girl's Diary* and *Diplomacy* both are very interesting side-lights to the character of the college girl, and they show her to be all the more charming. Since reading *Me and Poe* we wish to extend to Miss Barton a sympathetic hand as a fellow-sufferer; oh, those horrid themes! *The Little Road* is a very appealing short story, and we hope that it reflects rightly the mind of the college girl. We believe that the story would have carried more weight, had it appeared completely in one issue.

The December issue of the *Message* appears with a good quantity of attractive Christmas material. The opening poem, *A Christmas Greeting*, is arranged on the page in the shape of a Christmas tree, and it makes a pleasing introduction to the well written articles on the Christmas spirit that follows. A Christmas play, *The Christmas Gift*, an interesting sketch of the Santa Claus of '76 coming into contact with a child of the present day, and an instructive essay on Palestine in the time of Christ complete the Christmas material in the issue. *Revenge* is a short but attractive short story. *Chills and Thrills* is perhaps equally romantic and as well written as the former, but it is not so good a story. The brief biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds is a very

commendable essay; it reveals a careful study on the part of the writer of the artist and his work. One of the best things in the issue is the short story, *The New Life*, written by a student from the Orient. We wonder if this story has a basis of fact. If not, we regret the apparently tragic ending. The other departments of the magazine contain, as usual, good material.

The December issue of the *Haverfordian* contains some excellent material, but there is hardly enough of it. The quality of the work included indicates literary ability on the part of the Haverford students, and we should like to see the subsequent issues more complete. The essay and sonnet of Mr. Sellers, *A Legend of Germany* and *Battle of Chotusitz*, respectively, are both admirably executed and rival the merit of his former work, *Theodore of Corsica*. *The Professor on the Wheel* is one of the best short stories that we have read in this month's review. The writer of this short story has also offered a good poem in *Ships*. The pathos of *Forces* is very keen; the writer has drawn a forceful picture of the utter despair of unrewarded effort. Mr. Johnston in *Irishmen* has given a very sympathetic portrayal of the Irishman's love for his native land. We would not close our comment on the *Haverfordian* without speaking very highly of its general appearance. Even the very type used seems to add greatly, and the whole effect of the general make-up is such that the reader takes up the magazine with the feeling that there is a treat in store for him.

As an introductory comment we should say the same thing of the *Echo* that we do of the *Haverfordian*: it does not contain sufficient material. However, an issue of this size containing material of the quality that it does is superior to an issue more complete which contains some poor material, and after all lack of material cannot always be charged to the staff. Throughout the issue there are scattered several poems most of which are very good. *The Last Attempt* is an unusually well written short story with an element of horror played up to a considerable degree. The desirability of the

theme might be questioned, but we can certainly find no fault with the ability of the author. As a humorous short story *The Descent of Lufe Bud* is of a high order. *The Wonderful Gift* is something more than a story: the author has given in new words the old story of the shepherds watching their flocks on the Judean hills and has taken the opportunity to point out the heart of it with a bit of moralizing that is both true and timely. *Our Duty to the Immigrant* is a forceful presentation of a critical situation that confronts our country, and it points out the fact that if America would preserve her heritage, she should be judicious in handling the immigration problem. We are not familiar with *The Proposal* in the original tongue, but we are sure that the translation of Mr. Holt does justice to the original. The editorial department contains matter that is worthy of a high class literary publication.

The *Criterion* for December contains interesting material of a varied nature. *A Christmas Story* is very charming with its true Christmas spirit. It is

*The  
Columbia  
Criterion*

exceedingly appropriate for the Christmas issue of the magazine. The other short story, *The Zenith*, although it contains some incongruities, is well written and most interesting with a highly romantic flavor. Perhaps the money element at the denouement is a bit overworked; the sums are somewhat too fabulous to have a place outside of fairy stories. *Mammy Solves the Problem* is a delightful little play containing a merited tribute to the old Southern negro "mammy." We would remind the authors, however, that "mammy" is not peculiar to South Carolina: we have her too, and we hate to see her passing. The prize essay, *The South: the Preserver of Pure Americanism*, is in every way worthy of the honor which it received. It is an excellent thing to preserve our high respect for our Southern traditions, so long as we can do it without engendering an exclusive sectional feeling. *Our Purpose in Life* is a well thought out article on a matter that is highly important. We are glad to see such evidence as this of sober thinking on the part of college students. The issue might contain more poetry, but what poetry there is in it is good.

# Wayside Wares

The women have got this issue, folks, so look out! Anything is liable to happen. Like the fellow who sees a woman driving an auto and gives her all the road, the bird who heads this department shies out o' harm's way, and gives them the whole works. . . . But, speaking seriously, (or as near the serious as an alleged joke-smith is supposed to get) we know that it is going to be a corking good issue, when the Co-Eds uncork their wit and humor. We've got a right good hunch that they're going to show us up so bad that we'll be ashamed of our next issue. Anyway, here's to 'em, God bless 'em.—Editor, Wayside Wares.

When these our jokes you read  
Please say, "How good indeed.  
Don't say, "Oh, what a bore,  
I've read them all before."

Professor Carroll: "How long did the Seven Year's War last?"

Freshie: "I don't know."

Dr. Brown: "Who wrote More's *Utopia*?"

English III Student: "Shakespeare."

Pullman Conductor to Higgs: "Pullman reserved?"

Higgs: "Yes."

Conductor to delegation: "Do you all belong to Higgs?"

Ida: "Not yet."

## Keep Smiling

We are sorry to say that two of the co-ed delegates to Indianapolis, meaning to go into a cafeteria, got the entrances mixed and suddenly found themselves in a pool room with the sign, Billiards, staring them in the face.

"Come right in, ladies," said a masculine voice politely, but with a hint of amusement in it.

"No, thank you, we don't believe we'll play to-night," came the timid answer.

"Maggie!"

"Y-e-s M-a-a-m."

"Come right upstairs."

Generally speaking, women are generally speaking.

## When

Lap starts wearing a soft collar

Bull Brown quits using "slick 'em"

Major Vance comes into the girls' dining room

Erma Pitts gets in a hurry

Anne Rattledge passes English II

Dr. Carrol quits eatin' Mellin's Food.

"Daddy" Gates quits carrying an umbrella

Dr. Bloomquist stops blushing

Dr. Mason's permanent wave gets straight

Henry Sprinkle gets to be dean

George Allen loses his Phi Beta Kappa key

Mary King and Buddy stop going together

"Tubby" Boyd presses his pants

Professor Cannon stops using sarcasm

Nora Chaffin loses her dignity

Dr. Wannamaker gives two weeks for Easter holidays

Dr. Few shaves off his whiskers

Bill Lander has a date

Mrs. Vance greets a girl

John Westbrook finally falls to pieces

Professor Cowper stops smiling

Miriam Cox lowers her voice

Mable Westcott stops becoming engaged

Dr. Pepplar gives a cut

Dr. Gilbert stops camel-loping

"Hershey" Spence stops telling jokes

Hal Oliver looks important

Jimmy Seerest looks insignificant

Mutt Frank's bluff is exhausted

Miss Powell gets married

Marie Davis finds her lost motion

Clegg stops coming to the Shack

Reid Garrett gets a new car

W. R. Brown goes to the Orpheum

Anarchy Will Reign

To the cafe we went,  
Our money we spent,  
For fish fried nice and thin;  
Then went to a Drug Store  
And spent a bit more  
For a green river for 'em to swim in.  
—Selected.

Dr. Cranford to Marie: "What composes the beauty of women?"

Marie: "I'm not going to tell my secret."

An optimist is one who thinks the devil is dead and hell is half full of water.

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia  
Stood a cow on the railroad track.  
'Twas a very good cow with eyes so fine,  
But you can't expect a cow to read a railroad sign  
So she stood

In the middle of the track,  
And the train hit her right in the back.  
Now her horns are in the mountains of Virginia,  
And her tail's on the lonesome spine.  
—Selected.

Mau—a parasite on the epidermis of a crumbling mass.

Frenchman: "Parlez-vous Francais?"

American: "Oui, oui, chevrolet coupe."

Some freshmen are so green that they think  
Meter in poetry is something you drop a quarter in.  
That Bull Brown is the Sophomore maseot,  
And that Tubby Boyd is something that laundresses  
use.

### Keep Grinning

Have you ever met up with the Pollyanna type that fails to see reality?

If so, introduce him to exams.

I have a dear old father  
For whom I daily pray.  
He has a bunch of whiskers,  
They're always in the way.

When we go to the table  
To form a family group,  
My dear old father's whiskers  
Are always in the soup.

They're always in the way  
The cows chew them for hay.  
They hide the dirt on father's shirt,  
They're always in the way.  
—Selected.

'Twas in a cafe where first they met  
Romeo and Juliet.  
'Twas there he first got into debt.  
For Rome-owed what Juliet.  
—Selected.

Once I had a yellow dog,  
He was as poor as I.  
He ate the hinges off the gate,  
And then took sick to die.  
He did.

### How Many Languages Can You Speak?

#### FRENCH

La petite Marie had la june muttong  
Ze wool was blanchee as ze snow;  
And evlywhere la belle Marie went.  
La june muttong was sure to go. -

#### CHINESE

Wun gal named Moll had lamb,  
Fleecy all samee whitee snow  
Evly place Moll gal walkee  
Ba-ba hoppee long too.

#### IRISH

Begorra, Mary had a little shape,  
And the wool was white entirely,  
And whenever Mary would stir her stumps  
That young shape would follow her completely.

DUTCH

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf  
Mit hair shust like some vool,  
And all der blace dot gal did went  
Dot schaf go like ein fool.

Und zo dot schoolmeester did kick  
Dot lambs kviek out,  
But still dot lambs did loaf around  
On der outsides

And did shoo der flies mit his  
Tail off patiently about,  
Until Mary did come alzo from  
Dot schoolhouse out.

—Selected.

Have the freshmen learned that:  
Theda Bara, Pall Bearer, and Wheel Barrow are  
not related?

Also have they learned that Rex Beach is not a  
summer resort?

A Difference

We used to drive old Bill to town, me and ma,  
An' she was scared of autos, worst yon ever saw.  
If she spied one a mile away she'd stop, right there,  
An' make me hold Bill's bridle, just as if he'd scare;  
Bnt Bill, he didn't mind 'em—he'd only cock his eye,  
An' look at them contem'tous, as they went whizzin'  
by.

Ma said they's hateful things and shouldn't be al-  
lowed;  
An' Pa—well—once he had the bay colt in a crowd.  
When up an auto come right at his side—my land!  
That colt had forty fits 'fore you could turn your  
hand.  
Yon bet the people scattered, and Pa's so mad and  
said  
The feller hadn't brains enough to fill a tadpole's  
head.

But now we got an auto, and ma she thinks it's grand.  
An' says why it scares folks, she cannot nnderstand.  
And when a wagon stops in front, so as we can't go,

Pa'll sometimes act disgusted 'at folks can be so slow.  
An' old Bill's in the pasture, contented-like and free:  
I know old Bill likes the autos too, but not as mnch as  
me! —Selected.

Have yon ever seen anyone that you wouldn't be  
in their shoes for their stockings?

To Dr. White

(With apologies to Tenmyson)

*SUNSET* and Trinity bell,  
And one clear call of his.  
And may there be no meaning as of—ll,  
When I go on that quiz.

But such a fear that creeping o'er me steals—  
I feel myself grow small.  
Oh, Fessor, may I find a grade sublime—  
Don't let me fall!

Sunrise—eight-twenty bell,  
And after that—a blank,  
For there was only sadness of farewell.  
My thoughts, they sank.

Exam came—then reappeared time and place.  
Oh, this hard life in school!  
I had to meet my 'Fessor face to face,  
And I had played the fool.

Cupid's Garden

*WE* entered Cupid's Garden,  
We wandered o'er the land;  
The air was sweet and balmy  
As I held her little—shawl.  
Yes, held her little shawl—  
How fast the moment flies.  
The moon was shining brightly  
As Is gazed into her—lunch-basket.

Yes, gazed into her lunch-basket—  
I wished I had a taste.  
I crept up close beside her,  
Put my arm about her—umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella—  
The dainty little miss,  
Once more crept up beside her,  
And slyly stole a—sandwich.



**Keep Giggling**

When there are bats in your belfry that flut,  
When your comprenez-vous rope is cut,

When there's nobody home •  
In the top of your dome,  
Then your head's not a head—but a nut.

—*Selected.*



Expressions coined by college students:  
The stuff, exam, prof, quiz, he rode me, 'fessor,  
flunk.



**We Are Seven**

(With apologies to Tennyson)

A lively girl

That first goes off to school,  
And feels real life in every limb,  
Oh, Wannie, she is no fool.

I met a freshman college girl:  
She was sixteen years, she said.  
Her hair was bobbed, and many a curl  
Was clustered round her head.

She had a sprightly, elfish air,  
And she was sportly clad:  
Her eyes were fair and very fair,  
Her blithesomeness made me glad.

"Days of study and work, my maid,  
How many each week there be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And sadly looked at me.

"How many are there? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven there be:  
And two of them are full of gym  
And two at the library.

"Two of them at the science hall,  
Are full of honest pride;  
And Sunday when the church bells call—  
We can't turn them aside."

"At the science hall two: two full of gym;  
And two at the library,  
Yet these are six—add one to them,  
Sweet maid, How can this be?"

Then did the freshman girl reply,  
"Seven hard full days there be;  
And Friday nights we almost die  
While others their S.P.'s see."

"You are in school, you're full of life;  
Why not go where others go;  
On Friday night suspend your strife  
And the Owl you soon will know."

"Their grades are made—they may be seen."  
The freshman maid replied,  
"They think me fresh, and they think me green,  
I wish I could be dyed.

"On Friday nights I often sit,  
At my window up above.  
I look up at the sky, starlit,  
And try my books to love.

"And often after light bell rings,  
When the sky is fair and bright,  
Some boy may come who sweetly sings  
In the wonderful moonlight.

"The first year that we go to school,  
We must learn the customs there.  
And we must learn a many a rule  
And the profs with ways so rare.

"So we plod on our way, it seems,  
And we must be content,  
To look forward to our future dream  
Till our freshman year is spent.

"And when we come back in the fall,  
Sophomores so wise and bold,  
We'll feel that we have learned it all  
And everything is old."

"How many days a week," said I  
"Is it not five from eleven?"  
Quick was the freshman girl's reply,  
"No, Master, there are seven."

"But Friday night; that is date night!  
And now take five from 'leven!"  
'Twas throwing words away: for still  
The freshman maid would have her will  
And said, "Nay, there are seven!"



**A Lamentation**

Into the depths of misery and into the deepest  
despair the very soul of my being has sunk. There

is ever before me a dreadful apparition which drags my weary soul into a slough of despond. It follows me upon every walk of my college life. Its heinous presence fouls the uplifting atmosphere of the Book Room; it grins in all its hideousness among the necessities of the beloved Dope Shop; above the treasurer's office its horrible countenance leers wickedly. Nor does it confine its roaming to the campus. It frequents the streets of Durham, and not only wriggles around the doors of the Paris Theatre, but the contaminating influence of its dire form also permeates the inviting isles of Kress' and Woolworth's.

In awful woe my whole being sits. With groans and sighs I vainly seek relief. I am in despair: everywhere am I haunted by the starved, transparent apparition of an empty purse.



### Things That Never Happen

Daddy Gates cleaned up on a poker game the other night with Fritz Crute and Julian P. Boyd.

Wannie has decided to do away with chapel.

Bull is not going to have any more Woolley quizzes. Someone actually answered a question on Bulleye's Psychology class the other day.

Cap Card hasn't had an absence from gym since the beginning of the fall term.

Professor Spence talks entirely too little, and what he says is entirely too l-o-n-g-d-r-a-w-n-o-u-t.

Seene in the Dope Shop. Enter Professor Ormand, Dr. Pep, and Prexy.

Prexy—Give us three dopes. Here's a quarter; three out, Hunt.

Pep—This is a bum dope. Ormand, have you got a cigarette on you?

Ormand—No, but here's the rollin's. Say, have you seen the Broadway Belles at the Orpheum?

Prexy—Sounds good anyway. I gave William, Lyon, Kendrick, Randolph, and the baby my last dollar, but I've got fifty cents and the change from the dopes. It's seven-ten now. Let's go. Come on boys. Exit.

When Shakespeare shaves off his whizzes

And in writing plays himself bizzies—

But a miracle it would take

This prof to remake,

And there are none of us here who are wizzes

When the profs, they quit giving quizzes,  
And all students have grins on their phizzes,

It is time to say

Now let us pray,

For to think of such things quite me dizzes.

### Coming Through Trinity

If a body meet a "fesser"

Comin' thru the hall;

If a body meet a "fesser"

Do not try to stall;

Look the prof right in the eye and ask him how he is—  
I tell you straight you'll get an A on every other quiz.

If a body meets the dean

Comin' down the walk;

If a body meet the dean

Go on, don't try to stalk;

Just give him there a smile so sweet an' he'll take  
the cue,

And the next time he calls you in he'll be as sweet  
to you.

If a body meet Bull Brown

Comin' from the town;

If a body meet Bull Brown

Do not turn around;

Merely say, "Oh Dr. Brown, I've some folk-lore here  
for you,"

And that is all you have to do to pass his English 2.



### Men—the Co-ed's Version

*THESE men are very simple folk,*

*I like 'em*

*They take me out until they're broke*

*I like 'em*

*I like them naughty, tall and lean*

*And short and fat and good and green*

*Yet many other kinds I've seen;*

*Yep, I like 'em.*

*They take me to the senior hop*

*I like 'em*

*They take me to the candy shop*

*I like 'em*

*But when they show that they don't care*

*And hug me roughly like a bear,*

*Oh, Man! I love 'em.*

### Explode

*Announcement! The next issue of the ARCHIVE will be the "Graveyard Number" for Wayside Wares. Any person or freshman having something real gruesome to say will find a chance to say it in the form of picture, song, or story in this issue. Call around to find out all the horrible details.—R. P. H., 305 Alspaugh.*

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*Announcement*

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*The New Goody Shop*

*Germany's Capacity to Pay*

(Continued from Page 173)

about 11 billions. The sundry credits, or earnings, among the invisible items which can be set off against the 11 billions debit, or deficiency, in the trade accounts for the four years since the war, cannot have exceeded 1 billion gold marks. That would leave a total deficit in the international accounts for 1919-1922 inclusive, of about 10 billion gold marks.

The Treaty of Versailles holds Germany responsible in principle for all the losses sustained by the Allied and Associated Powers and their citizens which are directly or indirectly attributable to the war. The Allied and Associated governments recognized, however, that Germany's resources would not permit her to meet the entire cost of the war, direct and indirect, for it was estimated that the damages to property and person, plus the total of Allied war expense, would reach the stupendous sum of one trillion francs! The Allies finally stipulated in the treaty that Germany should make reparation "for all damages done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea and from the air." The treaty provided that 20 billion gold marks should be paid on account of reparation before May 1, 1921, by which time the total of German reparation obligations was to be fixed. The London settlement of May, 1921, announced the total sum for which Germany was accountable as follows:

Reparation debt .....	132,000,000,000 gold marks
Belgian war debt (estimated) .....	4,000,000,000 gold marks
Total .....	136,000,000,000 gold marks

From this total there were to be deducted amounts equal to: the payments and deliveries already made; the credits for Germany arising out of payments or deliveries by other ex-enemy powers. Germany was also required to settle pre-war debts of German nationals and for the restoration of property carried away from non-German territory. The settlement stipulated that Germany must pay an annual sum of 2 billion gold marks, plus 26 per cent (of which 1 per cent is for sinking fund) of her total exports. Despite various modifications, this London settlement remains the principal reparation agreement.

Allied and German estimates or calculations as to the amount already paid toward the total 136,000,000,000 gold marks are widely divergent. The Allies claim that they have received from Germany only a

little more than 8 billion gold marks, while the Germans contend that, up to September 30, 1922, they paid in fulfillment of treaty obligations a total of 44.7 billion gold marks. The explanation of great discrepancy between Allied and German estimates of total payments made is threefold: (1) the Reparation Commission's figures are admittedly provisional and incomplete, the German estimates, on the other hand, are in nearly all cases complete; (2) there is a difference in the principles of evaluation that are employed; (3) only the clearing house operations have been reported officially in any detail.

On the basis of an impartial analysis of all the available data, Moulton and McGuire estimate that the tangible values surrendered by Germany to the Reparations Commission, as distinguished from the total credits to which Germany may or may not be entitled on the books of the Commission in reduction of her capital debt, aggregate between 25 and 26 billion gold marks.

The largest part of Germany's payments have been made out of capital, through the transfer of movable property and through the sale of practically all the liquid assets that were capable of mobilization. There have been some deliveries in kind and a relatively small volume of cash payments, the funds for which have been chiefly derived, directly or indirectly, from the sale of paper currency, and of private property in Germany. All of these means of payment are evanescent in their nature; they have in fact already been practically, if not completely, exhausted.

Since Germany now has and can have for many years to come practically no net international income from the invisible sources, her ability to obtain the foreign bills of exchange with which to make reparation payments will depend almost entirely upon her foreign trade. The whole German economic system has developed in such a way that roughly 20 per cent of the population cannot live unless food continues to be imported and that most of the factories cannot possibly operate without foreign raw materials, the procurement of indispensable imports must take precedence over everything else. This is necessary not merely for purposes of meeting treaty obligations; it is imperative if a considerable percentage of the German city population is not to perish.

The imports required to maintain the German population in a state of physical efficiency and to enable the German factories to operate at something like pre-war capacity, total in value about 14 billion gold



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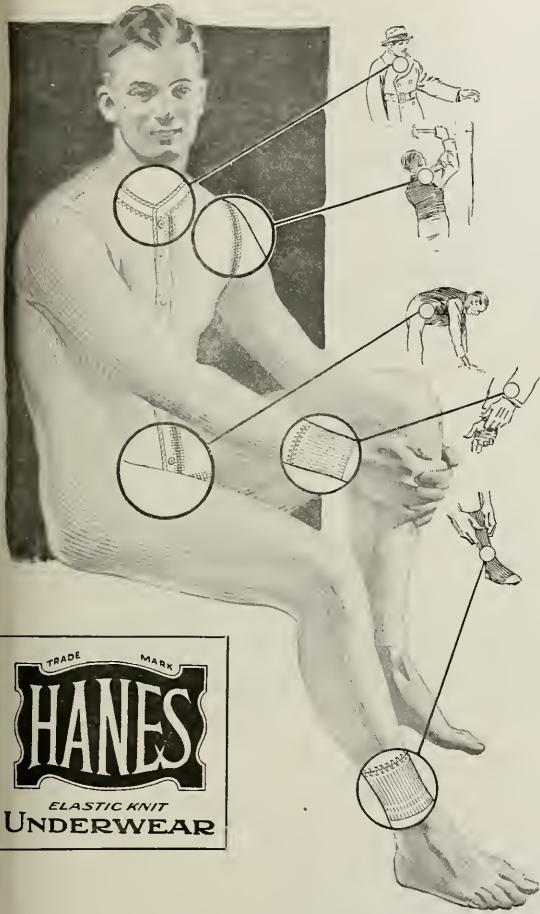
marks, as compared with actual imports in 1922 of only about 6.2 billion gold marks. *German exports must therefore equal 14 billion gold marks merely for the purpose of paying for the necessary imports. In 1922 they were less than half of this total. German capacity to make reparation payments continuously year after year will be determined by the extent to which exports can be made to exceed 14 billion gold marks.* At the present time the total of Germany's imports of foodstuffs and raw materials, combined with the total of domestic production, is wholly insufficient to support the population in a state of efficiency and to permit the operation of the factories. Both the industrial and agricultural output is at a low ebb. The greater part of the German industrial population is even now seriously undernourished. Export markets for German goods have been very greatly curtailed since the war because of the general impoverishment of Europe and the erection everywhere of tariff barriers against German goods even by the identical countries which declare that Germany can and must pay in full.

The German budgetary story from 1914 to 1923 is briefly summarized by Moulton and McGuire as follows: During the war, for reasons of political expediency, taxes were kept relatively low. In the fiscal years 1919-20 and 1920-21, demobilization, internal reconstruction, and treaty fulfillment required enormous expenditures to be made at once, while the necessary reorganization of the fiscal system delayed the collection of taxes. In 1921-22 the tax program was more effective, perhaps as much as one-fourth of the national income being taken by the government. In spite of this, the budget was still far from balanced, for the increased outlays under the terms of the London ultimatum quite offset any gains otherwise made. In 1922-23 the almost uninterrupted fall of the currency completely demoralized the fiscal system.

The story of the German monetary situation is only too familiar. At first the flow of manufactured money to the channels of production gave a decided stimulus to output. Recently, however, production has declined, unemployment is increasing, and fundamental economic and social disintegration is in progress. Repairs and extension to plant and equipment

may still be made in the hope of escaping taxes, or because, everything considered, the loss entailed is less when funds are put into real estate development than when used for any other purpose except immediate consumption. No German business man, however, knows whether or not he is making profits; it is impossible any longer to compute today earnings in foreign values with any degree of accuracy; and, even if one could, by the time the computation was finished it would have become obsolete. When the price of a meal can increase 10 per cent between the first and second courses, it is clearly difficult to keep pace with price indexes. It is not surprising that the national motto of Germany has become: "Save, and you are lost; spend freely, speculate, or buy foreign currencies, and you win." By no means least serious of the consequences of such a situation is its effect upon the different groups in society. As has been well said, it creates a country divided into three classes, "one that suffers silently and goes under in decency; another that profiteers cynically and spends recklessly; and a third that writes in desperation and wishes to destroy in blind fury whatever is left of a government and of a society that permits such conditions." With each succeeding month the disastrous effects of inflation have become more pronounced. Paper has become practically worthless, for it costs more to send it to the treasury for redemption than it is worth. Assuming the obliteration of this ocean of paper, what next? A return to the gold standard would no doubt be attempted; but its successful inauguration under the chaotic conditions prevailing would be extremely difficult. It cannot be too often reiterated that there can be no solution of the monetary problem until revenues once again equal expenditures.

In other words, the ability of Germany to develop an export surplus is the essence of the whole reparation problem. If the Allies hope to get paid, there is only one policy to follow, namely, to facilitate the recovery of German import and export trade, and then to require the delivery of whatever excess of exports may be developed. Germany must be given time in which to recover her international economic equilibrium.



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Vol. XXXVI. No. 5

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A MONTHLY PUBLICATION PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C.

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The ARCHIVE is published on the fifteenth of each month, October to May inclusive, by the senior class at Trinity College. It is the purpose of the editorial and managerial staffs to make the magazine one of the best in the South, to give expression to the thoughts of the students, and to



stimulate literary interest among them. Contributions from Trinity students, alumni, and faculty are solicited. It is urged that all manuscript be typewritten and in the hands of the editors not later than the twentieth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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# Editorial

## Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin

EXAMINATIONS are past, and we are now in that terrible reactionary period which inevitably follows the examinations. Some has called this period the period of judgment—the time when the sheep and the goats shall be divided—and we are inclined to like this metaphor. Surely from the countenances of the students and the campus chatter it is easy for anyone to see that the students are experiencing some such period. There are happy faces; there are sad faces. Various groups stand around and discuss their fates. It is quite easy to distinguish just who is the “sheep” and who the “goat.”

The college bulletin board during this period is a place of fear and trepidation. Pale faces gather there and scan the long lists of names posted by the Dean. Freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors alike pass by and read this “handwriting on the wall.” It is not very difficult for the psychologist to tell which of them has been found wanting, for the countenances betray what has happened. The “sheep” turn to the right; to the left is the Dean’s office, and there go those who have been found wanting.

It is not our purpose, however, to philosophize on the atmosphere of this period of judgment. Examinations are past; the die is cast. It is too late to bemoan the failures which we have made, and we must take the consequences thereof. We are at Trinity College because we realize it has a standard, and we want to see that standard maintained. It is the place of the College to maintain that standard; it is up to us, as members of the student body of the College, to assist in its maintenance.

There will, perhaps, be a great deal of criticism of those who have at heart the maintenance of the high standard at Trinity College. It is the duty, however, of every sober-minded student to look at the matter with clear, unprejudiced minds, and to see that the proper support is given those who have our interest at heart. We are decidedly a part of Trinity. We are measured by the standard which Trinity maintains, and it should be our greatest desire and ambition to know that we are doing our part in upholding this

high standard. With this standard in mind, let us forget what is behind, and press forward to higher attainments this new term.



## Something New

TRINITY COLLEGE will usher in something new on the night of February 29, when the first open forum debate to be held in the South will be staged with Swarthmore in Craven Memorial Hall. In this kind of debate the contest is shifted from the college to the individual debater. The speakers will be allowed to choose the side on which they wish to appear; so it is possible that a student from each institution will appear on each side of the query. By having this kind of procedure the debaters do not have to debate against their beliefs. No judges are selected for the contest, for the audience acts as judge and is allowed to interrupt the speakers at will. A vote is cast for the winning side and not for the winning institution.

Heretofore, students at Trinity have taken very little interest in debates, and this fact has been discouraging to the students who have represented our institution. We believe that the new system will cause the debates to be more interesting and that it will give the speakers invaluable experience. We owe it to these men to give them our whole-hearted support. With the coming of the open forum plan of debating let’s not only turn over a new leaf, but let’s start a new book, so to speak, and show Trinity representatives that we are behind them.



## The Midnight Escape

DURING the midst of the past examinations at Trinity the Paris Theater announced that it was putting on a midnight show beginning at a few minutes past twelve on Sunday night, January 27. Trinity students received the announcement with joy; at last Durham was going to have midnight follies!

In the Dope Shop, at the boarding house, at the bull feasts—everywhere—the midnight follies was the

chief topic of conversation. An orchestra, the Piedmont Strollers, was to furnish music; and Durham was going to have something *extra*. As the time approached, it seemed as if all the male students at Trinity were going to flock to the attraction. Approaching upper-classesmen, freshmen made bold to ask if they were going to see the follies.

Sunday night all was as quiet as if it were the night before Christmas. Some students were sleeping; others were drifting toward in order to make sure of a front seat at the Paris. The campus did not seem like itself. About eleven o'clock, however, the mad rush began, and a continuous stream of students could be seen moving briskly toward town.

Arriving at the theater, they flocked in, filling up the front seats long before midnight. By the time the performance started the building was packed to its capacity. Freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors, graduate students, and, it is whispered (though we will not vouch for the truthfulness of the statement), that even members of the faculty were included in the crowd. To be sure people of Durham attended, but their number was only a small minority of the crowded audience.

The show began; the spectators were disappointed. Many went to sleep. It was an ordinary performance with an orchestra thrown in. The minutes dragged slowly by. "Why didn't I sleep and be in good shape for my examination tomorrow," many thought. Since they had gone to the trouble to make the trip to town, the students decided to stay until everything was over.

The picture came to a close early Monday morning. A cry of "cedarbirds" arose above the noise of the departing students. It was taken up and carried on; all along the street it rang out.

The throng reached the campus about 2:45 Monday morning. It made known its disappointment by its continued shouts. Up the steps of their respective dormitories the students went, making all the noise possible. Quickly they undressed and went to bed to dream of their nine-thirty exams, and their midnight escape. They had witnessed their first midnight follies!



## With the Passing of Time

A FEW DAYS ago an alumnus of the class of '21 dropped by and spent a few hours on the campus.

He commented on the changes which had taken place since he was graduated; noticed the new buildings, improvements, and the enlarged student body; but he said that he did not wonder at these changes, and that his attitude toward Trinity would always be "nil admirare," for he expected great things of this institution.

Our conversation continued as we went to chapel. There our friend seemed happy to be again in the midst of familiar ceremonies. He smiled as he noticed that Dr. Few had not abandoned his habit of scratching his head during the exercises. He wanted to know if "Wannie" still prayed as long as he did in the old days. He seemed a bit inclined to wonder when we told him that the Dean seldom prayed over five minutes; still he maintained his motto, "nil admirare."

Chapel was over. We hurried out; and standing near the entrance to Craven Memorial Hall, we watched the students come out. We called his attention to "Seab," as the mascot trotted out with the students. He smiled. Suddenly, however, we noticed an expression of surprise, wonder, and sadness come over the countenance of our friend. When we asked the cause of his suddenly changed demeanor, he pointed to some half-dozen students, dressed in knickers, and wearing fastidious stockings, with many-colored checks and zebra-like stripes.

"I never thought Trinity boys would come to these things," he said, and continued to deplore the fact as he saw among the students many other men wearing the Benjamin-Franklin style of clothing.

We explained to him that it seemed that history would repeat itself.

He recalled the old war-time days when there existed the overall club; he told us how one student was thrown into the Annie Rooney Pool because he would not join the club.

"But what a change has taken place," he said as he shook his head hopelessly.

We undertook to debate the matter of clothing with him. He answered by saying that he had not noticed any of the co-eds wearing hoop-skirts. In spite of our efforts to make him see the humor in a few of a particular set of men wearing knickers, he went away in a rather shocked condition with his motto "nil admirare."

# Fourth Down and Goal To Go

W. S. DURHAM

“ I GUESS it is almost, if not wholly, impossible to keep the loyal alumni of our colleges from helping boys who are not able to pay their own expenses through college,” was the way a friend of mine, an alumnus of a rival college in athletics, summed up the matter of paid athletes in our schools. As a matter of fact, he was almost right,—almost but not entirely.

Most of us have heard or read discussions on professionalism in college athletics, but only a very few have read anything about the condition of athletics in this state. The affair of last year, which came near bringing out some sensational facts that the public in general has never had, was the nearest anyone ever came to disclosing the real circumstances.

Those who did not have any inside information could not find any evidence, and those who did know were careful that no one else found it out. A State College student, in speaking of the case, said that he knew for a fact that in a game of football between North Carolina State and the University of Virginia State College had to assure the player of pay before he would play. This and other facts were not made public, and the discussion soon died down and was dropped. Other cases, not necessarily at any one school, show up best with the least amount of light that is thrown on them. I do not think that it is a question of what is the matter with college athletics, for it is generally conceded that a certain amount of professionalism exists, but rather what is to be done about college athletics.

Sport and athletics, it is a sad fact, are vastly different terms. Sport is play, not work. Athletics as practiced is too strenuous, too spectacular, and too exclusive. The mass of students does not get the desired benefits from athletics. We talk about athletics but there is too much grand stand and too little actual participation in the games. Athletics should be a means to a higher end; we have reduced them to a commercial and advertising basis. Commercialism, vast expenses of teams, number of rules governing play, and eligibility of players have just about ruined some of our best games, so that the masses cannot play

them. The individual prizes and false praise—often of unworthy students—the developing of star athletes, the striving for records, and lastly the most serious wrong, the zealous rivalry with other schools, have eliminated sport from the life of most schools and have reduced athletics to a cut-and-dried work for the few who are expected to pose as champions for their school to work as though eternity depended upon their winning. As schools we strive for records, and we do not, as a rule, play for the love of playing. We may be wildly excited over a great intercollegiate contest where twenty-two men are struggling before thousands of spectators, or we may be one of thousands to view a baseball game, but these spectacular performances with their enormous gate receipts do not make our student body athletic.

It is very true that intercollegiate contests produce stars, but it is not beneficial when it is done at the expense of the great mass of boys. Ninety per cent. of the students are expected to sit around and cheer in order to support their team. They march and sing and yell at command, and their exercise is to cheer and yell for Alma Mater. Sport is thus lost to sight; the winning of the game is the only end in view. The team must win, and the few poor fellows who make up the team are told that the honor of their college is at stake. They are coached to the limit of the rules and too often beyond the spirit of the rules. They are trained to the minute, bandaged, and rubbed. Then there is added to this foolishness the unwholesome notoriety in the sporting columns of the papers, the contact with the low sporting element and the temptation to unfairness in the excitement of fierce contests.

Ex-president Alexander Meiklejohn, of Amherst College, in an article in the *Outlook* of March 8, 1922, said: “ Intercollegiate athletics should be managed by undergraduates, coached by undergraduates, and played by undergraduates.” It is conceded by everyone that the game should be played by undergraduates only. Management is divided between the undergraduate manager and the college authorities. Undergraduate coaching is wrong except as it is used as an auxiliary measure under the direction of an expert.

We are not taught English and other academic subjects by students. It would be better to make such a requirement than to require undergraduates to coach athletics.

There are a great many gentlemen who enter inter-collegiate contests, but there are a number of the other sort also. The comic writers poke fun at the idea of a gentleman in the contest, the sporting editor makes special mention of anything like clean play, officials are primed and forewarned against particular players, the rules recognize and penalize unnecessary roughness and slugging, and team mates jeer at the sentiment of clean play and relate private and intimate knowledge to the contrary as they submit to bandage and liniment in the dressing-room.

The athletic coach should be a man thoroughly trained in psychology as well as athletics, in order that he may have the point of view and ability to develop men instead of merely training athletes. That, and only that, type of coach should be employed, and he should be responsible to the college authorities and not to a group outside the college circle. A reasonable number of victories is desirable and is not inconsistent with the realization of the highest ideals in the student players. Coaches and managers must have the vision of developing sportsmanship, healthy rivalry, unselfishness, and character, and think of the game as a very effective means to that end. The work of a college is not merely to give an academic education but the development of men of power, men of high ideals, and men of noble ambitions as well as men of mental keenness and breadth of culture.

Then you reply with, "That all sounds very good but how are you going to accomplish it?"

The part of it that cannot be carried out by an efficient coaching staff must be achieved by members of the student body. Nothing that they will do afterwards in life is likely to be a juster test of their character than is their present attitude towards amateur sport. Let students prepare platforms and present them to a joint committee from the colleges of the

State. These may serve to suggest to others certain aspects of the subject which invite special consideration. Perhaps it would be hard to find a better platform than a part of one on which the *Harvard Crimson*, the *Yale News*, and the *Daily Princetonian* agreed to stand. The part that could well apply to our colleges is as follows:

1. There shall be no football practice organized under the supervision of any college before the formal opening of college in the fall.

2. A committee on eligibility shall be formed by representatives of the colleges. All candidates for major sports must submit to this committee a signed statement of their amateur standing and sources of their financial maintenance at college. This committee shall draw up an eligibility code and pass on the standing of every man before he enters competition. The one-year eligibility rule shall continue in effect.

4. No athlete transferring from one college to another may compete in a major sport until he has passed a required amount of work.

5. No coach shall sit on the sideline bench or communicate with the players on the field or on the bench during the periods of play.

6. Organized scouting shall be abolished.

No one of these points can be carried out without a willingness on the part of the coaches. On the other hand, if the coaches display a willingness to cooperate and enter whole-heartedly into the compact, every point in the platform can be put into effect. Of course the coach must have the backing of the student body, especially when he tries to enforce the second point. If a player is caught presenting a false statement of his standing or source of finances, it should be the duty of the student body of all the colleges to outlaw him from any form of athletics. With this attitude of mind the students can do much in making athletics in the State a clean, wholesome sport.

It may be fourth down and goal to go, but the goal is not far and can be made by a concerted effort on the part of those who are most vitally concerned.

# Americanism: Ideal or Materialistic

THOMAS BANKS BRADLEY

(1923 Winner of Wiley Gray Orator's Medal)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON once called the United States of America—"The last and noblest effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." Through all the years of our history to the present day, the spirit of America has evolved and grown into a great dynamic form, which has ever sought the betterment and advancement of mankind. Today a distraught world order, overstrained with deterrent forces, threatens the perpetuity of this God-given purpose. The significant and challenging feature of this fact may be discerned when one realizes that these menacing tendencies lie within the structure of our own American life and government. Is it not therefore fitting and urgent that we look into our present status, endeavoring to preserve those qualities which pretend good to men, and seeking to obliterate those which forbode ill?

What is this Americanism anyway, and of what does it consist? True Americanism is an illustrated lesson of faith in God and country, faith in our newly created institutions, faith in ourselves and in the brotherhood of man. In the long ago, the Makers of America, in following the unblazed trail towards the highest democracy, caught a vision, a wondrous vision of the America of their dreams, wherein were many minds, but one heart; many paths, but one goal; many ways, but one purpose; many races, but one nation. The government of the United States was a government of the people, for the people, and by the people; based upon the principles of freedom, justice and humanity, where lawlessness could not exist, where equal rights were extended to all, and where a deep and abiding love of country was inborn. Freedom of speech, of the press, of religion, and of assemblage, was given unequivocally to all citizens. The ruling spirit was that of democracy, which has rightfully been termed the political expression of the Golden Rule. Finally, America would ever heed the call of world brotherhood, would ever realize the ties that bind together the nations of the earth, would ever sense her responsibility for the protection of humanity, and would ever seek to advance the cause of

civilization. Such was, is and should always be our ideal of Americanism.

But let us catch a view of the other side of the picture—the recent tendencies of Americanism, which so vitally differ from this ideal, which threaten to warp and destroy these principles which mean so much to men everywhere, and upon which, hanging almost by a thread, rest the destinies of future generations.

A decidedly menacing turn has been made towards materialism. Our age of big business, the wonderful progress of our industries, the enormous increase in production, and the extension of our markets to all parts of the globe—these have caused the other peoples of the world to declare that the American is essentially a man of affairs, a cold, hard, driving dealer in commodities, with no desire save for gain. And we have to admit that this is largely true—that commercial undertakings, industrial enterprises, and the eternal quest of gold, have come to be regarded as the primary aims of life. The dollar has become the symbol of Americanism—and sad to relate—has in many instances, become the God of men. Righteousness, spiritual resourcefulness, and the desire to promulgate the Christian program in every country, have, for the most part, been thrown into the background, and are considered secondary in importance. The pitiable and deplorable feature of this fact is that we have been known always as a Christian nation, and when we, of all people, repudiate the cause of the Galilean, when we turn our backs upon the finer, nobler things of life in our struggle for wealth, is it a wonder that humanity trembles?

Another curse is that of political ignorance and indifference. Our most enlightened citizens do not take part in politics, with the result that politicians exploit the voters, who do not really possess the proper discrimination between the good and the bad. This inevitably means that other nations get the idea that America affects to be one thing, but in reality is quite another. They point to the Ku Klux Klan and to mob violence as seemingly necessary to meet conditions not adequately provided for under the existing

order. They point to the Herrin Massacre as evidence that respect for law is breaking down. They point to the industrial derelicts in this country—abandoned cantonments, powder plants, and deserted shipyards—as evidence of gross wastefulness—and as grim spectres of War, which we have not aggressively striven to banish from the earth, as we have held ourselves aloof from the League of Nations, and persistently refuse to participate in the European Conferences, where our mighty influence would add much to the cause of right and of permanent peace. Is this not true? Shall we not awaken from this state of lethargy and meet these issues squarely?

Again, in turning to our Capitol, and in viewing national politics, we see another alarming state of affairs. When partisan methods are used to defeat measures designed for world humanity, when the atmosphere at Washington breathes forth only the note of "America First," when filibustering occupies most of the time of Congress, and when national honor is sacrificed upon the altar of selfish policy and personal distrust, then indeed are the Stars and Stripes imperiled.

What is true here in America, is doubly so elsewhere. The whole world order is in a frightfully chaotic condition. The foreign financial situation is almost hopelessly impossible, with an increased world debt of three hundred and ninety billion dollars brought on by the Great War. In a political way, conditions are exceedingly crucial. Repeated efforts have been made to reconcile the peoples of the earth, but at Washington, Geneva, Lausanne, and at the Hague, the Conferences, it must be admitted, were, for the most part, failures. Why were they failures? Simply because the representatives of nations came there to bargain for gain, commercial or otherwise, because they were filled with distrust one for the other, because they did not seek lasting peace, and because they were not willing to pay for it with mutual concessions.

Despite the overhanging clouds of strife, despite threatening conditions everywhere, despite this gloomy picture, there yet remains one hope—one solution to these world-wide problems—and that lies in America. The world looks to us. The vital interests of humanity in every land and clime are interwoven with the vital interests of our country. The fate of civilization and the destiny of mankind rests in our hands. We, here in America, hold the key to the coming years and to the golden hopes of men.

Across this otherwise dark horizon looms a great and unconquerable shaft of life—the irresistible power of democracy. Men stand blinded in its radiance, because of the simple yet wonderful truth that democracy comprehends the thing most needed—the power of adjusting itself to meet the needs of the people. The enlightened opinion of every man, woman and child, which is unquestionably the most compact and powerful force given to men, is inherently capable of obliterating for all time the demoralizing and the destroying tendencies that lie within the hearts of nations.

Will we today, as a people, rise in the strength of our might, and make our country the land to which all the nations of the earth can point as the beacon light for the day that must lie just ahead? The present order cannot exist, for if it does, man himself will suffer annihilation. We have a glorious heritage from the past, and a splendid, urgent, thrilling opportunity for the future. We are signally blessed, but at the same time we are incessantly challenged. If we take the greatness of our spiritual power and use it to the betterment of the land we own, we shall defeat the littleness that lurks in some men's minds; we shall destroy the forces which inhibit that which is finer, and we shall usher in that day when righteousness shall be the triumphant, regnant quality of the American people.

# *All's Well That Ends Well*

W. B. MAYER

"BY JOVE, I don't see how that's possible but here it is right here in our own newspaper." Mr. Hightower sounded very perplexed but very pleased and quite willing to be convinced of the statement he had just seen on the sporting page of the paper he had been taking for twenty-five years.

Mr. Hightower made this remark to himself in the lobby of the Biltmore Club and immediately bolted down the hall and into the locker-room of the club where his two friends, Mr. Clark and Mr. Lewis, were enjoying a belated supper.

"Look here, John. Do you see what I see?"

He held the paper in front of John Lewis, who, after reading the first lines, snatched the paper while uttering an amazed and skeptical grunt.

The headlines of the sporting page read: "Charles Jones, Young Golfer of This City, Qualifies First in the National Open."

The three men read the details of Charles' wonderful round eagerly, for Charlie was almost like a son to them.

Three old bachelors in comfortable circumstances, they had devoted the past fifteen years of their life in perfecting their golf game. They had had wonderful success considering the fact that they did not begin playing until they were thirty-five. Three years ago, they had begun to feel that they needed a little more youth in their daily life; therefore they had selected young Charlie Jones to make up a foursome with them. They chose Charlie because he seemed to be the epitome of a young man at twenty-two. Care-free, happy, sportsmanlike, lithe, slim, and active, he fulfilled their very need for youth.

Charlie had jumped at the chance to play every afternoon with these veterans of the game. If there was one thing that Charlie took seriously, it was his golf game. And he took every chance to improve it. The reason for his intense seriousness and steady application to the game was this: he loved Miss Connie Jones, and Connie was a hero worshipper. Any other girl could have made a very adequate hero out of young Charlie, but Connie played a very good game of golf, and Charlie did not. Very decidedly,

he did not. It was a lucky day for him when he shot anywhere near a hundred. Connie worshiped all the high moguls of golf,—Sweetzer, Jones, Hagen, and Evans. Charlie, long with his other good qualities, had a great deal of determination. He persisted in being very attentive to Connie but he had never brought himself to propose because she seemed such a superior being and he so lowly by virtue of their respective golf games.

This abiding love of his for Connie had been the only reason that he had gone to Inwood. Of course Connie would be there to follow her heroes around during the National Open, and, of course, Charlie took every chance to see her. Why, then, was it that his friends were reading of his triumph in the qualifying rounds of the tournament?

That was the question which was perplexing the three gentlemen whom we left in the locker-room. They decided that, on account of their personal interest in Charles, they could not stay there in Garden City while their young protégé was probably winning the championship; therefore they packed their bags and took the night train for Inwood.

Charles, having been previously wired, met them at the station with a broad grin but refused to throw any light on his sudden, miraculous improvement. They drove out to the house which Charles had rented during the tournament, and, after washing up from the trip, they were going down to demand an explanation and to wonder.

Charles came to his guests' rooms before they had had time to descend to the sitting room. With elaborate care, he motioned them to follow him and preserve a perfect silence. Without any explanation, he led them down the main corridor of the house, into a wing, and opened one of the doors leading into the hallway. The four of them entered the room, still preserving absolute silence. Charlie took out a small electric flash light and directed its rays toward a bed in one corner. To the amazement of Charlie's three friends, there lay an exact counterpart of their young friend,—light, curly hair; smooth, clear skin; and even the same pleasant smile. The young man in bed was evidently having some sweet dreams. Charlie

turned the light off, and the four retreated in silence to the living room. They all lit cigarettes and settled down to hear the story which they knew that Charlie would begin now.

"As you three know, I took a trip through the Scotch Highlands last summer. You've probably heard everything that happened to me on the trip except this one thing which I kept dark until now.

"The train going from Glasgow to the Lakes was wreck-bound for about two hours by a little pasture just long enough for mashie pitches. John Law, with whom I was travelling, and I both remarked on how well the Scottish landscape suited the wonderful old game. Just then from behind some shrubs at the far end of the meadow, we saw a golf ball rising in a perfect arc and land dead without rolling six inches. Another and another followed, all within two feet of each other. Evidently, this little country pasture was the practice grounds of some famous Scotch player. After a half dozen balls had all landed near each other with a mathematical accuracy, a young man stepped out from the copse and came towards the train. When I first saw him, I noticed something familiar about his stride and bearing. As he came closer, I began to recognize a perfect counterpart of myself, feature for feature. John Law was also astonished at the likeness.

"I presume that you three are now beginning to get an inkling of my darstardly plot to win a maiden's hand. You are right. The first thing that entered my head when I saw the remarkable resemblance was the possibility of entering him in the National Open under my own name. I noticed that the young Scotchman was rather poorly dressed. His mashie was an old, battered club of the type in use twenty-five years ago. John and I left the train to engage him in conversation. As soon as we told him that we were Americans and devotees of the great game, he warmed up and talked volubly.

"It appeared that he had always wanted to go to America to see if he could not secure a position as professional at one of the famous clubs. He had been prevented, however, on account of sufficient funds. I saw my opportunity.

"The plan which I offered him I confess gave me a few twinges but 'All's fair in love and war.' I persuaded him to come over and play in my name under the following terms: I was to pay his passage over, support him, and pay for a place for him to keep in

practice, and give him a thousand dollars to boot.

"Sandy—I forgot to say that his name was Sandy Moe Tavis—came over last May and has been practicing at Poland Springs for the last two months.

"I have taken every precaution to prevent the substitution being discovered. In the evening, when I am my real self, I explain that I do not speak during a match because I lose the spirit of the game. I command Sandy not to utter a word in public because he still has an atrocious Scotch burr. And now you know the full story of my awful villiany."

To make a long story short, Sandy, under Charlie's name, came through nobly and won the open from Sweetzer by the ignominious score of seven up and five to play. The night of the final match, Charlie paid Sandy as had been agreed and in addition gave him railroad fare to the Pacific Coast with instructions to make himself as inconspicuous as possible and to grow a mustache and beard. The same night Charlie laid the tournament cup and his heart at Connie's feet and was proudly accepted.

In the excitement of carrying out his plan Charlie had not allowed himself to think of the fraud which he was perpetrating. After the tension was over and Connie had accepted him, he began to worry about winning a wife by dishonest means and was afraid his married life would be a little too uncertain, living in constant fear of detection as he would be.

The next morning, after contemplating such a future life, he summoned up his courage and went to make a confession to Connie.

"Connie, would you be very much disappointed should your Charles revert to a state of rotten golf again? Because, Connie, I have a heart-rendering confession to make. That wasn't me that played in the tournament."

"Why, of course not, Charlie. Did you think that you had been fooling me all this time? Ever since we met each other, I've been crazy about you, but I was afraid you would never propose, just on account of your poor golf game. You can't fool a girl about the man she loves. The first time I saw your substitute play, I knew it wasn't you. You've got a wart on the back of your neck, and your young Scotchman hasn't. Anyhow, Charlie, I'm glad my husband isn't such a golf fan. I want to see him some myself."

With that, there followed a scene that would have been worth five hundred thousand dollars in box-office receipts had it been in a moving picture.



# Witchcraft—A Delusive Art

C. S. GREEN

MANY THOUGHTFUL writers have said that the subject of witchcraft has hardly received the consideration which it deserves in the history of opinions. The reason for this neglect is easily accountable—the fact that belief in witchcraft no longer exists among intelligent people, and hence its history possesses rather an antiquarian than a living interest. It is impossible to tell the stories of witch trials without digging up a buried past and this process of exhumation is often not very pleasant. In reality the study of witchcraft is more than an unsightly exposure of a forgotten superstition. It is practically impossible to grasp the social conditions or to understand the opinions, fears and hopes of the peoples of any past age, without knowing something of the part played by witchcraft in this period of life.

Belief in witchcraft, demonology and spiritualism is as old as the history of mankind. In the very first part of the Bible we read: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And in other portions of the Holy Book we find mention of witchcraft. So we must consider the Bible as our oldest and most authentic record from which we may derive our ideas of witchcraft.

The Egyptians and Chaldeans were early distinguished for their supposed proficiency in magic, in the production of supernatural phenomena and in penetrating into the secrets of future time. The first appearance of this extraordinary gift was the occasion of Pharaoh's dream of "the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine." All the wise men and magicians of Africa and Asia were called in to interpret the dream, but the boy Joseph was the only one able to expound it. There are numerous other instances recorded relating claims that were set up in ancient times to the exercise of magic power, but of all these there is only one—that for contention of superiority between Moses and the wise men of Egypt—in which we are presented with the pretensions to a visible exhibition of supernatural effects.

The question now arises, What is a witch? The earliest account we have of such an individual was the witch of Endor, who professed the power of calling up the dead, and who, as is well known, called up the shade of Samuel to pronounce the doom of Saul and

his race. Witches also claimed the faculty of raising storms and in other ways controlling the workings of nature. They appear in most cases to have been brought into action by the impulse of private malice. They occasioned mortality in beast and man and blighted the opening prospect of a plentiful harvest. The most noted work of these witches was in undermining the health of those who were so unfortunate as to incur their animosity, and caused them to waste away gradually with incurable diseases.

In the twelfth century it was believed that a witch was a woman who made a secret compact with the devil and received from him power to ride through the air, mostly at night, and on broomsticks or poles. Sometimes, as was believed, they took the forms of negroes, hogs, birds, or cats when going to perform their supernatural deeds.

A complete analysis of the development from this period in the twelfth century through the middle of the seventeenth century is given very clearly by Dr. Wingfield Nevins, in his book, "Witchcraft in Salem Village, 1692." In 1484, Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull, ordering the arrest of persons suspected of witchcraft. In 1485, forty-one aged women were burned at the stake in Burlia for substantially the same thing as was alleged against the men and women of Essex County in 1692, and others in Massachusetts earlier than that. In 1515, five hundred persons are said to have been executed for witchcraft in twelve weeks. England, that boasted land of light, liberty and law has been cursed by the superstition. Executions are recorded during all the years of these few centuries as the result of attempted practices of witchcraft, and we find legal executions in England as late as 1709 and in Sweden and Scotland in 1727.

It is interesting to note the wonderful belief in witchcraft by such Englishmen as Sir Matthew Hale, Dr. Moore, Sir Thomas Brown, Edward Fairfax, and many others of England's wisest men. When such men as these believed in witchcraft, how could the people who dwelt in the American wilderness in 1692 be expected to doubt? The result of a century and a half of persecutions in England was an abundance of books on the subject written almost entirely by clergy-

men and jurists, who were, no doubt, trying to defend their decisions in the matter. Numbers of these books found their way into American homes and became as well known as the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. It is surprising, then, that the people of this isolated land also believe in witchcraft? Blackstone, the great expounder of English law, wrote: "To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages of both the Old and New Testament; and the thing in itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath, in its time, borne testimony, either by example, seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws which at least suppose the possibility of commerce with evil spirits." Blackstone adds that "these acts continued in force until lately to the terror of all ancient females in the kingdom, and many poor wretches were sacrificed thereby to the prejudice of their neighbors and their own illusions; not a few having, by some means or other, confessed at the gallows."

We come now to a discussion of witchcraft in the new world, particularly in New England. It is a little uncertain just when the first case of witchcraft arose in New England. Hutchinson, in his "History of Massachusetts," says it was in 1645, at Springfield, when several persons were afflicted; but authorities think it possible that the historian confused this date with a similar Springfield affair in 1651.

The first execution for witchcraft in the new world was at Charlestown, in 1648, the victim being Margaret Jones. She was accused of practicing witchcraft, tried and found guilty, and hanged. All records of the case, if there were any, have long since been destroyed. The best account we have of it is from the journals of Governor Winthrop, who was not only Governor of the Colony but also Judge of the courts and presided at the trial of Margaret Jones. He says that the evidence against her was "That she was found to have such a malignant touch as many persons, men, women and children, whom she stroked or touched with any affection or displeasure, were taken with deafness or vomiting, or other violent pains or sickness." Can we doubt the testimony of such a man as Governor Winthrop? No one stood higher in the colony than he. Further in his journal the Governor records with emphasis, as an indication of the sentiments of the times, that the "same day and hour she (Margaret Jones) was executed, there was a very

great tempest at Connecticut which blew down many trees."

In 1651 we have the case of Mrs. Parsons, of Springfield, who was charged with the use of witchcraft on children of the minister of the village and sentenced to be hanged. John Bradstreet, of Rowley, was tried in Ipswich on July 28, 1652, on a charge of "familiarity with the Devil." He was fined 20s. or else be whipped, by order of the court. Then came the case of Anne Hibbins of Boston, in 1654. No particulars of the case are known other than that she was convicted and hanged. In 1659, John Godfrey, an Essex County man, was accused of witchcraft and bound over to a higher court, but he must have been acquitted, as no further record of the case is shown.

The next case in chronological order was that of Ann Cole of Hartford, in 1662, followed by that of Elizabeth Knapp of Gordon, Mass., in 1671. Then came the famous Essex County case of witchcraft which occurred in the family of William Morse, of Newbury. The family consisted, besides the old gentleman himself, of his wife, about sixty-five years of age, and a grandson, John Stills, aged twelve. Strange occurrences, involving cats, dogs, and birds took place around the old home and various articles of the household furniture were caused to move with all the activities of life. An investigation by men who did not even believe in witchcraft failed to prove that there was any particular person behind all these singular movements than what were termed witches.

The tracing of these few cases in New England witchcraft show that "the outbreak in Salem Village in 1692 was," as Nevins expresses it, "nothing phenomenal: that it did not differ from what has happened elsewhere save in obtaining a firmer hold in the minds of the people, and in being fostered by certain ministers and prominent men more than in other places." A few strong, calm words from them in February, 1692, would have completely allayed the excitement and put an end to the whole wretched business. But these words were not spoken, and the tragedy followed.

The witchcraft delusion in 1692 undoubtedly had its inception in the home of Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the church in Salem Village. In the family of the minister were a daughter, Elizabeth; a niece, Abigail Williams, and a servant, Tituba, half Indian, half negro. The tradition is that the two girls, with perhaps a few other girls of the neighborhood, used, dur-

ing the winter of 1691-2, to assemble in the minister's kitchen and there practice tricks and incantations with Tituba. This continued all through the winter with occasional meetings in various homes and the girls began to act in a strange and unusual manner, and as Calef describes it, "getting into holes and creeping under chairs and stools and to use sundry odd postures and antic gestures, uttering foolish, ridiculous speeches which neither they themselves nor any others could manage to make sense of."

This state of affairs continued from late in December to February, 1692, when the elder people learned something of what was transpiring in their midst, and great was their consternation. Dr. Griggs, the village physician, was called in, but he had never seen cases like these before. The "disease" was one unknown to medical science, but feeling obliged to render some explanation of the disorder, the doctor declared that the girls were possessed of the devil; in other words, bewitched. Thereupon the enriosity of the whole community was awakened and people came from far and near to witness the strange actions of the children. The minister became at once very much interested, not merely as a spectator, but taking charge of the whole business and calling meetings to discuss the matter. Private and public fasts were held, but the girls refused to tell anything. Finally they learned that Tituba had confessed to being able to discover a witch, though denied being one herself, so they cried out against Tituba and also named as their tormentors, Sarah Good, described as a "melancholy, distracted person," and Sarah Osbourn, a "bed-ridden old woman." The girls evidently reasoned that no one of these three women was likely to be believed in any denial of the statements of these girls connected with families of prominence and respectability. History has it that Good was twelve months later hanged, and Osbourne died as a result of the mental strain of the excitement and the brutal treatment of prison life, which her old age was not able to stand.

Among the first persons to fall under this imputation was George Burrongs, also a minister of Salem. He had, it seems, buried two wives, both of whom the busy gossips said he had used ill in their lifetime, and it was whispered had murdered them. This man was accustomed foolishly to boast that he knew what people said of him in his absence and that was the basis of the charge that he dwelt with the devil. Bur-

roughs was convicted and hanged. On the ladder just before the execution it is said he made such a fervent protestation of innocence that numbers of spectators wept.

The nature of accusations of this sort always operated like an epidemic, and when things are talked of continually in all walks of daily life it is not unnatural that such accusations spread with wonderful rapidity. People everywhere were seized with fits, exhibited frightful contortions in their limbs and features, and were not able to explain the reason for all of it. They pretended to suppose that it came from a neighbor who was already afflicted and had passed this on to them. The prisons were filled with persons accused, and utmost horror prevailed everywhere. In the midst of all this upheaval there appeared from the English press the book, "Certainty of World of Spirits," by Baxter, which had a dreadful effect upon the lives of the people, substantiating in their opinion their full belief in this witchcraft and its power.

There existed at this time a strange sympathy between Christianity, in its most honorable sense, and the fear of the devil, who appeared to "come down unto them with great wrath." Increase Mather and Cotton Mather, his son, were clergymen of the highest repute in the colony, and the people who were sane enough to think turned to these learned scholars for an opinion in the matter. The solemnity and awe with which they treated the subject, and the earnestness and zeal which they displayed, gave a sanction to the lowest superstition and virulence of the ignorant. It is understood, however, that Cotton Mather was not a direct sympathizer and had nothing to do with the trials held throughout the dark summer of 1692. We read that Mather often wrote to the judges asking them to be very careful in making decisions in these witch trials, and insisted that they should not convict on spectral evidence alone. We are convinced, however, that Cotton Mather was a strong believer in witchcraft, and that he wrote extensively in support of the doctrine, so we see that he was to a degree responsible for the outbreak of 1692, since he had been instilling into the minds of people the belief that witchcraft really existed, and also that there was an ever present devil who was using the spectres of human beings to do his evil deeds. Mather's plan for dealing with people supposed to be bewitched was to pray with, not to prosecute, the persons whom they accused of being their tormentors.

The whole of this dreadful tragedy was kept together by a single thread. The spectre seers for a considerable time restricted their accusation to persons of ill repute, but they eventually lost sight of this caution and pretended they saw the figures of some persons well connected, and of unquestioned honor and reputation engaged in acts of witchcraft. Immediately the whole thing fell through. The leading inhabitants soon saw that it was unsafe to trust their reputations and their lives to the mercy of these profligate accusers. The prisons were set open and over two hundred and fifty convicted and suspected persons were set at liberty and no more accusations were heard. Cotton Mather, in his "Wonders of the Invisible World," describes this close: "The 'afflicted,' as they were technically termed, recovered their health; the 'spectral sight' was universally scouted, and men began to wonder how they could have ever been the victims of so horrible a delusion."

The records of supposed witchcraft are so numerous that it is not necessary to trace them through their latest relics and fragments. At the beginning of the eighteenth century governments of Europe called for the code of their laws and obliterated the statutes which annexed the penalty of death to this imaginary crime.

In a splendid review of this period in medieval history of witchcraft, William Godwin, in "Lives of the Neeromaneers," says: "As long as death could by law be awarded against those who were charged with a commerce with evil spirits, and by their means inflicting mischief on their species, it is a subject not unworthy of grave argument and true philanthropy to endeavor to detect the fallacy of such pretences, and expose the incalculable evils and the dreadful tragedies that have grown out of accusations and prosecutions for such imaginary crimes. But the effect of perpetuating the silly and superstitious tales that have survived this mortal blow is exactly opposite. It only serves to keep alive the lingering folly of imbecile minds, and still to feed with pestiferous clouds the thoughts of the ignorant. Let us rather hail with heart-felt gladness the light which has, though late, broken in upon us, and weep over the calamity of our forefathers who, in addition to the inevitable ills of our sublunary state, were harassed with imaginary terrors and haunted by suggestions,

"Whose horrid image did unfix their hair,  
And make their seated hearts knock at their ribs,  
Against the use of nature."

## Disillusionment

**T**HE LEAVES are fallen,  
And the sighing trees,  
Bare, desolate, stripped of their glory,  
Shiver in the chill wind.  
The sky clouds her brow and weeps sadly:  
Her tears fall gently  
On the dried leaves,  
Making a mournful rustle.

My illusions, like leaves, are fallen,  
And I with drooping head  
Am left to shed inglorious tears  
Upon my withered dreams.

—Fabian.

# Origin of Croatan Settlement in Robeson County

J. J. FARRISS

IT IS BELIEVED by some historians, notably Stephen B. Weeks and Hamilton McMillan, that the Croatan settlement in Robeson County originated from the Lost Colony of Roanoke Island. On July 4, 1584 Raleigh's first expedition landed on the North Carolina coast. The newcomers discovered that the land which they were occupying was an island, twenty miles long and six broad. On the third day after their arrival the colonists were visited by Granganimeo, the brother of King Wingina, and a company of natives. The Indians welcomed the English and showed every sign of peace and friendliness. The settlers later visited the Indians and were treated with much courtesy and respect. However, the colonists did not attempt to make a settlement on this occasion. They remained on the island for two months and then returned to England. Again in 1585 Raleigh sent out a colonizing expedition under the command of Sir Richard Grenville. This colony met with mishap after mishap, and greatly disheartened they left for England before Raleigh could send succor. Raleigh's third attempt at colonization was in 1587. This time he appointed John White governor with twelve assistants. On July 25 the settlers landed on Roanoke Island. On August 13 Manteo, an Indian friend of the colonists, was baptised into the Christian faith. Virginia Dare, the first white baby to be born on the island, was born on July 18, 1587. On August 27 John White at the earnest request of the colonists returned to England to secure supplies and financial aid. He instructed the colonists to leave some conspicuous sign in case they moved and in case of distress to carve a cross above the sign. In 1591 White returned to Roanoke Island, but he found the fort deserted and several muskets lying around. The word CROATAN was seen carved on a tree near the fort. No other clue was left to give White any idea where his colony had gone. Several expeditions were sent out, but no trace was found.

Croatan was the name of the dwelling place of the Hatteras Indians, who were under the leadership of Manteo. Manteo had been to England and had assimilated some of the European civilization. It is then reasonable to conclude that the colonists, becoming destitute for food, settled with the Indians and intermarried with them. The colonists undoubtedly left peaceably, for their arms and ammunition were buried on the island before they left. The Indians in Robeson County are well acquainted with the story of Virginia Dare, but they insist that the name is spelled Dorr and not Dare.

Another proof lies in the name of Henry Berrie Lowrie. Henry Berrie was one of the Lost Colony (Weeks); so it would seem from this that the Lowries are descendants of the Roanoke Islanders. The Croatans fought the Tuscaroras in the Tuscarora War of 1711, and it is believed that they were in their present homes as early as 1650. The earliest grants to any Croatans were to Henry Berrie Lowrie (not the robber) and James Lowrie in 1732 and later in 1738. The Croatans have migrated into Indiana and the Southwest. McMillan tells us that they often visit their homes in Robeson County.

Hamilton McMillan also writes that the Indians migrated by the old Lowrie road which ran on the ancient coastline of North Carolina. The road ran north of Maxton and thence into South Carolina. From the earliest settlement of Robeson County the Croatans have occupied a large territory, chiefly along the Lumber River. They are undoubtedly of Indian origin; they possess Indian traits; and declare that their ancestors were Cherokees who formerly dwelled in Eastern North Carolina on Roanoke Island. One interesting thing to note is that the district called Roanoke embraced the entire country adjacent to Pamlico Sound and not merely the island. McMillan also tells us that these Indians when first known to white men after John White were known to possess names identical with those of the Lost Colony. They also speak many English words which were used in

the time of Chaucer or later but are now obsolete. In addressing a stranger they use the old Saxon word *MON*. They speak of houses as *HOUSEN* and use *MENSION* for measure. These Indians have traditions which lead one to infer that they once had Christian churches at several points along the roads leading from Roanoke to the Southwest and other points of settlement. One of the churches was located near Rockfish in Cumberland County. An aged citizen of Cumberland remembered seeing the walls of this church, known as the "Indian Walls," from 1812 to 1837, when the material was used in building the basement of the Rockfish Cotton Factory. In 1865 the building was burned by General Sherman, but the present building was located on the rock basement, which was not injured. (McMillan). The material used in building the church was red sandstone, but the quarry where the material was obtained has never been found.

The caravans, leaving Robeson County, were described by Colonel Byrd as containing from 150 to 200 horses, loaded with guns, ammunition, clothing, tomahawks, and other merchandise to trade with the Indians in the Southwest for hides and skins. Ministers often accompanied these caravans. One of these ministers was a Frenchman, De Riehbourge. Governor Swain investigated the traditions concerning him and found that he died near the Catawba River on one of these expeditions and that some of his descendants still live in Buncombe County. McMillan says that he has found only three families among the Croatans who have Indian names: the rest have French or English.

Along the Lowrie road there are many mounds, which are circular and are elevated some three feet above the ground. Several have been excavated and have been found to contain human skeletons. Arrowheads and flints have been found in various places, but there is some doubt that the Indians used these instruments. Traditions are not available that these Croatans used arrows as their weapons.

The Croatans have given Hiram R. Levels to the United States Senate. They divide their religion between the Baptists and the Methodists. Only a few are Presbyterians. They have an Indian mission and twenty churches. Up until 1835 their children went to school with the white children, but after that they were prohibited, and so many of them grew into manhood and womanhood totally ignorant and illiterate.

It was not until 1868 that public schools were made available for them.

There is a wide diversity of opinion as to the source of the Croatan tribe. Of course there are many who believe that these Indians are the direct descendants of the Lost Colony of Roanoke Island, but there are others who believe that they originated from an entirely different source. Weeks tells us that the second theory as to the migration of the Hatteras is found in the presence of a tribe near Clarksville, Virginia, on the Roanoke River. He seems to think, however, that the Hatteras Indians migrated to Robeson County instead.

Another well grounded belief is that the swamp lands of the Seuffletown district attracted many runaway slaves and thieves, who recognized a good refuge and hiding place in the swamps. Thus as the years passed on quite a number of these renegades accumulated on the Lumber River, took up a tract of land, manufactured whiskey, intermarried with each other, and produced such a dauntless type as the Lowries. The mulatto type of some of the Croatans point to the fact that an intermarriage between negro and Indian took place and was not an uncommon occurrence. The Croatans, however, considered it an insult to be called a negro. McMillan says concerning the Croatans. "In view of the great improvement of this tribe during the past twenty years, we predict a bright future for the Croatans."

Whatever the source of the Robeson County half-breeds, we know that in general they were a wild lot. Year before last four men were killed in Seuffletown. It is not at all unusual to hear of a shooting scrape. Since the Volstead Act the Indians have become great moonshiners. Practically all of their corn is made into whiskey. Two summers ago a party of men was motoring through the Seuffletown district. They had engine trouble, and one of the men was repairing the motor when an Indian rose up out of the grass along the way, threw a gun to his shoulder, and fired a load of buckshot into the back of the automobile. Such things as these are common. The Indians are still a lawless set. They have no use for the whites nor the negroes. They are treacherous among each other. McMillan's prediction, although well meant, is not true for a majority of the Indians. Those who refuse to take advantage of the educational facilities contaminate the rest. The true condition in the County is summed up by Mr. McPherson, the special agent.

## Ballade of Aucassin and Nicolette

*F*AIR NICOLETTE the wondrous white  
Loved Aucassin the blithe and hale,  
And he loved her with all his might.  
But what can lovers, all too frail,  
Against parental plans avail?  
The stage for other mates was set;—  
One overlooked the small detail  
Of Aucassin and Nicolette.

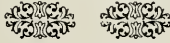
*Alas, the lover's grievous plight!*  
*Alack, parental arms prevail!*  
*The tower chamber's lonely height*  
*Fair Nicolette is forced to scale;*  
*They thrust poor Aucassin, grown pale*  
*For love, into the oubliette,—*  
*Unheeding the combinèd wail*  
*Of Aucassin and Nicolette.*

*But on a golden moon-lit night*  
*The twain escape each several jail;*  
*They thread the woods in lucky flight*  
*And find the quiet Channel trail;*  
*The heavens give a friendly gale. . . .*  
*At noon, where sky and ocean met,*  
*Chagrined relations saw the sail*  
*Of Aucassin and Nicolette.*

### L'Envoi

*Prince, old Romance has yet to fail,*  
*Its sorry passing is not yet.—*  
*Read once again that pleasant tale*  
*Of Aucassin and Nicolette.*

—C. D. el M.



# *I Said That College is a Treasure Island, Why?*

RICHARD SHIKAWA

(Shikawa handed us this article as his valedictory pronouncement upon American college life as he has experienced it and asked us to print it unaltered and unabridged. This we are glad to do. It is an educational document. East is East and West is West, and contrary to Kipling, the twain sometimes do meet, with interesting results. Probably Dick has never read Hashimura Togo's *Letters of a Japanese School Boy*, but we believe he could write something just as good himself.—Editors.)

**F**IFTY MILES from Greensboro, a thousand miles from New Orleans, three thousands-five hundred miles from Frisco, and nine thousands miles from Yokohama to Durham."

"Goodness!" My friend said with astonished expression when I counted the mileage between the places in my trip by the map. And my friend added, "Gosh, it must be a long trip."

"Of course it is." I thought in mind and answered to him, making exaggerate a little bit, "Yeah, it is. It was the longest trip I ever had in my life, and it took me nearly a month to get here by a ship and a train." It must have greatly surprised him because he had never had a long trip in his life, as he said.

"What caused you to choose this college to attend from such a far-distant place?" He asked me again, as I was expected.

"It is nothing," I said, "just I got tired of study at Japanese school and from my ambition I came to attend to the American Institution to study English and American customs, if I can, you know, and when I went back over there I am a glorious abroad student, no matter what I did while I was staying here, and nothing else."

But when I ended my speak, he looked as if he discovered something, and asked me surprisingly, "Craps amighty, when did you learn that slang?" Of course, my friend did not know that I am sort of

fast to learn this kind, wicked things, so his surprise was great. I said obviously, "I heard somebody speaking that sentence the other day, so I picked it up and I was using, but I don't know when is the right time to use it." "Dick, you are fast to learn such things." He said with ridiculous tone; one struck hard but warmly at my shoulder, and laughed.

My friend and I were sitting in my room of the Ayecock Hall and looking the maps of the world on the table, set down on the chairs. My friend is a boy who is staying in the Jarvis Hall, and a boy who always makes sort of noise, halloing, at football game, and the kind who may be a clever student and then comes to be a lawyer or maybe a president of United States after twenty-five years, according to Mr. Ramsay's speech at the chapel the other day, and he is Sophomore. But he is a good fellow, I like him always when I met him.

After the supper, I heard him calling me on the campus asking if I had a new map of the world, I said, "Yeah." So he said, "I will go with you to your room," as college style, like you do sometime.

His desire was to find an island which is in the Pacific Ocean, a small island, he said; but poor he was, he forgot already when he opened my door. And our try, of course, was in vain.

"What in the world you forgot so easy which you knew two minutes ago!" I gave him a question rather searchingly in his mind.

"No, it was hard to remember as it is not an English name, somewhat,—like a Hawaiian word—but, I don't know." He smiled a little himself.

"Why do you want to find the island in the middle of the ocean?" I search his mind again, and, "It must be in some reasons to find out, what for? You going? Or, . . . Tell me, please." I asked him with much interest in my mind, like kid ask to his mother as if he can get a pie from the kitchen.

"Well, then," he said, "I want tell you something mysterious story, keep in your mind that this is a recent one which happened on the small island, middle of the ocean. You understand! An adventurer—my uncle's cousin, a magazine editor—went to that island which has a small population of barbarian, palm trees, jungles, and those thick boscages of a hot country; and if anybody did not care his place, forcible animals or crocodiles will jump up to his face, and you know, those naked-black-skin inhabitants eating bananas right on the banana tree: as you will make a pic-

ture in your mind of Tropical scene; and no white people never went to that island, but he went to stay there for discovering something, and to take many pictures and send to his company. But he died on that island, as my people wrote to me the other day." He paused in his story a while, as if he try to find out what he remember, and he continued, "that he was taking his pictures, and babarians killed him. But no body knew his death for quite a while, but his friend who accompanied him to the near island, anxious about him of his returning too late: so, at last, the man went with his other adventurers to that island to find him. And they found him dead on the seashore with his broken camera which might caused to his calamity. It is a sure enough mystery, isn't it? And they found some notes from the editor's, my uncle's cousin, pocket, and it said, 'Three hundred feet toward east from the house on the rock on the seashore, south of island, find a tree, and dig under it.' That's all.

"It is a great secret story, even his magazine company can't write about this, it must keep in secret; and supposed to be no body knows this in Trinity now except me, and you from today. But, listen, don't tell anybody about this story, will you? I ought not tell anybody until this mystery story got an end by somebody, to-night an accidentally, you made me to speak." He finished all about his mystery story, and stared at my face a short moment, and took out his handkerchief, and wiped his hands.

"Listen, did the adventurers who went after your uncle's cousin find something, treasure, at the place where he noticed?" I asked with a marvelous and amused feeling.

"No, that's what I want to know." My friend answered helplessly.

The mystery story stopped at the interesting point, but, sure, it was mystery enough to pull me in, as it was a most mysterious story I ever heard since I came to this country. No doubt, I dropped in into deep in this mysterious story, and my mind was mingled with cause of adventurer's death, and an unknown result.

It was cold night instead of warm in day time, and mercury dropped very much to show how cool it is in outside. But my roommate, was very funny to-night, he did not come back yet from his supper. He might, I thought, be remaining at his boarding house and be exchanging stories with his girl. Girl?—a boarding house girl,—a prettiest and sweetest girl in this world



as he said. But, I don't blame him, though, because he is late to come back from boarding house, almost every day. So he did again, I bet. But it was good for me, that I could hear such an interesting story on account of being by myself in my room.

Meanwhile, my friend was looking over my books, and was trying to see what kind of courses I am taking. Suddenly he asked me.

"What are you going to do after finished this college? Going back? And, teach?" I answered slowly, looking my book in his hands.

"I don't know when I am going back, now. At first I must get B.A. degree, and M.A. and Ph.D if I can. I want to get all kinds of degrees before going back, anyway; and bring them back there like soldiers brought back here after the war, their decorations of their work at World War."

"You can't do that, though." He said and laughed, I laughed, too. And he gave me another question, as if he forgotten what we were speaking. Indeed, he did not seem to realize that he had dropped finding of island in the map. The question was: how I like this country? So I answered, without hesitating, "Whole lots."

"And how you like this American College life?" he requested me to answer, with his own fascinating speaking, "and you are learning our custom very fast and getting on English wonderfully. You must have some feelings about our college." His question was hard, furthermore, you know, he put me on the floating cloud. But I knew his personality, because he is my best friend; he knows what he is saying to me, and he treat me good, so I did not feel bad his praising me at my face. So, I say, he might did well praised me that I am a best student here, then I should be unconsciously with joy, and shake his hand, and thank you, you know, like always those foolish boys do when somebody praised him at his face; but I am not foolish as those, though; I mean I am not a man who makes his air, too, you understand me, don't you?

Any way, he asked me how I felt since I came here in college I must be answered for his question for returning kindness which he did to me, telling me such an interesting story a while ago; and it was no used to worry about wasting time, because it was summer and a holiday. And, yet, I was feeling good since this evening for I got a letter from my girl who

staying the place which is long way from here and heard a very good news, so my mind was clear.

So, as you guess, I started to express my inspiration about Trinity College since I came here, asking him. "Please, make yourself at home."

"Well," I said, and started to discuss from my first feeling of Trinity College to pull him into my story, "I finished my nine thousand miles trip at the Trinity campus, crossing the Pacific Ocean, and crossing the American continent by south route, turning like this," drawing by my finger on the map which was still opened and placed our front. "It was a sure enough long journey, and I got tired at Greensboro, and I stayed there two days before I arrived here; I don't know what for. I must be in a dreaming palace when I was staying at O'Henry's beautiful room. You said, I knew about this Durham before? Yes, I heard of this town as a Tobacco town, and I asked people at the Greensboro, how Trinity College looks like, he told me, 'Trinity is a very beautiful college, which has a beautiful buildings and a campus, and a finest college in this state; she has lots of money and going make new Law Buildings and a hospital, with about a million dollars!' moving his eyes and mouth together. But, 'His dietate is too much,' I thought, 'and if it is true, Trinity must be a too big college which going have a hospital.'

"But when I saw beautiful Southgate, West, and East Duke buildings, I knew what is this college without asking anybody. I admired this institution from West Durham Flag Station. I felt this is a my future paradise.

"After I arrived at Epworth Hall, I took a stroll around on the campus, and while I was walking, I couldn't to thank to God His mercy to bring me here. I saw a fine library, and East and West Duke buildings. And I stared at Washington Duke's Statue. two or three times, but I couldn't read the sentence which decorated on the stone face, though. As I did not know what Philanthropist means. But when I turned to another side against the statue—what I saw!—it was a great huge building made by red brick like a construction of which fits for prisoner's house, I thought, it is a prison, an American prison. Don't laugh, I felt bad sure enough, I murmured in my mouth, 'Soeks! this prison disgraces the beautiful Trinity College. I must not stay here, if by accident, prisoners escaped there, and jumped in my room, and

(Continued on page 232)

# The Goat

W. S. B.

"SUFFERIN' toads, if that ain't the purtiest sight I hev ever seen."

Such was the fervent ejaculation of the larger of two men who stood upon a bald peak at the very summit of the Chingayenne range. The speaker was a great bulk of a man, a giant whose piercing blue eyes beneath shaggy beetling brows denoted a person of rough and uncouth yet not unkind temperament. His companion, a man of low and stocky built, presented a facial appearance which might have been somewhat enigmatical to the most astute psycho-analysist. The lower half of his face was indicative of a strong, even aggressive disposition; a prominent chin spelled dogged persistency and determination. His large brown eyes, however, were the very personification of meekness. This, in fact, was the preponderating trait in his character, and for this humble and uncombative spirit he was known to all his acquaintances back in the little mining town of Trails-End. The big man addressed him as Bully, an appellation readily adopted by his associates because of its direct antithesis to his true character. The big man's name was Angus McLeod.

It was quite evident from their personal appearance that the two had come on a long and tiresome journey; any doubt as to the purpose of their weary travels would at once have been dispelled by a glance at the two pack horses tethered just below the brow of the hill. Picks, shovels, and pans attested to the fact that they were prospectors, prospectors in the never-ending search for gold.

Both men were carefully and intently surveying the "lay of the land" beneath them. From the eminence upon which they stood, a stony peak surrounded by smaller peaks like a wave in a choppy sea thrown up a little higher than its neighbors, could be seen a picture beautiful in its rugged wildness. Down in the canyon almost directly below the feet of the two men a little river wound its tortuous way through a narrow meadow made fertile by the erosion of the minerals on the mountain sides. The attention of the prospectors, however, seemed to be fixed on an immense alluvial deposit far across at the foot of the cliff on the other side of the canyon.

"Snakes of purgatory, but thet looks good to me. Ain't it purty, though? Bully, git them horses. We'll just go down there and sign up for a room and board."

"Yis, it's a right likely prospect," rejoined the unemotional Bully.

Laboriously they descended into the valley; with the four horses slipping and sliding in the crumbling shale of the mountain side the prospectors were in danger of being precipitated into the canyon far below. At last, having reached the "floor" of the canyon safely, they rode up to the side of the stream until around a bend in the canyon the great dirt "fan" was visible, a huge deposit, probably an acre in area and containing thousands of tons of gravel and dirt. In two or three spots above the "fan" the canyon wall was flashing, scintillating in the last rays of the setting sun.

"Whoopee," burst out the delighted Angus so that the sound reverberated up and down the towering cliffs, "Looka there, Bully. See thet quartz a-shining. Man, there's gold in this fan or I'm a burro's grand-pa."

"It's sholy here if we can just git it out," was the comment of his immovable companion.

"Bully, we got to git it out. It ain't for nuthin' we hev been traveling these five days into this out-of-the-way place. You know we ain't seen a soul in four days, and it's ten to one nobody has ever prospected here befo'. There's gold here and it's up to us to find it. Unpack them horses and fix us up some grub while I look around a little."

"Yis," came the laconic reply.

For four days the prospectors labored with just enough success to keep their hopes up. They had constructed a sluiceway from up the stream to the scene of operations and were "panning" the gold or rather the dirt on a large scale. A few specks of gold usually rewarded their efforts, but by no amount of systematic digging were they able to locate the main pocket. Day after day Angus grew more and more discouraged and dispondent, and the more discouraged he became the more irritable he grew towards Bully. Unreasonable as it was Angus seemed to place all the

blame for the failure of their expedition, into which they had both sunk their entire fortunes, upon the patient shoulders of Bully. Within ten days after the first encampment Bully was doing practically all the work while Angus sulked around dejectedly, upbraiding and calumniating Bully at every opportunity. Curiously enough Bully seemed to get a kind of enjoyment from this life. Working meekly and without a murmur when he could just as easily have rebelled, Bully took a strange pleasure in Angus' unreasonable impositions.

One morning as Angus returned from turning the horses loose to graze he found that Bully had left his work for a few minutes, probably to go for a drink of water. The very thought seemed to infuriate Angus, though he had not done any work himself the whole morning.

"Bully, you fool," he exploded, "why don't you git to work? You needn't expect thet gold to come to you; you got to dig for it. Do you think we're gonna git rich like thet? Where in the hell you been anyhow?"

"Been to the spring," was the reply of the imper-  
turbable object of Angus' deprecations.

Bully resumed his labors and Angus slouched off muttering something about his intention to start work after a-while. In about half an hour he returned and stood watching Bully's slow methodical movements. Finally he spoke slowly, weighing each word.

"Bully, I'll be damned if you don't mind me of a goat exactly. You just work on when you know mighty well that we don't stand no chance of finding thet gold. You just plod along like you ain't got a brain in yo' head. I'm for leaving this God-forsaken hole, but the question thet's worryin' me is if we got enough grub to last 'till we git back to civilization. I think I'll try it, though. Bully, do you hear me? I'm leavin' these diggin's to-morrow."

Bully straightened up, took off his shapeless hat, mopped his perspiring brow, and said simply:

"Angus, there's bound to be gold here, and if we stick at it long enough, we'll find thet gold."

"Thet's just about what a butt-headed goat would say if he could talk. Naw, I'm leavin' to-morrow like I said."

Without further remonstrance Bully started to throw another shovel-full of gravel into the sluiceway when a flash from the cliff struck his eye. He paused meditatively.

"I'll just take a look at thet quartz befo' we leave."

Clinging to the small ledges Bully scrambled up to the first outcropping of the shining mineral. Digging his pick far into the yielding stuff he pushed up violently on the haft, and the decaying quartz spilled out over his feet. The quick eye of the prospector had, however, noted a dull yellow lump that bounded over the ledge to the ground below. Without a moment's hesitation Bully jumped off the ledge regardless of the fact that it was some ten feet high, and even as he struck the ground his eager hands gripped the gold nugget on which his eyes had been immovably fixed ever since it bounded over the ledge. He arose shouting for Angus at the top of his voice. Angus appeared slowly approaching from around the corner of the cliff. But when he saw Bully minutely examining something which he handled so fondly, almost caressingly, Angus broke into a run.

"Look, Angus, lumps and hunks of it. Who woulda thought them little specks come from way up there on the cliff?"

"Jumping cayuses, we hev found it at last. Bully we're rich. Run git them horses. We'll start moving this gold right now."

Bully started off down the canyon with almost unbelievable alacrity. Nevertheless, he had to go almost two miles before he could find the horses. He placed halters on all four of the animals, lept astride of one and sped up to the river bank to the camp. Here he tied three of the horses but rode the fourth on up to the "diggin's." As he rounded the cliff wall he saw Angus prone upon the ground, lying full length upon his face with both arms outstretched and one big gnarled hand desperately clutching the gold nugget. As Bully looked upon that rough massive face all streaked with blood, he felt that he had truly lost his best friend. Beside the still body lay a large pistol. Bully picked up the gun and began to examine it when suddenly there came the sharp command of a harsh grating voice not ten feet behind him.

"Drop thet gun. Throw up yo' hands and keep 'em up. If you drop 'em one inch, it's curtains for ye."

Bully turned slowly until, to his utmost amazement, he stood face to face with the sheriff of Trails-End.

"Poke out yo' hands," ordered the sheriff as he snatched the pistol from Bully's hand, meanwhile keeping Bully carefully covered with his own pistol.

For a moment Bully hesitated. His slow methodical brain was still striving to assimilate and correlate the happenings of the last few minutes.

"Damn you. I said to hold out them hands."

This time Bully obeyed, and the sheriff dexterously slipped the manacles on.

"H'm, struck it lucky," said the sheriff, apparently noticing the gold nugget for the first time. "I knowed if you-all found gold, one of you would kill t'other; so I figured I'd better follow along behind you-all and git the one thet did the murder."

"How did you happen along just after we found the gold? I'd like to know that sheriff." These were Bully's only words. His mind had now fixed on the solution of the problem, and he had already virtually resigned himself to his fate.

"Git yo' coat, Bully. We're headin' for Trails-End right now. I sho' caught you red-handed thet time, and I'll git you to jail or die tryin' it."

During the long trip back to Trails-End Bully said very little. He did not sulk but seemed to grieve very much over the loss of his friend and boon companion of long standing. Not once did he remonstrate with the sheriff. At times the latter became greatly exasperated at the patient submission of his prisoner. On the last day before they reached Trails-End the sheriff seemed hard put to it to keep up his own spirits and constantly sought to strike up a conversation with Bully.

"You better plead guilty. It'll make the sentence considerably lighter."

"Sheriff, I ain't gonna plead guilty. I know I ain't guilty, and you know it too. I know why you killed Angus, and you know thet too. But, sheriff, don't think you can git off without paying for it. I'm tellin' you you'll pay for it."

Bully's trial went as he had expected. Outweighed by the preponderating evidence and by the unscrupulous testimony of the sheriff Bully's simple straight-

forward story had little effect. He was found guilty and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment in the state penitentiary.

Into the prison Bully carried his humble and patient disposition, a disposition that endeared him even to the hardened criminals with whom he associated daily. In so far as they were allowed, the prison authorities gave him every liberty possible. But Bully aged prematurely, and after sixteen years of prison life he took to his bed from which the prison doctor said he would never rise again. One day, as he lay not far from death's door, a letter came (the first he had received since he entered the prison) postmarked San Francisco. His joy was almost uncontrollable when he learned that it was from Angus. He begged the prisoner who sat beside him to read it all and to read it slowly. The prisoner read as follows:

"DEAR BULLY:

I am dictating from my death bed; the doctor says I may only live a few minutes longer. Bully, I am writing for your forgiveness.

That day you discovered the gold pocket the sheriff, who had been waiting for us to find the gold, slipped up behind me and shot me in the back of the head. The bullet, however, only grazed my scalp. I lay there the rest of that day, but after I regained consciousness, I soon recovered completely. The sheriff came back to mine the gold about two weeks later, but I shot him. His bones are lying somewhere in that valley to day. I mined the pocket and came here to Sau Francisco where I have lived in wealth ever since. My conscience has tormented me continually, but I could never bring myself to a confession.

I am leaving all my fortune to you with the earnest hope that you may yet benefit from it. My last prayer, Bully, is that you will forgive me.

Yo' pal forever,  
ANGUS."

Tears dimmed Bully's eyes as he spoke. "Po' old Angus. I sholy do forgive him. It's all right. P'rhaps it was all for the best thet I hev always been the goat."

## *Laustic: A Sestina*

(After Marie de France)

**T**HIS IS a tale of grief two lovers bore  
A lay whereof some singing Britons made.  
No brighter flower was, nor sweeter bird  
Than in the spacious parks, contiguous placed,  
Of two great knights, renowned for gifts of gold  
And pious service to Our Sacred Lady.

The one of these had never wooed a lady  
Although an honorable name he bore  
For valiant deeds and largesse of much gold.  
The other France's fairest girl had made  
His dame, and jealous guard about her placed  
To keep her as she were a captive bird.

But at the time of Spring's first-coming bird  
The neighbor knight beheld and loved the lady,—  
Was ever any lover so ill placed?—  
And she for him an equal longing bore:  
She hearkened to the amorous moan he made  
And from her window tossed a ring of gold.

For at their casements in the moonlight's gold  
They stood and gazed in love. "This sweetest bird,"  
She told her jealous lord, "such music made  
That I could sleep no more. She mourns, sad lady,  
The wrongs which in the olden time she bore,  
The cruel briars at her bosom placed."

The surly man in wrathful spirit placed  
Upon the nightingale a price of gold,  
And soon a page the singer prisoned bore.  
The churlish villain slew the little bird  
With his own hands, in sight of the poor lady  
Who fainted for the woe his deed had made.

For now sweet converse was at end. She made  
A spotless samite winding sheet, and placed  
Therein the nightingale; the weeping lady  
Inscribed the grievous tale with thread of gold.  
And when they took to her dear love the bird  
It was as though her heart therewith they bore.

He made a little casket all of gold  
And placed in it the body of the bird,  
To show what love he for the lady bore.

—C. D. el M.



## *Inspiration*

**O**N WINDSWEPT heights I stand and gaze  
O'er forest, field, and valley,  
To where the hills enwrapped in haze  
Their blue-clad hosts now rally.

Heaven and earth meet there to mingle  
In a common sea of mist,  
Sky and peak wear but a single  
Shrouding veil of amethyst.

As the earth with heaven merges,  
So my soul with God communes,  
While within sweet music surges  
And my wearied frame attunes.

—Fabian.

# Exchanges

W. R. BROWN, *Exchange Editor*

WE HAVE received this month the largest number of exchanges that has come to us as yet, but there are still several others that we should like to receive and to comment upon. We hope that during the present month there will be a more liberal response to the exchanges that we are sending out. Among the exchanges that we have received there have been only a few that have commented upon previous issues of THE ARCHIVE. We trust that this condition will not continue and that there will be numerous comments on our publication, for we value the opinions of our exchanges and will strive to improve thereby.

The November issue of the Wake Forest Student contains some very interesting material. Perhaps the best material in the magazine is the critical study of Robert Burns, and a close second to it is the article on Shakespeare. We believe that the effect of the former is somewhat weakened by its concluding sentence. *The Ethics of the Negro Problem* is a well thought out essay. *A Dream* points out a good moral, we suppose, but it is rather difficult to follow and appears to have been written in a hurry. The short story, *Adam Smith's Gal*, is well written but has a rather weak close. The same might also be said for *The Victim of a Viper*. In the handling of dialect *The Successful Fisherman* is about as good a piece of work as we have seen in a college magazine. The dialect in *The Wake* is good also. In fact, one stanza appeals to us so strongly that we quote it herewith:

"When I gits through wid dis ol' world,  
Au' lay my burdens down;  
I wants to know as I pass out  
Dat plenty o' music's 'round."

Of outstanding excellence is the poem, *Ye Rocks and Craggs*. It presents a conception that is valuable to college students first becoming acquainted with scientific teachings. Among the editorials we find a reference to "Trinity, our strongest and bitterest [athletic] opponent." We wonder about the "bitterest." We honor and respect Wake Forest as an athletic rival, but why should there be any bitterness in any phase

of collegiate activity between two institutions with the same purposes and ideals engaged in the same great work in our commonwealth? We hope that the editor used this word without careful thought.

The December issue of the Hampden-Sidney Magazine contains some good short stories. *Back and Half-back*, *For the Press*, and *The Slot Machine* are very interesting, and it is difficult to choose which of the three is best. The critical material contained in the *Poet's Corner* and *To-day's Plays* is excellent. The *Magazine Book Review Department* is brief but good. *By-Paths of Hampden-Sidney* and the department of humor are up to the usual high standard. The poetry in the issue is good.

We think well of the idea of the Davidson College Magazine in publishing a special Christmas issue, but we hardly see where the issue lives up to its name.

The Davidson College Magazine offering in the whole table of contents. *A Song in the Air* is a well written Christmas story, but it should not be expected to carry the whole burden of the Christmas message for the entire issue. *The Man Who Was Killed* suffers from a decided lack of interest; it is insipid. *With the East Wind* is much more interesting, although there is a lack of suspense; one sees the end before one is half through. The department of *Cap and Bells* contains some good humorous material. Perhaps the best is the scriptural medley couched in football terms. The moral of *A Story of the South Seas* is good, but it seems to be forced upon the story.

The January issue of the Agnes Scott Aurora contains one of the best short stories that this month's exchanges have brought to us. *Suitors a la Carte* is not strikingly unusual, but it is certainly well written and interesting. *Ursula* presents an interesting type of character. We have met Ursula's mother many times and have enjoyed a hearty chuckle over her communicative idiosyncrasies. *An Eye for an Eye* is decidedly pathetic. We leave it

with a marked resentment against those who are careless about the comfort of the less fortunate. *The Animal Kingdom in Contemporary English Poetry* is a very interesting critical survey. Miss Brown has made a wide collection of poetry dealing with animals. The department of *Salmagundi* is replete with interesting short sketches. Perhaps the best is *Thoughts on the Wake of a Ship*. Good poetry is scattered throughout the issue. We like particularly *Riding by the Sea* and *Aelfric*.

As a whole the January issue of the *Haverfordian* is not so good as the former issues have been. The essay on Chinese poetry, *A Few Famous Ku-Shih*, is the best article that it contains. *On Writing Creative Fiction* is good, but it seems to us a bit too dogmatic. The essay on Katherine Mansfield is excellent, but it suffers a bit from the authors use of the initials, K. M., instead of the full name of Katherine Mansfield. *Fraulein Grete* lacks interest; there is no life in it. Mr. Prokosch has done a much better piece of work in his very interesting discussion of Lafcadio Hearn. If a conglomeration of puns, slang, misquotation, and facetiousness constitutes a familiar essay, then *Morpheomania* accomplishes its purpose. Of the poems in the issue *Release* is the best. In *The Gallean of Dreams* the metre is poorly handled, and the riming scheme is not consistent.

The January issue of the *Hollins Magazine* contains some interesting essays. *The Wings of Power* is the only entirely serious one of the three. *On Sitting on the Floor* is written in a somewhat lighter vein, and *On the Delights of Being a Genius* contains genuinely humorous touches. *Mother Goose Made Literary* rings the changes on *Jack and Jill* after the manner of five different poets, and the author has handled the work very skillfully. *The Faith of Wan Chi* is an interesting portrayal of the soul conflict of a Chinese youth. His was a struggle that we should not like to be compelled to face. *Our Mental Epidemics* is an interesting sidelight on college life. The issue should contain more poetry.

The *Carolina Magazine* contains interesting and well written material throughout. Perhaps the most

striking thing in the issue is the series of letters by Mr. Taketomi. The young Japanese student assuredly possesses a keen observation and appreciation. The two short stories, *Fill the Frame* and *Marksmanship*, are admirable. The element of suspense is sufficiently present in both, a thing that cannot be said for all short stories appearing in college magazines. *The Journal of Social Forces* is an interesting discussion of a valuable publication of the university. We were surprised to learn from Mr. Kitehin's article the numerous methods of self-support at Carolina. We regret the fact, however, that he apparently countenances gambling as a legitimate method. *In Kochomania* is clearer and easier to understand than its title. We hope that the experiment of Dr. Koch will prove worthy of the confidence that the author of the article seems to place in it. *Visiting the New Baby* is a well written humorous sketch. The poetry in the issue is of varying degrees of excellence.

The January issue of the *Lander Erothesian* seems to be devoted largely to articles by ministers' daughters. The first five articles discuss in a very interesting way different phases of parsonage life. The travel sketch, *From Patras to New York in Wartime* is well handled. Among the *Leaves from a College Girl's Diary* we find this interesting thrust at the pedant: "Of course the teachers try to analyze everything, even love and joy, by some rule thought out by some man after he had become bald headed." Farther on the diary reveals the fact that one of the young lady's New Year resolutions was to "vamp" a certain young man. We are looking forward eagerly to the next issue in the hope that some measure of success will be reported. *Seeking Jewels* is an allegory with an old theme handled by means of a new figure. The humorous department of the issue is good. The exchange department is very attractive. We like the conversational tone, and the editor has such a pleasant way of scorching. Go to it, Miss Black; we'd love the best in the world to get into a good argument with you.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of a very interesting literary publication from the Reidsville High School.

# Wayside Wares

What is home without a radio outfit, and what is a college without a grave-yard! Verily, we'll bite, you say, what IS college without a grave-yard?—Here, ferocious readers, we have the Graveyard Number of Wayside Wares. Altogether, it should prove a most delightful number, if you will pardon our seeming forwardness in mentioning the fact, with its sweet, hair-raising discourses on such tea-time topics as rattling skeletons and dreary death's-heads. Just as every family has a skeleton in its closet, so every respectable college should have its pet skeleton in its pet closet. Whoever is able to rake things up a bit, enough to get the ghost of a rattle out of the old frame, is really not to be censured. \* \* \* At any rate, we ask that those who would enjoy getting on their petulant ear because of a personal allusion in this number, to kindly remember that people are popular or well-known, often get mentioned in various and sundry ways, while those who are less famous belong to the great unknown, and generally die, unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

We might also mention the fact that as it is practically impossible to make the entire department conform to the general air of ghosts and goblins, and that for this reason, there may be an occasional reference to other things.—Yours for an asbestos-covered casket. Wayside Wares Editor.

## Improbable Epitaph

Here Lies  
The Body of  
NICHOLAS WAX  
Who Loved  
To Pay  
His Income Tax  
—DON MARQUIS.



## Impossible Epitah

HERE LIES  
THE BODY OF  
LAWRENCE MCBEE  
WHO LOVED  
TO PAY  
HIS ATHLETIC FEE  
—Trinity Undergrad.



REST IN PEACE—AT THE ORPHEUM

\* \* \*

Here Was Buried Happy Sheetz,  
Who Loved to Watch 'Em Dance and Wriggle;  
And We Sincerely Hope He's Where,  
He Hears the Angels Giggle;

\* \* \*

We rather fear that he has got,  
A place where it is good and hot.



## Epitaph for Scab:

Here Lies The Last Remains Of Scab,  
Odds-fish! But He Was Smart!  
But didn't have no tail to wag,  
And died of a broken heart.

## The Wurst Yet

Here  
Hangs the Collar Of  
Prexy's Pup  
—  
(The price  
Of Sausage Is  
Going Up.)



Well-meaning Yankee tourist: "Your town is nicely laid out, isn't it?"

Local Old Soak: "And that ain't all! It's been dead fifty years!"

HERE LIES THE GRAVE OF  
LITTLE PUP HATCHER  
WHO LIVED IN MT. AIRY  
AND WAS  
A DOG-CATCHER

Here Rests The Worldly Body Of  
"KID" BABBINGTON

"They came for miles,  
Both old and young,  
To hear this creature,  
Run his tongue."

*In Peace Requisiteat*



HERE  
IS THE GRAVE  
OF  
THE CAMPUS PUP  
WHO  
DIED FROM CHEWING  
THE CAMPUS UP

He Rests In Peace,  
Sir Henry Sprinkle:  
We Hope He Hears  
The Harps A-Tinkle,  
Away Up Yonder. "Cross the River"—  
(He died of Spark-Plugs  
On the Liver).

There's a Reason

Law Stude: "Say Albert, what kinda suit's that you have on? Looks sorta sloppy, don't it?"

Plain Stewed: "Its a Stetson 'D' Tailor suit.

Law Stude: "Yeah! I've seen these D—— tailors!

"Is that your first husband's second wife?"

"No, I was my first husband's second wife. She is his third wife and she also was my second husband's second wife and my present husband's first wife. She and I have been bitter rivals for years."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Here lies a sculptor named Phidias,  
Whose statutes by some were thought hideous;  
He made Aphrodite,  
Without any nightie,  
Which shocked the ultra fastidious.

—From the *Willie Ballads.*

Here Lie The Bones Of Wingo Weeze,  
Who Died From Eating Single-trees;  
(You See, He Wasn't Brought Up Right:  
He Had His English Under White).

Here Lies The Body Of Doctor Brown,  
Who Died While Running Some Folk-Lore Down.



ENGLISH TWO

HERE LIES  
Aunt Kate, And Her Four Daughters,  
Who Died  
From Drinking Seltzer Waters

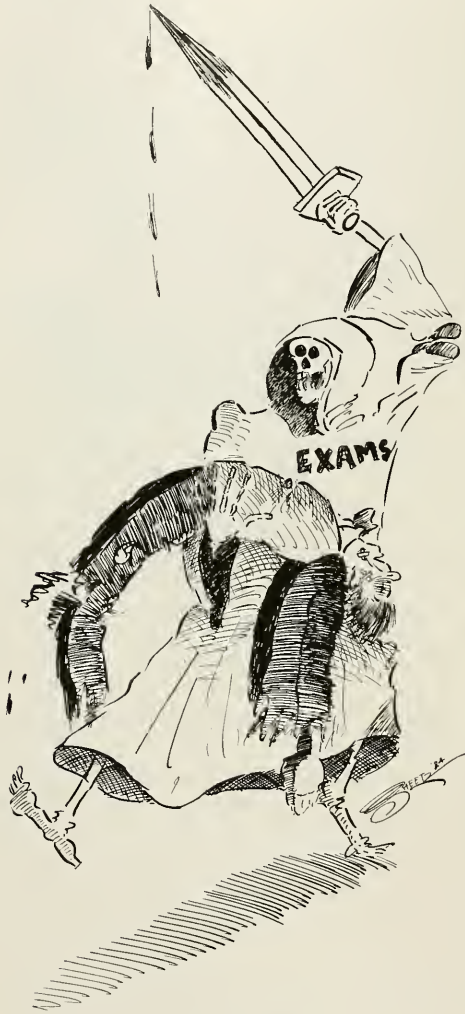
(If they stuck,  
To Epsom Salts  
They wouldn't have been  
In these-here vaults)

Here Rests The Bones Of  
TILLY O'TOOLE  
Who  
Borrowed A Straw  
To  
Tickle A Mule

1894  
ERMA PITTS  
(She died of fits)  
1937

Rock: "What did Mabel say when you spilled that chocolate shake down her back, over in the Owl?"

Rye: "Boy,—ask me what she didn't say, and I'll have time to tell you!"



**Tell It to Pete**

Here Lies The Body of Rudolph Wise,  
Who Died From Eating Goody Shop Pies.

She Was The Niece  
of  
Prexy Few  
She Flunked  
On Wanny's  
German  
II

A Remarkable Girl  
Was Lucy Glass  
She Never Was Late  
On History Class:  
With Doc Laprade  
She was clever and gay,  
But she's planted now  
Till Judgment Day.

**It's a Trinity Institution**  
(Inscription)

He didn't die from "woody-ale,"  
He didn't die from "corn"—  
He never touched a single drop,  
Since the time that he was born;  
He didn't swig no cogniac,  
Nor Port, nor good Maderia:  
But died an awful death, because  
He ate at the Cafeteria.

As It Might Be  
Right Here Was Planted  
"PAPPY" CRUTE  
The Lad  
From Wins'n-Salem  
His Wife Gave  
Him Some  
Cards  
To  
Mail,  
And He Forgot To  
Mail 'Em.

**Among the Literati**

Fabian: "How you spell guzinta, Twad?"  
C. D. el M.: "'Juzinta'? How come, 'guzinta'?"  
Fabian: "Aw, guzinta,—like two guzinta four, four  
quzinta eight,—"  
C. D. el M.: "H——!"

Al Spaugh: How come you started calling Smith "Gilette?"

A. Cock: "Well, I hadn't more than met him before he said, 'Couldja let me have a couple sheets of theme paper? Couldja let me have some ink? Couldja let me have a fountain pen? Couldja let me have a stamp? Couldja let me have a compla large-size envelopes? Couldja let me this and couldja let me that,' until I decided that Gilette was about the best name for him."



### THE GRAVEYARD AND THE RABBIT

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

In the white moonlight, where the willow waves,  
He halfway gallops among the graves—  
A tiny ghost in the gloom and gleam,  
Content to dwell where dead men dream.

But wary still!  
For they plot him ill:  
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm  
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm.

Over the shimmering slab he goes—  
Every grave in the dark he knows;  
But his nest is hidden from human eye  
Where headstones broken on old graves lie.

Wary still!  
For they plot him ill:  
For the graveyard rabbit, though sceptics scoff,  
Charmeth the witch and the wizard off.

The black man creeps, when the night is dim,  
Fearful, still, on the track of him;  
Or fleetly follows the way he runs,  
For he heals the hurts of conjured ones.

Wary still!  
For they plot him ill:  
The soul's bewitched that would find release,—  
To the graveyard rabbit go for peace!

He holds their secret—he brings a boon  
Where winds moan wild in the dark of the moon;  
And gold shall glitter and love smile sweet  
To whoever shall sever his furry feet.

Wary still!  
For they plot him ill:  
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm  
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm.

## The Phantom Light

ONE FRIDAY afternoon in August, when farmers were curing their tobacco and when warm, misty, foggy days are common, Rube Norville was piling a large supply of tobacco wood under the shelter for the night. He had noticed the low-hanging clouds and knew that there was a rainy night ahead of him. When he had finished his work, another man came up and lighting his old corn-cob pipe, said, "Rube, we will have a bad night to cure our 'bacco I believe. I just come over to help put some wood under the shelter, but I see that you have already done it. Do you want me to cure the first part of the night or the latter?"

Rube Norville calmly leaned back against a post and said slowly, "Well Ben, don't make no difference to me, just so one of us stays up all of the time." These words settled the question, for both men soon went to their respective homes for supper. While they were gone the clouds darkened, hiding every star in the sky overhead; the wind, which had been slightly stirring during the afternoon, subsided, and a slow, steady, mist-like, drizzling rain began to fall; the rain frogs had even ceased their croaking and there was no noise whatsoever except the crackling of the fire in the furnace.

After having their supper the two men, Rube Norville and Ben Pollard, returned to the barn bringing their old, smoky, oily, lanterns with them. Rube put in a new piece of wood in the furnace while Ben arranged their accustomed seats—two blocks of oak wood—in front of the fire. "Shore is raining lonesome-like tonight," Rube said slowly, "and it don't look like it is going to stop no time soon."

Ben waited a moment before answering, listening at the low, monotonous sound of the drizzling rain, then he answered with a queer smile, "Yes 'tis, and

say Rube, if I was afeared of haints, I shore would be afeared to stay up yonder where Tom Dunford stays," pointing across the field, "'cause I've heard that there has been a light, a real bright light,—well, not so bright, but you know kind o' bright sometimes—seen around that house. My grand-pa told me that it goes to the graveyard and that it goes in the ground there, but of course I ain't never believed it 'cause I don't believe in haints and sperrits nohow." After this long speech, Ben Pollard changed his position on the block and waited for Rube's answer.

Finally, Rube, after looking in the direction of the house and the graveyard, said with a yawn, "Naw, there ain't nothing to it, Ben, for I hain't never seen nothing there, but old man John Adkissen did die there a long time ago. Whatsmore, if I ever see a light there I'm going to follow it and see what it is." It was now time to look at the "heats;" so Rube took one of his rusty lanterns and went to open the barn door. While he was gone, Ben, stepping from under the shelter and turning his face towards the sky, repeated Rube's exclamation, "Shore is raining lonesome-like." He turned his head towards the house and then stepped back suddenly, "Lonesome-like," he said again.

"Hey Rube! come here quick, there is some kind of light yonder at that house now." Ben yelled.

Ben, thinking that Rube was only fooling him answered, "Well, let me see. If there is, we'll go and see what it is." He came to Ben's side and as they watched, a small light about the size of a man's head was seen circling in the air somewhere near the Adkissen home. It was continually flickering and every now and then gave a sudden jump. The wind had begun to blow easily and an almost noiseless sound was heard by the men. The mysterious light continued to dance around the house, changing its altitude occasionally.

"Ben." Rube said bravely, "let's go see what that light is doing around that house. I ain't afeared."

"Shore, shore, you go in front," Ben replied. The men then started towards the house. As they approached, they noticed that the house stood out in the darkness, a black spot in a dark night. The two gables and the high pitched roof made a peculiar silhouette in front of them. The rain fell lazily and made a steady noise on the tin roof. The light continued to float or drift around the house and now and

then cast a glare on the window panes of the gable rooms, reflecting the thick mist of rain that was falling. Before the men could go any farther, it left the house and floating, wafting in a curved line, glittering and becoming dull in turn, and took a direction towards the graveyard.

"Well, let's follow it on, Ben," Rube said, "you ain't afeared are you?"

"Naw, I shore ain't," Ben replied firmly. The light soon reached the graveyard and came to a rest about four feet above the earth. The men followed the road for about a half mile, to the place where it ran in about twenty yards of the burying-ground. They then stopped and each one fastened his eyes on the light and its surroundings. There in the near foreground, stood four tall, black shapes in the darkness—cedars—bending and bowing to and fro silently as the breeze stirred them. There near the ground was a large spot of utter darkness—bushes which had recently grown up. The wind mourned dolefully, the rain fell slowly and steadily, and yet the light continued to sit on what the men had decided was the graveyard wall. The light then moved a little and this time came to rest on something about three feet above the ground. Rube, observing closely and already knowing its exact position, saw that the light—that mysterious object—had settled on the marble tombstone of old man John Adkissen. He waited for only a moment and turning to Ben said hoarsely, "Ben, I'll be durned if I have lost anything in that there graveyard and I bet that our 'heats' are down by now."

Then the light made a sudden jump upwards in the air and both men, without hesitating, without speaking to each other, and without any signal at all, reached for their hats, turned their backs on the graveyard and ran as fast as tired farmers could run, to the tobacco barn, past the tobacco barn, and even to their homes.—W. A. A.

### *The Campus Dog*

Speaking of graveyards, our friend Scab says his idea of heaven is embodied in the skeleton of a mastodon,—plenty of bones. \* \* \* We heard a similar remark from a member of the senior class: He said his idea of a huge petting party was a stroll with a giraffe.

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## *I Said That College is a Treasure Island, Why?*

(Continued from page 217)

hands up, and his persuers find him and shoot him from outside," as my imagination traced far off, but my thought caused my friends laugh, you know, I didn't know that even in my bit brain.

"But when my friend told me, 'This college is Co-ed. And that building—pointing to Southgate—is girl's dormitory, and girls always stay there, and you can go sometimes to see those girls, and pick some up which you like best, make a date as you wish.' I said, 'Oh, Lord. I ain't going to miss it.'

"That time was the end of August, Oh! yes, almost one year passed now since I came here, and I feel like a real student. I learned everything, I guess. I learned English as much I should learn in five years in Japan since I came here. Also, I learned American things, and world things, too. Because, if you went to a foreign country you will be an international man by yourself, naturally. I rather want to say this, college is a warehouse of knowledge. I don't know this is my what I want to express in a word. But, anyway, treasure-warehouse, you understand what I mean? Which always keeps valuable treasures, and a man who took out the treasures from it, he is a rich man. And I feel like this is only a place that we can get knowledge. Because, students come here from other places to get education from this institution, and get sense more from books of library, physical strength from gymnasium, religion from chapel, and social from Southgate. These Sense, Physical strength, Religion, and Social are treasurers which make a man rich and great, afterwhile. Don't you agree with my worthless opinion? But, I don't want to go further any more to state, as you know more than I know. And furthermore, however, I rather like to speak to you about my life on the campus." I looked up into my friend's face, consideringly, and stared a little. My friend opened his mouth like a first time he opened since World War ended. "Go on, I am glad to hear. And, how did you get along when the first classes began?"

"Well," I started again, "when college opened up for the year 1923. I met many new friends on the campus, they looked at me like they were looking at an alligator from Florida, as well as you did to me.

You see, I must be was very strange at that time, they wanted to speak with me, but I am afraid they did not understand me, though. Just only they heard my broken English. But they were very kind to me, so I liked everybody on the campus. Started the classes. Oh! gracious, it was hard. I did not even know what professor was speaking, I knew he was speaking English, but it was so fast for me to catch on and to translate in my head everytime I heard a sentence. Specially, Dr. Brown, was hard; I did not know what he said about first half year, so sometime I got sleepy, you know how I felt, just dull, and Dr. Brown said his own tone, 'Shikawa, wake up!'

"And every one of professors was kind to me with special care. But, when I took courses, Bible and History, at same time, my suffer was very much. My kind professor, Prof. Cannon, wanted to help me to pass his course, but he could not help me. Because I was required to read ten or fifteen pages every day, and I need five minutes to read one page. Gee!, when I got new history book I found thirty-five words in first page that I didn't know. It discouraged me whole lots. I wished I had studied English a little bit before I came here.

"But now, I am getting all right as I said a while ago, and I am a little bit in American way now. The other day, when Trinity College beat Carolina in the game, I was glad as if I got victory for myself, and I felt like those players are my own warriors.

"Listen, I want to tell you a great thing now. That is about Co-ed. This is first time in my life to go class and to study with girls, on the same table. Ugh, how I felt, you know? I felt awful fine and glad to study with such beautiful ladies. I always stared at them, good looking, pretty faces, I mean I did not look at from front, but, Golden hair, Red hair, Brown hair, Dark hair, and Black hair; and beautiful painted faces, rosy cheeks, scarlet beautiful pair of lips, and blue eyes. Oh, my; I couldn't study. And I couldn't look at professor, my mind always jumped to those pretty things, and tasted the sweetness of Co-education.

"I found those pretty figures everywhere on the campus. Wait a minute, I went to Southgate one day with the greatest courage that I ever got in my life and I saw many beautiful figures. I thought in my mind, 'What is a college girl?' 'College girl is an angel.' And those days when I saw boys and girls on



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the campus. I considered, "What is a girl? A pretty automobile. What is a boy?" I repeated in my mind. "Boy is Seab.\* Because, every time Seab sees an automobile he follow her, and doesn't study always." When I finished thus, my friend bursted up at his laugh who was still hearing my talking very earnestly. I laughed, too, for my own discussing, accompanying him.

"Then, what is a girl in college?" My friend asked when he got time to speak under his laughing.

"Well, a girl in college must be a treasure digger," I said.

At that moment, the door opened quickly without knocking, making very much wind. He saw us, as he stood a while at the door way, and said to my friend, "Hello!"

"Hello, how are you?" He answered, and said, "We are just talking about an interesting story here to-night." The boy who came in was my roommate.

And I interrupted them speaking.

"Where you been, my dear roommate to-night, after supper? Did you have daily exchange of stories with your girl?"

"No, Yeah, little bit." He hesitated, but not ashamedly, and he looked feeling good.

My friend lighted match to put a fire on his cigarette and said, looking as if he recalled something. "Oh, you smoke?" turned to me, "You smoke?" We shook our heads.

Now we had gained one companion. My roommate looked at my friend and me, several times, and said:

"Dick, you said, you like to read those kind of adventure novels, and you wanted, didn't you? I found a good book for you yesterday, so I brought it here. I will lend it to you, if you want it." My roommate is always kind to me and aids me. My roommate is the finest man in the world.

"That's good, if you have a good book, please lend it to me." I thanked him.

"This is one of the most extraordinary ones that I ever read." He said when he gave me the book.

"What kind of story is it?" my friend asked him.

"It is an exploring story." My roommate began to his explaining, and the story was an outline of the book.

One, day, about two years ago, an American magazine editor went to "Tahiti" island to explore and to

write an article, and to send to his company. At the same time, United States, however, were shook by a terrible, mysterious, crime affair, and the Police Department was in a great trouble of having missed this criminal, with one million dollars. Within that confusion, one of the reporters, reported that he was traced to a place near the Tahiti island. A telegram fled to this adventure, requesting to accept the arrest of the criminal.

A delighted adventure, at once, went to find him on an island—the name is unknown—he found this criminal, but unfortunately, he was killed in fighting with him. But after a time passed, his friend adventurers found that this magazine editor was dead and that the criminal's body was floating in the water.

The plundered million dollars is still hid and unknown on that island since then.

While my roommate discussed this, we were again dipped into new mystery, but I could not help to stop to notice that my friend had changed his face a little. My roommate finished explaining, and at the end of his speech.

"Dick, how about going over there to dig up this fortune? You said, you are going to Australia some time to see your girl. Dig up this fortune on the way. You will get rich."

But before I opened my mouth to answer him, my friend's voice was heard, and stopped our speaking.

"What was the magazine editor's name?"

My roommate answered obviously, "His name was Osear Hampton."

"Eh! Osear Hampton? Yeah, he is. He is my uncle's cousin and a magazine editor," he cried. And it made us surprise, but when our eyes, my friend's and mine, met I understood what his mean.

Somebody spoofed him. Somebody joked him. Who did?

My friend suddenly cried again, "Ha! Ha! My people sent me a Aprilfool. And I did not know anything about my people, Osear Hampton for a long time." And bursted up into a loud laugh, I went to with him. And my roommate could not understand why we were laughing.

The book which was given to me by my roommate is no more interesting to me, but my friend snatched it from my hand, he wanted to read when he went back his room. Our silence kept long, and my friend smoked more than he did before, but after while my friend broke our silence.

\* Seab, for three years the campus mascot, here enters literature for the first time. [Editors.]

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"Diek, aren't you going to dig up sometime this fortune? To be a rich man. To dig up a million dollars." But I answered,

"Nope," like commanding my mind, "I won't killed by barbarians. I better stay here, people who attending this business will discover it, I think. And from my opinion, people no used to go to dig up those treasures which is in the Old-time Treasure Island, you understand. I could dig up my fortune on this campus, as I said a while ago. And I dare say, the college has plenty treasures which enough to dig up by millions students for a long time. "What is a boy at the college? He is as well as a girl, a treasure digger."

"Yeah!" I heard that my friend and roommate said in chorus. "You are right."

"But I," I kept on, "want to go to Australia, also, South America, Europe, Africa, and everywhere in this world. But yet, a treasure is hard to find out. A most important thing is, what?—at my age—is to stay on the campus. There is a whole of treasures on the campus, and we have just come to dig them up with the professors' aid. My mean, Treasure is future million dollars. I came here from nine thousands miles distanced-place. And I am having to work for the treasures. My college life which I ex-

plained to you too much a while ago, but it is only a part of my work in the treasure land. And of cause, nothing else, but to dig up treasures."

I spoke too much, don't you think so? And I spoke like I could not speak any words about ten years. And I now feel ashamed of myself a little bit. But I didn't a bad thing, as you think, and I was still waiting to know how my friend and my roommate felt about my opinion. But they said, "Diek, you have the right idea and you know some stuff." And I said to them gracefully, "College is A Treasure Island."

But my friends, college boys, did not seem to hear me. They were looking at the map of the world, murmuring in their mouths, "College is A Treasure Island."

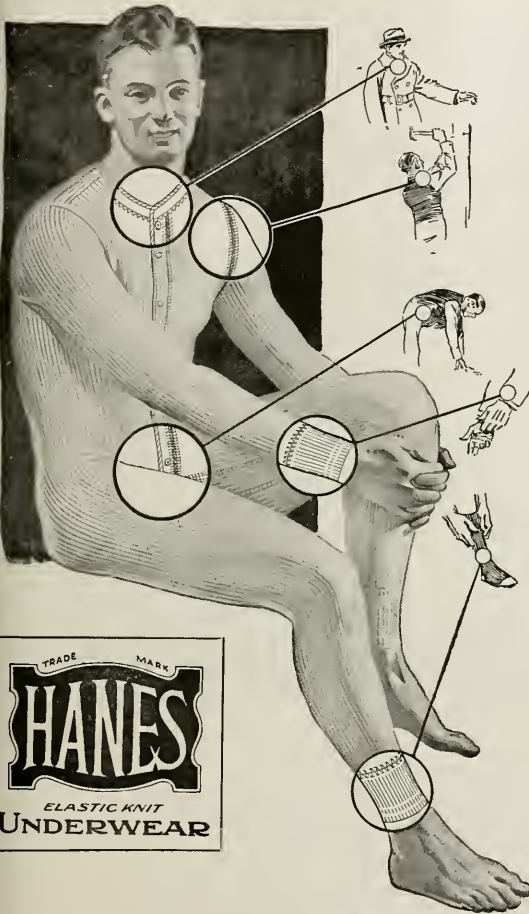
"Dick!" my roommate spoke last words, "you came here a long way from home to dig up treasures on this campus, didn't you?" His question was clearly searehing my mind, and understood one.

I answered, "Yeah!"

The night was far advanced, the time was getting late, and the needles were pointing at twelve o'clock. The surroundings were more silent than they were before.

In the dark night, the faint lamps on the campus only seemed as if shining on the Land of Treasures.





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# The Trinity Archive

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C.

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ETHEL MERRITT

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The ARCHIVE is published on the fifteenth of each month, October to May inclusive, by the senior class at Trinity College. It is the purpose of the editorial and managerial staffs to make the magazine one of the best in the South, to give expression to the thoughts of the students, and to



stimulate literary interest among them. Contributions from Trinity students, alumni, and faculty are solicited. It is urged that all manuscript be typewritten and in the hands of the editors not later than the twentieth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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# Editorial

## Staff Changes

THE EDITOR announces the appointment of Miss Ethel Merritt as Wayside Wares Editor of the ARCHIVE. Miss Merritt takes the place of R. P. Harriss, who, owing to his heavy work as City Editor of the *Durham Sun*, had to resign.

Harriss did most excellent work while in charge of the Wayside Wares Department, and we regret that it was necessary for him to resign. He remains on the ARCHIVE staff as Contributing Editor.



## Welcome, Coach Jones

WITH the arrival of Howard Jones, former football coach at the University of Iowa and nationally-renowned gridiron mentor, Trinity has left the realm of the small colleges and is bidding fair to rank among the best institutions in athletics. Coach Jones has come to Trinity backed by a wonderful reputation, which has been made manifest by the success of his teams; and with the proper amount of co-operation among both the students and alumni his efforts here should be productive.

Coach Jones has already won a place in the esteem of Trinity students by the business-like methods with which he has taken charge of the baseball and football teams. A man of high character and singular personality is as distinguishable on the athletic field as he is in any professional or business connection. Coach Jones is just a man of this type. He makes himself felt among those whom he is coaching and instills confidence as well as knowledge of the game into his proteges. He attributes success in athletics to a combination of brain and brawn,—not brawn alone, and he has begun spring training with the definite purpose of teaching his men to think.

The Archive takes this occasion to welcome the new coach and also to predict for him a successful career at Trinity. The awakened interest in spring athletics is alone indicative of his presence here. However, there is strong need of constant effort and co-operation

on the part of Trinity students to put across any plans which our new coach intends to promote. We wish Mr. Jones all the success which is his due, and assure him of the whole-hearted support of this publication.



## Spring Cleaning

MARCH winds herald spring. Their shrill whistlings are warnings to the housewife for spring cleaning, to the gardener for raking and trimming, for chambers of commerce and cure clubs to begin clean-up campaigns, for Trinity College, what!

The workmen are beginning to trim the walks and refresh the borders and flowerbeds. Alas, they have burned the leaves which in an economical country would be left and allowed to make leaf mould, a valuable soil food. But they have left at the corner of West Duke near the Dope Shop an unsightly pile of trash. No doubt it is necessary to have some trash receptacles near the Dope Shop to receive the daily overflow, but could not these be covered galvanized cans? Could not a large part of this refuse be burned instead of the leaves? This little section near the Dope Shop does need some attention.

Then a section of the campus which is of course rather raw yet is just back of Southgate. Nevertheless this corner holds natural possibilities for beauty. There is an enchanting pine grove near the new woodland stage and on this little slope are some of the most beautiful trees on the campus. They are symmetrical and perfect in their beauty. As Joyce Kilmer says,

“Poems were made by fools like me

But only God can make a tree.”

But alas, tin cans, papers, and a horrid little chicken coop mar the beauty of this spot. As baseball season comes on, practically the whole student body and many visitors will pass this unsightly place. Let's clean it up. Let's make good the natural beauty we have.

## Dogs

SCAB is a character. He belongs to us. He occupies valuable space in the *Chanticleer* along with the rest of us, and we are democratic folks. But is our democracy elastic enough to include a score of mongrels? Do these animals add anything to the dignity and attractiveness of our campus? Certainly Ken Few's Airdale and Collie companions do, and we can scarcely afford to forsake our "thorough-bred cur dog, Scab," yet we hope no one will get extravagant and pay dog tax on the others so that the dog catcher will pass them by.



## "Bulling"

TO ATTEMPT to express the vastness of the inexperience, youthful inexperience enclosed behind the walls of this campus would be as futile as an attempt to count the stones of the wall itself. This fact is not peculiar to our college but true of all colleges in a degree varying according to the age and purpose of the student body. The value of experience is measured more accurately by the variety than by the quantity as a whole, and that is why the experience of college students is so limited—because they have all, under more or less similar circumstances, come through the same experiences. But the shades of color and setting which these experiences take offers an unlimited supply of material for "bulling". The very fact that each related incident brings forth a sympathetic and understanding response is the secret of the fact that bull sessions always have and always will be in vogue.

One of the first bull sessions was probably held under the shadow of the ark while Noah was building it. The members of this group probably sat cross-legged on the big flat stones, watched the work, and speculated on all its phases. Then at the time the famous Roman baths were in existence the public bathing places were favored seats for "bullers." As civilization progressed on into the middle ages, many a bull feast was held around Cedric, the Saxon's dias in England. Then during our own colonial days the crowds which gathered at Martha Washington's quilting parties and later around Uncle Abe's country store possessed more or less the same characteristics

as those who indulge in our own familiar college pastime which is no better expressed than in the word, *bulling*.

The best bull sessions have the peculiar characteristic of just getting going about eleven or twelve and reaching their climax some time in the morning hours. These gatherings are purely explorations, explorations of human experience, disposition, and character. One learns more of his friends on this occasion than at any other time because the "bars are down". Everyone feels free to express himself without danger of being misunderstood. The minds of the members of this group are usually very alert, probably because the conversation is started by some stimulating or startling statement or probably it is because so many college students believe that they "just get going" after twelve o'clock. Almost everyone contributes something to the meeting whether it be questions or answers, statements, radical or conservative. Generosity of knowledge is characteristic of bull feasts. These contributions have the quality of being both comically and pathetically absurd and at the same time amazingly wise.

Every form of discourse finds its place in a bull session. Bits of description, narration, explanation, and spicy argument blend into a delightfully informal conglomeration. It is interesting to observe the tone of the whole group. At times a match of wits speeds up the whole crowd; again everyone speaks in lazy speculative manner. There are thoughtful silences, and occasionally some member reluctantly leaves, only to learn the next morning that the best part came after he left.

Lights go off and candles burn low, yet still the "bullers bull". This pastime always has and always will exist, praises be, for thereby a large part of education is gained.



## The April Archive

THE APRIL issue of the ARCHIVE will be in charge of the Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity. The members of the fraternity, four of whom are on the ARCHIVE staff, have been working for sometime on the number, and it promises to be one of the best of the year.

# Ned's Nightmare

By DOUBLE U DOUBLE A

**T**ONIGHT is an excellent time for evil if the old saying 'evil deeds await the dark' is true, for believe me it is as black as a stack of black cats outside.'

This singular remark was made by Ned Holden as he stood by the window of his room. He was talking to his friend and roommate, Bob Fletcher, who was also a student at Franklin College, Rhode Island. Ned had been standing at the window for about a half hour gazing and looking into the darkness and gloom outside. He and his friend were rooming on the third floor of one of the antique dormitories of the college. At night Ned was fond of looking out into space—the dark and seemingly unpenetrable space—dotted here and there by the glow from some window. Occasionally a stream of light would open the darkness as a trolley car passed, only to be closed in again when it had gone on its way. Bob Fletcher was completing his work for the night, and, in fact, it was time he was doing so, for the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of eleven. Bob had been rooming with Ned Holden for two years, and he had learned that Ned's main characteristic was that he must discuss something each night before retiring. Sometimes the subject was the modern girl, some certain professor, some mysterious ghost story, or, better still, "moonshiners" and revenue officers. Although Ned was about out of his 'teens and a sophomore in college, he was yet filled with enthusiasm by the numerous stories of "moonshiners" and their battles with the officers of the law.

Tonight he was ready for a disension. He came slowly to his desk and sat down, while Bob closed his book, and, lighting his pipe, he leaned back against the wall.

"Yes, Ned, old man, 'tis dark tonight," Bob replied, "and like you say, there are evil works going on somewhere. Since the revenue officers can't do much tonight, I bet that down in those swamps round your home, which I have heard you mention so much, the mice are playing while the cats are away."

This reference began the conversation, for Ned immediately affirmed the truth of his chum's remarks and added, "Just wait until I take that secret service

course, and you will see one of the cleverest 'revenuers' you ever heard of or read about. Why, Bob, every man that distills whiskey is a coward and loses his courage at the appearance of an officer of the law. That is the reason why the position is not as dangerous as it seems to be. What! I don't believe that any old distiller can get the best of me in cunning. You sure will have a tiresome life teaching school in some old dead country high school."

In this way the conversation continued, while Ned boasted of his future work and recited many stirring adventures of revenue officers. In order to end the discussion Bob pointed to the clock and with an amusing smile said, "Ned, let's go to bed, for it is almost midnight and you will have had dreams if you continue to tell such adventures." Ned's only reply as he began to undress was, "Bull! Bull!"

In a few minutes the boys were in bed. They were sleeping on the common type of college bed, with its out-of-shape mattress and rattling springs, commonly called a "double-decker". Ned climbed to the top deck. He was thinking of his future and even that restful peace, given by sleep, failed to turn his thoughts—restful did I say? No, not restful, but restless, for in his dreams Ned Holden was a real revenue officer. How it thrilled him, even in his sleep, to receive a message that out in Kingfish Swamp there had been a distillery located and that he had the opportunity to capture it! He immediately left the house and, getting in his new Ford car, hurried to the appointed place. It was about the middle of the afternoon, and he could feel himself throb with joy as he passed the familiar scenes along the way, thinking that in two or three hours he would return with his booty and perhaps a "moonshiner" himself. He soon reached the place and, turning his Ford around for the return trip, came to a stop at the side of the country road. He then, in his sleep, felt his pride mount high as he put two pearl-handled revolvers in his pocket and cautiously moved in the direction in which the distillery was supposed to be.

After about five minutes of continuous walking, he began to creep slowly and stealthily, and finally got down on his knees. In a few minutes of careful

crawling he came to a halt and looked with pleasure at the scene before him. His first glance rested on the old mill pond, which was about fifty yards in front of him. He saw it lying very quietly surrounded by large gum trees and a few straggling reeds. The wind was not stirring, and there was not the slightest motion on the surface of the pond. The frogs were croaking at regular intervals as though the visitor had not yet been discovered by them. He then shifted his glance to an object which was between him and the pond. He saw two or three barrels of beer placed near a large copper boiler under which a fire was burning slowly. Then he saw that two jugs of "moonshine" had been filled and set aside from the distillery. His eyes then moved to the "moonshiner" himself, who was working steadily at his illicit trade. He was dressed in a pair of faded and patched overalls. By the skill with which he did his work it was evident that this man was an old timer. Ned at once decided to arrest the man, but he also made up his mind to have some fun. He thought that he would shoot off to one side and then make the man put up his hands. Ned's muscles began to twitch nervously as he pulled out his revolvers, and then, pointing aimlessly to one side, he fired. He made at attempt to rush forward and take his man unawares. But, unfortunately, Fate stepped in to play her hand, and Ned, hitching his toe under a gum root, fell sprawling to the ground—in his dream he might have uttered a curse word. When he arose, his victim had completely disappeared and left his property to the intruder. Smelling a strong odor of whiskey, Ned, after a careful search, found that with his shot he had broken one of the jugs of whiskey. Without any further thought, Ned picked up the remaining jug and hurried to the car with it. He made a successful trip, and, placing it in the back part of the automobile, he returned to get the rest of the distillery. When he reached his spot of observation,

he heard a loud splashing of water and looked in time to see the copper boiler with its necessary parts disappear beneath the surface of the mill pond, while the form of the man was disappearing through the woods. Foiled in this part of the capture Ned, empty-handed, returned eagerly to his car. As he put his pistols back into his pockets, he murmured to himself, "Well, I have some evidence any—". He broke off suddenly and looked into the rear of the car. "I'll be goshed darned! Where in the sam-hill is that there jug of liquor." He looked more carefully, but the back part of the automobile was absolutely empty so far as the whiskey was concerned. Although fear began to invade his mind and mystery seemed to be everywhere, he felt that he had not seen any danger as yet. Disappointed slightly, he got into his car and as he began to put in his switch key, he noticed that his batteries were discharging rapidly. Was it instinct that caused him to look out on the ground near the side of the car? He leaned out and saw a clear, deeply impressed print of a man's knee in the soft dirt. Again that chill of fear swept over him. He jumped out of the seat. He looked under the car to see if he could understand the meaning of the knee print. The first object that his eyes met was a small wooden box, and, in this box, he saw several sticks of dynamite. All at once he understood it all: someone had attached the explosives to the batteries with the intention of blowing him up. He saw a bright spark; a small stream of smoke; a flash; and then he felt himself being blown up into space—somewhere—amidst a loud and deafening explosion. At this point he jumped up in bed, his entire body lurched forward, and, becoming half awake, he heard his roommate, who was sleeping beneath him, say, "What's wrong up there, Ned? Having a nightmare?"

Ned answered sleepily, "Aw, shut up! Can't a fellow turn over in bed without having a nightmare?"

# The Higher Life

MARY PRESTON BYNUM



O, JIMMIE," Delight stated firmly, with all the dignity befitting one who has just attained the lofty pinnacle of seventeen summers. "No, Jimmie, I love you for a pal; but when it comes to getting engaged, a woman must use discretion."

"Jimmie's round young face was quivering with emotion and his eyes seemed full to the point of overflowing as he gazed at Delight with the woebegone expression of a whipped puppy.

"But Delight, de—er—but, Delight, couldn't I some day—if I could get to be great somehow—I could do anything for you, Delight,—oh, can't you give me any hope at all?"

"I'm afraid not, Jimmie," she answered all the more firmly for a queer, foolish little desire to take away that hurt, forlorn expression from his ordinarily beaming countenance. "You see," she continued loftily, "boxing and hazing and playing practical jokes—like putting that spider in Bug Skeeter's ice cream last week," with a severe glance under which Jimmie withered visibly, "are all right in their place; but when it come to choosing for a life time,"—here she pased visibly to admire the effect of the phrase—"when it comes to choosing for a life time, Jimmie, a woman has need of nobler and more serious things."

"Isn't it serious to break a man's heart?" Jimmie inquired bitterly, "to—to blast his career?"

Delight gave a pleasantly sad sigh. It was terrible to think of Jimmie's life being ruined that way; but, after all, if it was to be blasted anyway, she, Delight, might as well do the blasting. And perhaps some day in years to come, when time had healed the wound—

"No, Jimmie," she shook her head pityingly. "By higher and more serious things, I mean poetry—literature—the stage. This is the deadiest secret, but I think I shall tell you; I am seriously considering taking up a dramatic career after I finish high school this spring." Here she paused and her eyes took on a dreamy, far-away expression, as if already visioning herself in the glorious ranks of the Bernhards and

Maude Adamases. "As for you, Jimmie, what do you know or care of drama, of poetry, of all the higher things of life?"

"But I could learn, Delight,—you could teach me. Besides," with an injured expression, "I'm not so da—er—not so extremely green as you think. I've read Shakespeare's *To Be Or Not To Be* and that thing of Tennyson's *Seven Gables*, I think it is, an' just lots of Harold Bell Wright, an'"—

"It's no use, Jimmie," said Delight, with a superior smile of finality. "As I said before, I'll always love you dearly as a pal; it's just that I can only—well—care for one who measures up to the full standards of my ideal. A woman wants a husband she can—er—venerate, and—er—well—er—venerate. Now you can't exactly imagine me venerating you, can you Jimmie?" Then moved by the evident distress in his face, she burst out impulsively: "Listen, Jimmie, you mustn't feel hurt, or anything, because I—of course, dear, it isn't as if—Jimmie, do behave."

Jimmie rose dolorously to his feet. "I guess the only thing for me to do is just to take myself entirely out of your life," he sighed heavily. "I guess I can't even hope to take you to the frat dance next month, now."

"No, Jimmie; I think I had best not let you after what has happened. I don't think I care to go anyway. I know I used to be crazy about dancing, but when one has one's mind set upon the higher things of life—"

Formally Jimmie extended his hand. "Well, Delight, it's good-night and good-bye, then. No matter what happens, I shall always be waiting and caring, even though for me my life is now over;" and, with a last tragic glance and a gesture worthy of Macbeth, he was gone.

After the door banged emphatically upon his exit, Delight lingered at the sofa; she sighed slightly and gave the pillow where Jimmie had sat a gentle pat—to smooth it out; then, vaguely disappointed without knowing how to account for it, she switched out the lights and went to bed.

The next morning, Mrs. Howell entered the living room just in time to hear the end of an excited—on

Delight's part, at least,—telephone conversation. She smiled indulgently as Delight flung up the receiver and danced across the room.

"Oh, mother, it's Sue Kirkland—you know, Billy's cousin. She called me up to tell me that they have Barrett Wheeler—the Barrett Wheeler who writes, mother, the one I've always been so insane to see—visiting them. It seems that the family has known him for a long time, but he's been West, and just stopped off unexpectedly this morning on his way home. And, Mother,"—here she paused solemnly to let the words have their full effect—"Oh, Mother, Sue wants to bring him up tonight—to see me! Mother, think of it—a real author!"

"Why that's splendid, dear," her mother nodded placidly, evidently quite unaware of anything extraordinary in the situation. "Would you like to ask in some other girls and boys to meet him? And would you like some of the little cakes Jimmie thinks are so good?"

"Cakes Jimmie likes—for Barrett Wheeler!" gasped Delight; but her mother had gone out of the room "Just as if Barrett Wheeler were an ordinary, everyday person," she thought indignantly.

If Delight's mother took the event calmly, however, not so Delight. By the time for the guests' arrival, she had worked herself into a very fever of excitement. To think that her long-cherished dream had come true at last—that at last she was actually to meet one who must know all the twists and turns of those longed-for "nobler things". The phrase brought Jimmie to her mind, and she could not help contrasting him, with a pitying but superior little smile, to the glorious one coming. To think that only twenty-four hours ago she had really thought for a moment—for the barest second—that Jimmie might actually be *The One*! How wonderfully one was saved from one's mistakes when one's mind was fixed on higher things.

Her heart flew into her throat as she heard the door bell ring. She felt almost paralyzed by nervousness; but by some miracle she found herself after a moment standing on the threshold greeting her guests, listening to Sue's chatter before glancing directly at the tall figure looming up behind her. Then she raised her eyes and found herself looking into His face.

In that first second, Delight subconsciously admitted to herself that she was disappointed; but her thoughts

instantly rallied themselves to his defence. You could not expect a person who lived by his brain—she thrilled at the words—to have all the crisp freshness (yes, freshness in more ways than one, she told herself sternly) of the young Herculeses whose minds were bent upon nothing more weighty than the next football score, or some foolish practical joke: here her mind flashed back to the spider and Bug Skeeters. Surely a wonderful spirit looked out from beneath that lofty forehead through those thick-lensed tortoise-shell eyeglasses! Still, she did wish he'd brush his hair another way, and use a little more care with his neckties.

But there were evidently no such misgivings as to Delight in the mind of Barrett Wheeler. He annexed her without hesitation, and conducted her to a secluded corner of the drawing room. "Ah" he murmured stiffly, "it is indeed a pleasure to meet you, Miss Howell. I have been hearing much concerning you during my stay from young James Kirkland. He told me. . . ."

Delight, feeling the subject unfortunately chosen, interrupted with the first banal question she could hit upon: "How did you enjoy the football game this afternoon, Mr. Wheeler?"

"The game?" he appeared to bring his mind to it with a jolt. "Such things interest me very little, I fear. The fact is, I usually take along something to read, in order that I may not fall asleep." He drew out from his coat pocket two little volumes.

"Oh!" Delight caught her breath and her eyes widened as they took in the little books. Here was a real man at last! *Othello*, and *A Doll's House*. "I'm so glad you like serious drama! But of course you do. I think *A Doll's House* is. . . ."

He interrupted her somewhat rudely. "*Othello* interests me. The play represents—" and he lectured and discussed it with himself until she felt herself growing irritably bored. Suddenly she was startled by an unmistakable giggle from Sue, who was seated on the other side of the room, and who immediately evinced absorbing interest in a Dresden vase on the piano. The scene was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Howell, who advanced eagerly across the room toward Wheeler. "Why hello, Barrett, my boy," he exclaimed cordially.

Delight was too dumfounded at the salutation to be aware of the sudden puzzled change that came over


(Continued on Page 276)



# 'Tis a Mark of Distinction to Have a Worthwhile One

(A Special Feature Article on the Trinity  
College Library)

W. S. DURHAM, JR.

UGUSTINE BIRRELL began his essay on the Bodleian Library at Oxford with this query: "With what feeling, I wonder, ought we to approach, in a famous university, an already venerable foundation, devoted by the last will and indented deed of a pious benefactor to the collection and housing of books and the promotion of learning?" As he wrote these lines, doubtless there passed before the imagination of this writer a long procession of Englishmen who had found in that house of books the knowledge which was to each one the power of his life.

With what feelings does the average college student of today, right here at Trinity College, for instance, approach the library building? Until he is assigned work to do there, he is hardly aware that we have a library. He then inquires where the library is and is told that it is the building just to the left behind Craven Memorial Hall. Then the student wanders inside and tells the man at the desk he wants that history book he has been assigned to read. After several questions the librarian finally finds out what book the student wants. Such an experience is a daily occurrence at the library.

Little does the present-day student think of the time, trouble, years of work, and expense that has gone towards the collecting and establishing of such a library as we now have. Only by years of work, extensive traveling, and a large expenditure of money can such a library be had.

One of the first things that a professor asks about or looks into when considering a place at a college is the library. Any student who expects to do good honest work and get the most from his college career considers the library before he attends a college. There is no truer test of the educational spirit of a body of students than the use made of the college library.

Many of the present students will leave Trinity, and in the future when the library is mentioned they will immediately recall the orderly reading room, a large number of reference books on the reserve shelf behind the desk, the co-eds taking over half of the seats in the room, and, most vividly of all, Mr. Breedlove—always quiet, easy, very polite, and never in a rush.

In 1895 the library held no such place as it now has. At that time it occupied the largest room in the main building. That room soon proved inadequate, and some of the books were placed in adjoining rooms. The library at that time contained more than 10,000 volumes and a large number of pamphlets and magazines. More than a thousand volumes were added during the school year 1895-96. The library was kept open only five hours each day. A librarian was in charge, and the instructors assigned work to be done in the library very much as it is done now.

Before 1886 the College had no library of its own, but the students used the libraries owned by the two literary societies. In 1886 these two libraries were combined, making a library of several thousand volumes.

In 1895 we find that the library had grown considerably. This growth was due partly to the aid of a library fund established by the College and partly to outside aid. In the reading room at that time were found many of the periodicals which are to be found today, among them being: *New York Herald*, *Atlanta Journal*, all the important daily papers of the State, church and agricultural papers, *Judge*, *Outlook*, *Nature*, *Science*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Contemporary Review*, the *Forum*, *Review of Reviews*, the *Century*, *North American Review*, *Scribner's Atlantic Monthly*, and others.

As we follow the library through the years, we find that it continued to grow. In 1899 a card catalogue was started. The same year the General Thomas L. Clingman Collection of Public Documents was presented to the library by Mr. T. L. Clingman and Miss Jane A. Clingman, nephew and niece of the distinguished general, of Farmington, North Carolina.

This growth continued until today the library contains over 64,000 bound volumes, over 16,500 accessioned pamphlets, and about 20,000 pamphlets that have not been accessioned by the cataloguers. In 1903, the year the formal opening of the new library building was held, reclassifying and recataloguing the books by the best known system of library economy was begun. This work has gone on steadily until all the books that have been accessioned have been catalogued with the exception of the Webb Collection and about 8,000 other volumes catalogued under the author's name only.

Several donations of money and books have been made to the library. Among the most important contributions are: (1) The Ethel Carr Peacock Memorial Collection of 7,049 volumes, given by Dr. and Mrs. Dred Peacock, of High Point, in 1903. The donors have added several volumes to their original gift; the Anne Roney Shakespeare Collection, purchased in 1903 with the thousand dollars given by Miss Roney for that purpose; (3) The John M. Webb library containing several thousand volumes, given to the College and maintained as a separate collection. This collection was given in 1917 by Mrs. Webb of Bell Buckle, Tennessee, in memory of her husband, who was for a number of years one of the principals of the Webb School in Tennessee; (4) the private library of Professor William Frances Gill, for nineteen years professor of Latin at Trinity College, given by his father, Dr. Robert J. Gill, and his sister, Mrs. I. F. Young, of Henderson, North Carolina. Friends and former students raised a fund to provide a permanent memorial in the form of a Latin collection to bear his name. To this fund Dr. Gill gave \$2,000 in 1922; (5) the Martin Rowan Chaffin Collection given in 1921 by his grandchildren for the special use of the department of education. The collection is made up of more than one thousand school textbooks. There are a number of other collections including the Long Collection in Economics, the A. M.

Shipp Collection, the James J. Wolfe Collection of Science books, the W. S. Lee Southern History Collection, and the Lizzie Taylor Wrenn Collection.

In addition to the volumes found in the general library a large special collection of books has been purchased for the School of Law. There are now to be found in the library full sets of the United States Supreme Court Reports, with Digests, Rose's Notes, and Michie's Encyclopedia of United States Supreme Court Reports and North Carolina Digests, also the Southeastern Digest, American Digest, and Descriptive Word-Index; and full sets of the Supreme Court reports of New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin, New Jersey, and Indiana. There are also a number of textbooks, together with the American and English Encyclopedia of Law, Cyclopaedia of Law and Procedure, *Corpus Juris*, the Lawyers' Reports Annotated, American Reports and American Decisions, and full sets of the Public Laws of North Carolina and the Acts of Congress of the United States.

The library building, erected in 1902, is a very handsome structure. It is the gift of Mr. James B. Duke, of New York. It is built of red pressed brick and trimmed with granite. The stack room has a capacity of more than one hundred thousand volumes. This room is equipped with steel stacks and is connected with the reading and study room on the first floor. On the first floor are also to be found a cataloguing room, cloakrooms, the librarian's office, and a museum with a fire-proof vault. On the second floor are similar rooms, the law library, and a gallery overlooking the reading room.

Different people have been interested at different times in building up the library. Among those most prominent in this work are Dr. Bassett, Dr. Mims, and Dr. Adams, who have left, and Doctors Few, Glasson, and Boyd and Professor Webb, present members of the faculty. The librarian, Mr. J. P. Breedlove, has been working in the library for almost twenty-five years and has done some valuable work. It was largely through the efforts of Dr. Adams and Dr. Boyd that the library was able to acquire a complete file of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731 to 1844. This set, received April 18, 1922, is a very old English publication and is considered very valuable. The library was able to get it at a cost of only three cents a volume. Professor Webb was instrumental in

(Continued on Page 282)

## Carry Me Back

CARRY me back to North Carolina,  
Back to the land of the long-leaf pine,  
Back to the land of milk and honey,  
Back to the land of warm sunshine.  
Carry me back to the old time homestead,  
Back to the cottage where I was born,  
And let me look again through the window  
Where I watched eagerly the coming dawn.

Carry me back to my gray-haired mother,  
Back to my mother so fond and true  
And let me look again into her eyes—  
Those eyes so tender, so warm, so blue.  
Carry me back to my warm-hearted father,  
Back to my father with his heart of gold;  
Carry me back to my old weary father  
Who soon will sleep in the ground so cold.

Carry me back to the friends of my childhood,  
Back to those friends I've loved so long;  
Carry me back and let them forgive me  
Of anything I did that was wrong.  
Carry me back to the haunt of my childhood,  
Back to the shady nook beside Bar stream;  
Carry me back, oh please carry me back!  
And tell me my life's been only a dream.

—"CeMaek".



## To Him Who Waits

—RASTAFF



JIMMIE Norwood had joined the Lone Scouts 'way back in 1915 when they were first organized. Eight long years ago! As he sat somberly gazing out of his window, he reflected back over those eight years. What a great influence the Lone Scouts had had in his life! How they had helped him! He remembered the day, eight long years ago, when he had picked up his first copy of the *Lone Scout*. He had become enthusiastic at once and insisted on joining the organization of which it was the official organ. And what a vast thing that simple act of joining had been!

Jimmie was the son of a storekeeper and a country storekeeper at that. He had spent all of his life, except the few short years at high school, behind

the counter. He pictured in his mind that small country store of long ago and the small black-headed boy, dressed in overalls, who was waiting on the farmers' wives, weighing their butter and measuring off cloth for them. He visualized the little brown store with its dark corners and dusty merchandise, its piles of herbs and roots, and its rows of shelf-worn goods. And again Jimmie sighed. He thought of the past few years; of his correspondence with other boys in other places; of how he had learned of the greater world beyond the hills; and finally how he had learned of college. Yes, college! Back when Jimmie first started corresponding, he had accidentally made the long distance acquaintance of a Lone Scout in college. College with all its glamour of

sports and studies had been pictured to him, and he had forthwith decided to go to college. His mother had fallen in with the plan at once, but his father had said, "No."

"I never had a college education," said his father, "and I don't intend to send my son to college."

He did consent, however, after much pleading by mother and son, to send Jimmie to Wautauga, a neighboring town, where he was to attend high school. Those few years of high school had sped swiftly for Jimmie. He had made many friends and learned many new things, but never was he admitted as a regular member of "the gang". Jimmie's disposition was different from that of these boys. He could not understand them nor they him, and he finally gave it up as a bad job. From that time he had worked longer and harder on his books, and the reward had been his.

On that night of nights, the night of his graduation, he was nonplussed when the superintendent of the school had called him forward on the rostrum. As from a distance he heard the words of the superintendent:

"As has been the custom here for several years, the school board will award tonight the Gettys Memorial Scholarship. You all know that the scholarship is awarded to the senior who has made the highest grades in his or her work during the four years spent in high school. As you know, the receiver of the scholarship will have his or her way paid for one year in any college that he or she may choose. It is my great pleasure to present to you tonight the winner of this scholarship, Mr. James Norwood."

There was a burst of applause and afterward many congratulations. Jimmie went through it all in a kind of a daze, and, when he was at last home with his mother, he wanted to sit down and cry. He had wanted to go to college very much, and now his prayers were answered. There remained only the question of his father's permission. After it was explained to him that there would be no expense to him, Jimmie's father had finally consented, but his final words were:

"Don't think for a moment that I will pay your way for another year when this one is over. That will be entirely up to you."

And so Jimmie had gone to college. He was immensely thrilled when "our team", as he soon grew to call it, pushed its way to a touchdown, or fought

its way to victory by knocking the ball over the fence or shooting another goal. It saddened him somewhat that he was unable to take part in any of these games. His father had never allowed him either money, equipment, or time to play any of the games that the Great American Boy delighted in, and consequently he was unprepared to take part in them now. He found that, where he had excelled in high school, he was classed among the many here, just the average college boy. He had made only a moderate success in society and other educational work and was soon lost—lost to drift along with the hundreds of other boys of his age, knowledge and temperament.

As Jimmie sat there thinking about his college "career", as he loved to call it, he thought of Bolich. Ah, yes! Bolich! Bolich had been his one great friend in college. Bolich was a Lone Scout, too, and a sophomore at that. When he saw the poor homesick lad that Jimmie was, he turned to help, and, in helping, he glimpsed the little silver badge on Jimmie and stayed to make friends. Suddenly a warmth of gratitude stole over Jimmie and he felt a great thankfulness to Bolich. Not a Sunday had passed since he had been here that the two had not taken a walk in some part of the city or sometimes even to the country. They had covered practically the entire city and had found many strange spots on their many walks. One in particular had impressed Jimmie and Bolich, and that impression had remained with them.

It was on a Sunday afternoon early in May that they had run across this spot, within sight of the campus, that had piqued their curiosity so much. They had been walking silently for some time when Bolich suddenly exclaimed:

"Say, Jimmie. Look at that!"

Jimmie had looked and on looking had stopped to investigate. They had come upon a field, almost an acre Jimmie said, right in the midst of the houses. But such a field! Jimmie had never seen one like it at home nor had Bolich ever seen one like it in the city. A tall barbed-wire fence ran entirely around it, and there were "Danger" and "Keep Away" signs at every other post. They had remained at a safe distance and silently taken in every detail of the enclosure. At every corner were tall planks that were split and spread out at the top so that they gave the appearance of huge fans. A row of high power

lamps was placed completely around the plot of ground, and, what was most mysterious of all, was the small group of things in the center.

"Bird houses," gasped Jimmie, "and a potato hill."

"And a dog kennel!" finished Bolich.

This assortment of things was indeed worthy of amazement. Never, except at home, had Jimmie seen a tall pole with a cluster of gourds on the end, and never had he heard of their being used for anything except bird houses. The huge mound in the center was an exact replica of those his father made to cover his potatoes and turnips. And it did seem, indeed, that the small house in the center was an overgrown dog kennel. They had looked long but were unable to make either head or tail of this queer spot.

"Must be where some crazy humanitarian has built a place for homeless dogs and birds," suggested Bolich.

"But why should he keep the ground plowed up and why the danger signs?" queried Jimmie.

"Oh, the signs are probably to warn cats away," said Bolich. "You see cats would be antagonistic both to the physical and mental parts of dogs and birds, and that would defeat the purpose of the philanthropist in establishing this home. Those small letters convey the information that the wires are charged with a high voltage current and this would be inconvenient to cats. Then, too, cats despise plowed ground and will not cross it wherever they can help it. That is why this is plowed up, I suppose."

Jimmie gave a snort which showed that he knew Bolich was joshing him, and the incident was closed.

As Jimmie sat here by the window tonight, all this flood of memories rushed over him. He recalled minor incidents of the past several months that had had no special significance to him at the time. Little words and acts that he had remembered no longer than the moment now occurred to him again. Queer, he thought, how those things would haunt one when one was about to leave forever,—and forever it was, he thought sadly. Tomorrow he would have his last exam, and on the next day he would leave for home. He had spent the whole of the little income that had accompanied his scholarship, and he had no means whereby to gain more. He remembered his father's words and knew that it was useless to apply to him for money with which to return to college. He

thought bitterly of the many boys who had plenty of money and who were loafing away their time at school—

Jimmie sat up suddenly. In the distance, through the window, he saw those lights flashing on and off in the early dusk. Those plagued lights! They annoyed him now, for they only brought recollections of happy days gone by. He was thinking again about them and the queer things that went with them. There they were, only a few minutes walk away, flashing on—off—on—off—on—off—on—off. He knew that it was the light round that queer place that he and Bolich had come across in the early spring. Unconsciously he began to count the flashes, and it suddenly dawned upon him that there was a regularity about that flash, on—off—on—off. Then they went off quite suddenly, and he waited in vain for them to appear again. His mind searched for an explanation. By jingo! He reached for the paper. Yes! There it was!

"FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD  
FOR INFORMATION  
THAT WILL LEAD TO THE ARREST OF—"

And then followed a detailed account of how a well organized gang of crooks was keeping the town supplied with bootleg liquor. Why not? And five hundred dollars would allow him to return to college. For the first time he began to connect incidents that had happened during the last few weeks. There were those aeroplanes that were always passing over the dormitories just when he was getting to sleep every night. It all came to him in a flash, and he was up and looking for his cap. He must find Bolich! They must go at once! He grabbed his flashlight and was off to see Bolich. A few minutes of hasty explanation and Bolich entered heartily into the plan. Yes, they must act at once; so they were off.

A short, breathless walk brought them in the neighborhood of the "mystery." All was dark except the square of light that was now shining again. How to advance without being seen and how to cross the charged wire were the questions. Jimmie acted quickly. In this section of the suburb great shade trees lined the streets. Where one corner of the charged wire touched almost to the street, a large shade tree stood. They slipped along in the shadows until they were within the dark protection of this

tree, but Jimmie's hopes were doomed to disappointment. The tree was not close enough to the fence! As they stood within the shadow of the tree, they could almost feel the eyes of what they had already settled to be bootleggers boring into them. A startled grunt came from Bolich. The lights were going off and on again. Jimmie counted carefully. There was about fifteen seconds of darkness between each flash. He decided upon a sudden plan. Reaching for Bolich's pencil, he began to squirm along the protecting curb until he had reached the nearest part of the fence. When the lights went off again, he stretched the pencil as far toward the fence as he dared. Nothing happened. Gradually he thrust it closer and closer until it finally touched the wire. No spark jumped from the lead. He felt the thrill of joy that comes to the general of a successful maneuver. Then he edged back to where Bolich was waiting in the dark.

"It was beyond my hopes," he stated. "They made an error in the wiring so that when the lights go off, the current is cut off from the fence also. We have about a quarter of a minute of darkness between each flash. If we hurry, we can sprint from the shadow, climb the fence, and drop into that little gully on the inside in about ten or eleven seconds' time. I will go first and then you follow me."

A minute or so later both boys were safely on the inside. The question naturally arose as to what to do next.

"I want to examine that 'potato hill'," said Jimmie. "I have my suspicions concerning it, and, if they are correct, we will attempt to get into the little house."

Both boys crawled up the little gully until they were directly opposite the mound. Bolich peered over the edge of the gully but could see absolutely nothing within the enclosure except those three objects in the center and the fan-shaped affairs in the corners. The ominous silence was beginning to tell on them. Both boys felt little chills playing up and down their spine. Not a sound broke the silence. Nothing except the flashing of the lights occurred within the fence. They realized that they must get busy, or else they would lose their nerve. Jimmie cautiously drew out his watch and turned his flashlight on it, taking care to cover the light so that it could not be seen from without the gully.

"Gee, it's getting late. Hadn't we better go back?"

"No. Let's see it through now," said Bolich. "I think the light will go off for good in a few minutes, and then we can explore around a little. There they go now!"

The boys lay quiet for several minutes. Jimmie had placed the light beside a small stone, and Bolich now picked it up.

"Now," said Jimmie, "we can crawl up to it."

They crept up to the mound and cautiously examined it. Then they stood up and peered over the top. Yes! It was hollow! And within the hollow of the inside a large red light glowed dully. The sudden rattling of the gourds above them caused them to scamper for the protection of the gully.

"Just like I thought." Jimmie spoke once more.

"But I don't understand."

"Well," said Jimmie, "this is what I have gathered. The lights that flicker on and off serve both as a signal and as a guide to one of those aeroplanes that I told you about. The wire fence keeps all inquisitive people away. The red light in the mound is exactly in the center of the field and serves as a marker when the other lights are off. Now, I have it figured out like this. After the signal is given, the large lights are turned off and the red one turned on. I suppose that a fairly strong current is turned on the fence at the same time. The aeroplane is used as a means of transportation for bootleg whiskey. It flies low over the field, and, guided by the red light, drops well-packed cases of the whiskey out onto the soft ground. Other workers probably gather the cases up and store them away before morning. No one suspects anything, for aeroplanes are continually flying over this section of the city.

"But how do you account for the dog kennel and the bird houses?"

"Perhaps there is another light that glows from above the gourds and warns the aviator against flying too low, and as for the little house, we will investigate it now. You go around this way, and I will go around the other and meet you. We will see what we can find."

The boys parted and started around the house.

"Why it hasn't any door!"

They had been completely around it and did not find the least sign of an opening. They held a consultation and then started back, each the way he had

come. Bolich was walking out from the wall a short distance and peering at the small roof in the attempt to find a door of some kind. A startled grunt came from him. Something had caught closely around his feet. His momentum carried him forward and he fell heavily into the side of the small house. Jimmie came running up and stared in amazement at the sight that appeared before his eyes. Bolich was wriggling around on the ground in the attempt to free himself from the small bunch of vines that he had stumbled into, but Jimmie was not looking at him. The little house that had seemed so firmly planted there had swung slowly and smoothly around to one side! And, in its place, a small flight of steps led down into the darkness! Bolich sat up and drew the flashlight from his pocket, but it would not come on. "Must have been broken in the fall," he muttered.

The two boys edged closer and looked down into the darkness. A slight breeze had come up and the gourds at the top of the pole had begun to rattle and bump together. They glanced back over the city, but all was dark except the streak of light in the distance that was the main part of town.

"Shall we?" The question came from Bolich.

"Might as well now that we have come this far."

Slowly they stepped down the steps, watching for any false movement and listening for any strange sound, but all was as silent as before. They reached the bottom and went forward for a few steps in what seemed to be a narrow passageway.

"I say, Bolich, it got darker just then. Look! You can't see any light from above."

Jimmie started back hurriedly but was brought up suddenly. He uttered a muffled groan.

"What it is? What is it, Jimmie?" Bolich spoke anxiously.

"We've walked into a pretty trap now." His fingers searched in the darkness. "There is a solid wall here!"

"Have a seat, gentlemen."

Both boys jumped as if someone had shot. They faced about in the darkness toward the part of the room from which the voice had come. Some inner voice told them that they both wished to be safe in their room again. A light flashed on. The boys shrank back into one corner as they tried to suit their eyes to the strong light. Gradually their eyes became accustomed to the light, and they saw that they were in a small room, bare save for the curious instruments

in the far corner and the man who stood behind them. It was the man, however, that attracted Jimmie's attention. He had several bundles under his arm as if he were just departing, and now he spoke with a tantalizing smile:

"Something I could do for you?"

"Mr. Beard!" The cry of astonishment broke from Jimmie. He hurried across the room.

"Well, of all things! If it isn't Jimmie Norwood! What on earth are you doing here?"

Jimmie, quite crestfallen, greeted his old friend, and then followed his whole story. Mr. Beard laughed uproariously.

"And so you thought that I was a bootlegger? Well I like that!"

"Well, what is it anyway?" queried Jimmie, "and what are you doing here? I thought that you were on the new survey near Tryon, and here I find you here,—bootlegging!" he added mischievously.

"I'll admit that it does look suspicious," said Mr. Beard, "but it is easily explained. My company is starting a new development and power dam near your home at Chimney Rock. We need some equipment on the top of Rumbling Mountain at once, and, as you know, it is impossible to go up by road and there is no hoisting machinery within a radius of a hundred miles or so. What is more natural than that we should attempt to carry the stuff up by air? The section is too rough, however, for landing; so we had to formulate a plan of dropping heavily-padded boxes of the material off onto some soft spot on top. One of my friends had a small experiment station here and kindly consented to lend it to us for a few days' practice before we left for work. Our aviator has become quite proficient in dropping packages in a small place, even after dark, and consequently we leave day after tomorrow for the mountains and our work. I came over tonight to get a few things that I had left here, and, just as I came down, I saw two figures acting in a suspicious manner near the fence. I thought that I had best stay and protect my friend's gourds against robbery," here Mr. Beard kept a straight face, "so I left the opening unfastened and came on down. Through this little periscope which you see here I watched the desperate criminals advance and prepared to take them by surprise. I was the one who was surprised, however, when I found that it was only two boys."

Jimmie grinned sheepishly.

"I'll admit that we did walk blindly into your trap, but may I ask one question concerning your trap?"

"What are those gourds for?"

"Oh," laughed Mr. Beard, "that is one of my friend's experiments in radio aerial."

Mr. Beard gathered up his packages again, and they started up the steps. He closed and fastened the outer opening and they started down the long, dark avenue. Jimmie was thinking bitterly to himself. Gone were all his plans for the future. Gone were all his hopes of returning to college.

"Well, here is where we turn off," Bolich spoke finally.

Jimmie started from his reverie. He was thinking of a life back there behind the counter of that little store. All he could say was:

"Good-bye, Mr. Beard, and I hope we have not disturbed you too much."

"Not at all. Not at all. By the way, Jimmie," Mr. Beard turned slowly, "how would you like to work for us this summer? I am sure that you would like the work, and you could make enough to return to college next year."

"How would I like it?"

Jimmie's face beamed as tears came to his eyes. "How would I like it?" Then, "Just try me and see!"



## Nature

*LET ME live in the heart of nature,  
 Away from the hurry of town.  
 But where the buds of Springtime,  
 Burst through their coats of brown.  
 Where birds are always mating,  
 And green shoots push through the mould  
 Awaked by the warm, mellow sunshine  
 After days of darkness and cold.*

*Where peach-tree petals are blushing  
 And cherry blooms shower like snow—  
 Where summer comes all of a sudden,  
 And we wonder, "Where did spring go?"  
 Oft-times I see the reapers  
 Go out in the early morn,  
 And work while the hours of summer  
 Pass slowly and heedlessly on.*

*Returning when the rays of sunset  
 Kiss the roses o'er the gate  
 Tired out by the work of honest hands  
 From early morn till late.  
 When the bees are hurrying homeward,  
 And the pied-frogs chorus out;  
 When the moon creeps o'er the tree-tops,  
 And the fireflies chase about.*

*Oh! for the autumn season  
 With the whip-poor-will's weird call  
 And Bob-White's cheery whistle  
 O'er valley, hill, or fall.  
 The days of Indian Summer  
 Golden leaves or blushing red,  
 And the orchard branches bending,  
 Under weights of fruit like lead.*

*Oft-times there is a snowfall,  
 And a silent winter world,  
 When around each tiny twiglet,  
 A rim of ice is curled.  
 When the stars of the blue heavens,  
 Cover an infinite space:  
 Making the world's vast carpet  
 Seem of the rarest old lace.*

*Great are the joys of nature,  
 Each a part of God's infinite plan.  
 Each idea that was perfected,  
 Was for God's creature, man.  
 O Seasons! speeding onward,  
 Teach those to love and care  
 For Him who fashioned nature,  
 With its beauty everywhere.*

—E. HARDAWAY.



# Mimi

E. J.

**T**WO NOTED musicians were sauntering leisurely across the deck of an ocean liner which was bound for the United States, when one turned to his companion and asked very abruptly,

"Norton, what became of the violin that Rothenfels played while we were at Cologne,—the Strad, you know?" The speaker bit off the end of his cigar savagely and continued, "Donnerwetter, but I'd give fifteen years of my life to own that instrument! Think of having the violin which so many famous artists have owned, and, by God, old Rothenfels was the greatest of them all! Lord, but I want that violin!"

"It was the same old story," the young American replied quietly after Heinrich Schoonmaker finished his soliloquy, "Rothenfels drank and gambled too much, lost everything he had, and well,—" Norton shrugged his shoulder slightly as he spoke, "you know the old story of a down-and-out musician—the violin had to be sold to pay the debts. John Gordon, an old friend of mine got it. He died two years ago, and now his sister has the instrument." Norton thoughtfully puffed his cigar for a moment. "When the girl was a tiny tot, she carved her pet name, Mimi, near the bridge. The letter are so deep that they can never be obliterated; but, of course, a Strad is worth a small fortune—carved or not carved."

"Charles Norton," Schoonmaker clutched his companion's arm violently as he spoke, "do you suppose that she would sell the violin to me? When old Rothenfels used to play it, I wanted that violin like I've never wanted anything else! Good God, but I'd sell my soul for it."

With an amused smile, Norton released his arm from the grasp of his agitated companion.

"I don't know any reason why," he said reflectively, "Miss Gordon wouldn't sell the violin to you. I'll get her address, and while we're in the city, you can call on her."

"My God, to think of owning that violin!" Schoonmaker breathed contentedly, as if the matter were already settled.

Heinrich Schoonmaker had not been rid of the cus-

tom-house officials more than sixty minutes when he arrived at the shabby brown stone lodging house which Marion Gordon called home, and demanded to see her.

"Heinrich Schoonmaker," the girl repeated perplexedly when she read the name upon the very correct bit of pasteboard which her landlady had given her, "Mrs. Carr, I don't know him! Never heard of him in my life. But I guess I'll go in and see him anyway."

When Marion entered the stuffy parlor, she conceived at once a strong dislike for the fawning, red-faced man who was seated gingerly upon the edge of Mrs. Carr's leather rockers. The girl did not have much time for reflection, however, as Schoonmaker rose instantly and greeted her.

"Oh, Miss Gordon," he exclaimed in his most honeyed tones, "I am so glad to meet you. I have heard so much about your famous Stradivarius violin!"

The girl stiffened involuntarily. What, she wondered, had this man, whose servile deference so annoyed her, heard about the precious instrument. Smiling composedly, nevertheless, she merely replied, "Oh, have you?" and waited for the man, obviously intent upon accomplishing some errand, to go on.

Somewhat rebuffed by Marion's apparent indifference, he twirled his watch chain nervously and appeared to be studying the pattern of the carpet. "The violin which Eugene Rothenfels used to play is in your possession, is it not?" Schoonmaker's head shot up aggressively. "And how much money would you take for it?"

Marion Gordon was dumbfounded; that anyone should even want to buy the violin which had been John Gordon's seemed to her to be almost sacrilegious.

"Why," she faltered as soon as she could speak, "the very idea. It's preposterous! Nothing can induce me to part with my brother's violin!"

"Donnerblitzen!" Schoonmaker, infuriated, had dropped his cloak of suavity. "But I must have the violin. I am the great Schoonmaker," his chest swelled with pride as he made the announcement, "I played in the orchestra at Cologne when Rothenfels was conductor. I have come for my master's violin."

"You'll go away without it," the girl's face was colorless, but she spoke spiritedly, "it is the only thing I have that belonged to my brother. No sum that you could mention can buy it."

"It can't, hey," the man retorted instantly, "not even seventy-five thousand dollars?"

Only for a minute, Marion Gordon wavered. Then, jumping from her chair with a gesture of finality, she exclaimed impatiently, "Mr. Schoonmaker, your threats are quite in vain. I'm not even going to consider selling the violin on any terms. So there!"

Even the enraged Schoonmaker realized that the interview, so far as Marion was concerned, was at an end. With an ugly leer, he picked up his hat and left the room.

Practically three weeks intervened between the afternoon that Marion had the stormy interview with Heinrich Schoonmaker, and the morning that Mrs. Carr opened the door to admit a heavily bearded man who announced curtly that Miss Gordon had sent him to hang shades in her room. There was something strangely familiar and something sinister about the man's appearance, but as Mrs. Carr came into contact daily with men of similar appearance, she merely told him which was Marion Gordon's room and left him to his own devices. Evidently the brevity of the man's stay did not impress Mrs. Carr very much because that afternoon she remarked quite casually to the girl,

"By the way, Miss Gordon, that man you sent to put up them shades in your room come this morning. You wasn't here, so I told him to go on up and do it. I knew that you had probably given him his orders."

Marion Gordon was horror-stricken; an awful suspicion flashed through her mind. She had not hired anyone to hang shades in her room, and Schoonmaker's parting glance had lingered with her unpleasantly. Could it be possible that Schoonmaker had gained access to her room through the pretense of hanging shades and had stolen the priceless violin? She ran to her room immediately and cast one glance at the lower drawer of her dresser. It sufficed to verify her suspicions; the lock of the drawer was broken and the wonderful violin was gone!

A look of almost fiendish delight crossed Heinrich Schoonmaker's face as he drew the quivering bow across the silver-toned strings of the shining Stradivarius violin.

"Donnerblitzen!" he exclaimed passionately as the echo was borne away on the gentle evening breeze. "but you're a beauty! I'd give fifteen years of my life for you,—but I got you cheaper than I ever thought I could!" he added, while a demoniacal grin crossed his face. "You're almost human, I believe; just now your wail sounds like a baby's cry in the night."

The man dropped his bow and ran his finger experimentally across the smooth polished surface of the instrument.

"Nobody would recognize you now, my beauty," he exclaimed exultingly, "Lord, but it took me days to get you well polished! But it was worth it," he continued in the same tone, "because your appearance has certainly changed! Even old Rothenfels wouldn't know you now!"

Schoonmaker tested the strings gently and was about to place the violin in its case, when the door opened and two men entered. Before Schoonmaker could discern what types of uniforms the men wore, he felt the cold steel of handcuffs clasp his wrists and heard a gruff voice say,

"You're arrested on the charge of larceny. Better come along quietly."

Schoonmaker was too dazed even to protest, and unresistingly he allowed himself to be led away to jail where he awaited the trial.

The day for Schoonmaker's trial arrived, and long before the appointed hour the court-room was filled with a curious throng. Finally the striking of the big clock announced that ten o'clock had arrived, and immediately the judge, lawyers, and other officials entered the room. Then the prisoner, who was evidently quite fearful, was brought in and seated.

The trial began at once and lasted throughout the entire day. The prisoner underwent a rigid cross-examination and managed to retain enough presence of mind to give logical answers to the rapid fire of questions; Marion Gordon recounted Schoonmaker's call and described the violin; then the violin was produced and its appearance conflicted in every detail with Marion's description. Finally, Mrs. Carr, who was duly impressed with her importance as a witness, was placed upon the witness stand, and, folding her fat hands importantly, she began.

"That man what come to hang shades in Miss Gordon's room responds in every detail with the prisoner. The only difference is that," here Mrs. Carr paused

and cleared her throat impressively, "the man what did the larceny had black hair and a beard what is dislike the prisoner."

Schoonmaker caught his breath sharply, as Mrs. Carr left the witness stand, and at intervals licked his lips nervously. Eventually, however, the last wearisome details of the trial were over, and the jury retired to decide upon the verdict. After an unusual amount of deliberation, it returned; then in stentorian tones the verdict was announced to the eager crowd, "Not guilty!"

The court room resounded with applause. Schoonmaker relaxed visibly, and one of his most unctuous smiles overspread his face while he cast triumphant glances alternately between the noisy throng and the slender, white-faced girl crouched in her seat like a wounded deer at bay. His only fear was that the people nearest him might hear the rapid beating of his heart. On the other side of the room Marion Gordon was too stunned even to make an outcry, but while she sat there motionless, her eyes began to gleam with a growing conviction. Suddenly she jumped to her feet and something indefinable about her appearance compelled the most respectful silence from even the noisiest ruffian in the room.

"Your Honor," she stammered, "does the violin in question have the letters, M-i-m-i, carved near the bridge? I carved them on the violin years ago. It was my pet name."

"Your Honor, I object," Schoonmaker's lawyer jumped to his feet hastily.

"Objection overruled," the Judge spoke dryly, as he glanced at Schoonmaker, who was trying desperately to assume a nonchalant air. "Bring in the violin."

When the instrument was brought forward, the lawyers clustered around, making futile efforts to find the letters.

"There are no letters here," the counsel for the defense glanced triumphantly at his client, who was leaning limply against the back of his chair.

Suddenly the deft fingers of George Murray, the youngest lawyer, fell upon the crudely carved letters, M-i-m-i. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed crisply. "Miss Gordon is right. The letters are here. You can scarcely see them though, because all sorts of efforts have been made to obliterate them."

By the time the young man had finished speaking, every vestige of self-control had left Schoonmaker's face, and in spite of his desperate efforts to recover his equilibrium, he collapsed. While the prisoner was still in a state of stupefaction, the trial proceeded swiftly. The jury hastily changed the verdict to a decided "guilty."

And as the judge scrutinized the prisoner contemptuously, he said grimly,

"The sentence is fifteen years in the penitentiary."

## *An Idyll to Anaitis*

*SHE WORE the night as it were cloth  
Of silver, while upon her hair  
The moon had settled like a moth,  
Glad to be her captive there.*

*I saw her regal and remote  
Mistress of starlight, dear to all  
The winds that kissed her earven throat  
Humbly, at even fall.*

*Oh, surely there was marble hewn,  
Cities besieged for her, days gone  
And many a frail archaic tune  
For her to dream upon!*

*Oh, surely there were men who gave  
Her glory—named her, even as I,  
Who loving beauty best, could venture  
And to pass her by.*

STANTON W. PICKENS.

## *An Old Southern Darkey*

—RASTAFF

**H**E old negro shambled slowly up to the door and then hesitated. There was so much bustle and flurry inside that he hardly dared to enter—especially since everything was run so neat and systematic inside, and he was just an old decrepid negro. This new generation was in such a hurry, anyhow, but his errand must be done.

The clerk looked down condescendingly on one of the few remaining darkies of slavery times. The wrinkled face, the bowed head, the grey hair and bent shoulders all proclaimed that the years had dealt hard with the old negro—and those years had not been few. He was what is known in the South as a "well digger". He went from one house to another and, with the aid of a young negro assistant, cleaned and scraped the bottoms of wells. If a new house was built, then the digger was sent for; and that most necessary thing to all homes, a well, was begun. The hard work, the long hours, the darkness and dampness of his narrow confines had all contributed to batter the once robust physique.

Now, as he stood there, clothed only by a shattered shirt, a pair of patched overalls and some scraps round his feet that gave no hint of once being shoes, the entire body caked and plastered with mud, his embarrassment overcame him and he fumbled clumsily with the coil of rope that hung round his neck and shoulders. He felt very nervous and out of place, but attempted to cover his nervousness with a smile—a wrinkled and toothless smile, indeed, that seemed to display rather than conceal his agitation. He gave one last look outside, wished that he were there going about his business, and finally mastered courage enough to speak.

"Jes' 'lowed maybe there was some mail fo' my darter."

He waited expectantly. Now that it was over with, he began to think that perhaps it was not so bad after all. A genuine smile crept over his face this time.

"What name, please?" This from the tolerant clerk behind the grilled window.

The old negro was taken aback. He considered this a moment. Name? Why it was just for his darter. Didn't they know his darter? A frown of perplexity clouded his countenance. He wondered what was the matter with this generation. He could not understand it. Why, where he was brought up, everyone would have known his daughter. Ah! His face lit up. He had it! At least he would tell them.

"Jes' fo' my darter what got married las' week. Yes'r jes' got married."

The clerk was about to laugh. He knew it. Something must be done. Ah! He reached toward the cabinet; his hand encountered a pigeonhole of letters; he withdrew them and swiftly looked through them.

"No, sir. There isn't a thing."

The darkey fumbled his battered felt hat for a moment; then, as if he had just heard the clerk speak:

"Thankee, sir. Thankee, sir."

He turned half toward the door. The people were passing by as usual, and already some were crowding up behind him, impatient to receive their mail. A sudden desire for the outdoors mastered him; he shuffled toward the door.

## Guitar Song of "Portuguese Joe"

**B**E KIND, my Love, to me;  
Thy José loves but thee,  
And thee alone:  
Do thine eyes shine more bright  
Than shine the stars, to-night?  
Or is now dimmed their light,—  
When I am gone?

Thy José, Love, is free  
Upon the blue-green sea,  
Yet,—ah! he longs  
To be held captive, quite,  
In thy dear arms, to-night:  
To see thy shoulders, white,  
To hear thy songs.

(Written on board the S. S. "Deepwater," Hampton Roads, Va., 1923.)

—H.



## To the Seeker

FRANCES LEDBETTER

**Y**OU CONSECRATE your life unto a vow,  
And tho the path be thorny that you tread;  
You search for Truth and find it in the dust at last—  
They'll see the dirt and say that you are dead.

From struggling in the viewless depths of pain,  
From gross mistakes to braver efforts driven,  
You'll see the light you seek—Their coldness seems  
to say,  
"Continue—and you'll never be forgiven!"

You'll search in your secret, troubled heart,  
And face that inner judgment, calmly cool  
Which says, "you're right-equipped to walk the com-  
mon path"  
Thy friends will say "Oh, blind, misguided fool!"

You ask yourself "Where shall I counsel take,  
Outside, for men the world calls wise,  
Or is the spark within the truest beam?"  
You look for help and meet but hostile eyes.



## Spring

ETHEL MERRITT

**O**H SPRING, thou glorious season of the year!  
The season that to me is the most dear,  
I love thee best.  
I love all nature that thou bringst to life;  
I love the flowers born in this world of strife,  
In freshness dressed.

Oh, spring, why dost't thou seem so dear to me,  
And why is it that nothing else can be  
What thou dost't seem?  
I wonder at thy sunshine and thy light:  
I wonder at thy moonlit starry night  
As in a dream.

I listen to the melodies of birds,  
I try to understand their chirpy words  
From out the trees.  
I listen to the murmuring brooklet's song  
As onward to its goal its runs along  
Soft as a breeze.

# Wayside Wares

What is more disconcerting and fretting than for some smarty fellow to tell you the story of a picture show that he saw yesterday when he knows that that very minute you are on your way to see the same picture? Or what is more tiresome than for one of your numerous lecturers to take fifty minutes in telling you what he is going to lecture about, and then spends nine minutes in lecturing? So I leave Wayside Wares as it is—to be thrown by the wayside or to be worn out—just according to how well it pleases.

But let me give you this hint: if you don't understand the Trinity Dunciad, ask "Ye Olde Editor," the crown prince, or a few others of the royal family; if you don't know what S. P.'s are, ask any freshman co-ed; if you don't understand about A Student Husband, ask one of the lessor halves (not "better halves"); if you don't know who shicks at the Shack, ask the Dean; if you can't quite make out the letters, take a course in English II; and if you don't understand the jokes, ask Scab—he'll know.

*What's the use of trying to explain a thing*

*When there ain't an explanation of it?*

*What's the use to try to tell about a thing*

*When the thing tells it better'n you can do it?*

*With full appreciation of your comprehensive powers,*

ETHEL MERRITT, Wayside Wares Editor.

## A Trinity Dunciad

(With Apologies to Pope)

LONG YEARS ago in England fair, a poet sang  
In classic strain the praises of a mighty gang.  
All born of one celestial queen, a mother great  
Ordained and blessed by Dulness, Jove, and Fate.  
He praised the Dunces, the first, the last, the great,  
the small,

And placed them all in Fame's great hall;  
But when that classic poet died,  
That family's records did subside.  
Tho many dunces great have reigned,  
No archives tell what they attained.  
And so it is that I begin  
The present dunces' praise to sing.  
For great they are—'twould be a shame  
Should not someone preserve each name.

The mighty mother's throne was left  
To Jimmie Secrest—who hereft  
Of speech, of eyesight, brain, and mind  
Could well with pen write just one line,  
"Ye Olde Editor"—you see  
Became chief-scribe at Trinity.  
Near the king—a lad serene  
The crown prince sits—bright George Allen.  
Handsome, too, and fair to see  
Across his vest shines bright a key.  
The emblem of his wit and skill  
In bluffing profs at every will.

On velvet carpet 'round the throne  
(Which stands right high with arms of stone)  
Reclined lie the dunces small  
Who give obeisance—one and all  
To mighty Jim—and hope some day  
To gain his throne, the realms to sway.  
They all are dunces of renown,  
But chief of them is W. R. Brown.  
So brilliant, bright, prince of conceit  
He gets the most exalted seat.  
And next to him, hard to avoid,  
His rival sits—yes—Julian Boyd.  
Tho not so dull—(makes 98)  
He earns a place near his roommate,  
Near-by with sweet angelic look  
Still booting all—sits John Westbrook;  
Locked arms with him of hero fame  
George Irving—you have heard the name?  
And there a soph you well can see  
Who strives from his class, price to be  
So long and tall "Pieked" 'cause he's lank  
He tries to win the highest rank;  
And I am told he'll winner be  
When he makes a fraternity.

And others, too, sit here and there  
And hope some day the crown to wear.  
Fisher and King and James would try  
To get a seat among the high.  
But hopeless they and others, too,  
Who strive for places with these dunces true,  
For they who reign, reign absolute  
And will till Gabriel blows his "flute".

To My Own S. P.

This course is the dryest I've got  
 It's surely the worst of the lot.  
 But nevertheless  
 I'm glad to confess,  
 Seeing you makes its dryness forgot.  
 .....  
 (It happens every day)  
 I've just got a new S. P.  
 The grandest you ever did see,  
 When I look in his eyes,  
 I see paradise:  
 He is all the world to me.

Yet when my S. P. comes nigh,  
 I can't help but be a bit shy.  
 My heart starts to flutter:  
 I begin to stutter  
 It quite unnerves me, Oh My!

He just wears the grandest clothes  
 And has the cutest pug nose,  
 When I see him pass,  
 I cut across the grass  
 Another view of him to inclose.

Furman Bridgers has such a good line that he could hang clothes on it.

*A Student Husband*

NOT MANY years ago a voice from heaven came to me saying, "Go prepare yourself to teach the word of the Lord." And, consequently, before I could thoroughly realize my situation, I had gone to an education to acquire Trinity College and a Ford automobile. When I arrived, wearing my Prince Albert coat and gold-framed glasses, and carrying my two polices, one in each hand, a whole multitude shouted, "Siek him, Seab." Presently a little bark came running out dogging at me. Well, I pulled out my brand-new double-bladed barlow-tail and cut his knife off. While I was doing the sacred deed, a hairy-faced cain came runing out raising man about it. I told him to go back into his celestial mouth and shut his

august house. I was then ushered up to a room in Epworth Inn, where I was cordially received by no less than a bushel of bed bugs. The next morning, when I went to meet a class in English, feeling as if I had just come out of a free fight with a straw cutter, I met a bull at the door, who called me a cow's tail and a jass-ack. That afternoon I went down to observe a baseball game. The crowd began to yell, and a man came out of a little shed with a club in his hand. Another man with a muzzle on came out and stood behind him. Then a rough-looking fellow came out with a little box in his hand and stood several feet in front of the man with the club. A great big burly guy, who looked like a cop, came out and stood behind him. He also wore a muzzle. Then the man in front of him opened the little box that he had in his hand and took out a round ball. He began to roll it in his fingers, twist his shoulders and look fierce. Finally he bit his lip, made an awful-looking face, threw that ball like the wind at the man with the club. And the man behind him with the muzzle on threw up his hand and yelled, "One strike." But the man with the club did not strike at it, for I wached him.

When I got back to my room and was telling my friends about the wonderful game, they were so kind as to invite me over to Jarvis Hall, where they said I might enjoy the rare privilege of seeing something even more thrilling than the ball game. I appreciated this kindness and their interest in me, and I gladly accepted the invitation. When we reached a room on the second floor, one of my hosts handed me a black object that looked like a double-barreled shotgun. He told me that if I would put the thing to my eyes, lean out of the window, and look toward a certain building that I would see something that all ministerial students must see before they could be accepted into the ministry. When I did what he told me, I felt water trickling down my back. I saw nothing, but I cried out in consternation, "Mama spank the baby." As I went down the steps, I was called into a room to see a wildeat. I had never seen one I said; so I raised the lid of the box and took a peep. Then I said, "Somebody lied."

After dark another friend took me out to an owl coop to help him take an inventory of the fowls, and an 'en came flying out of the end house henwise and struck me fair in the face. Well, I seized her by the neck and threw her back into the 'en house

endwise. Finally I became so disgusted with my trip that I decided to go home at once, where I found my front door in the bed and my wife wide open. Then an earthquake came, and when that had swallowed up the ground that the house stood on, a tax collector came around and charged me up with a hole in the ground.

An example of Bull's idea of alliteration—"A lovely lily lying all alone along a leafy lane."

Mr. W. R. Brown is so modest that when he went to the store to purchase some Red-Devil Lye, he hesitatingly asked for a box of "pink bad-boy's falsehood."

Miss Baldwin: "Miss Churchill, what states would you consider as sister states?"

Tootsie: "I'm not quite sure, but I guess they would be: Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Cali Fornia, Louisa Anna, Della Ware, Minnie Sota, and Miss Sippi."

"Everything I say goes!"

"Well, I wish you'd come over to the house and say 'Ford.'"

A man once fell in love. The object of his attraction was a curly girl with little hair. She had tiny eyes and large blue feet. Her petite upturned chin, and determined nose were not the least of her distractions. Her mouth was straight and smooth, and her eyebrows formed a perfect Cupid's bow. Her rosy hair formed an auerole around her golden face. She possessed small dainty eyelashes and long curling ears. Her slim perfect face was a sharp, but charming contrast to her plump round little physique. It is quite impossible to fully express the numerous and varied attractions of this unusual girl on paper. We shall be obliged to leave the rest to your imagination.

Pete: "Sir, when you eat here you needn't dust off the plate."

Coach: "Beg pardon—I've just been umpiring a game."

Extract from freshman theme: "—and the next morning Jane, half awake, lay in a state of semi-conscientiousness."

Twin (startled by the realization that in ten minutes her sister was due on Dr. Cunningham's class): "Virginia, you've got Heredity! Have you cracked it?"

Author: "I have a hair-raising story."

Student: "Tell it to Dr. Peppler."

Dr. Boyd: "Mr. Allen, your recitation reminds me of Quebec."

Poor George: "How is that, Dr. Boyd?"

Dr. Boyd: "Built on a bluff."

"Is—your friend?"

"Yes, what has she been saying about me?"

"I hear he drinks something awful."

"Yeah, I tasted it."—*Princeton Tiger*.

"My good man, you had better take a trolley ear home."

"Sh'he—Ushe! My wife woudn't let me—hic—keep it in the house."—*Siren*.

Whatsoever a man seweth, that shall he easily rip."

There is a subject on our park  
Discusses—cussed far and wide.  
Even freshmen discuss it boldly  
And their opinions they dare not bide.

They discuss it at the breakfast;  
They think of it while rolling bones.  
Oh—it's not the '24 *Chanticleer*.  
But that new coach, Howard Jones.



The other day one of the feminine Phi Beta Kappa prospects of the Junior Class asked if John Love didn't have light hair and blue eyes.



We are wondering if Scab's vaccination took.



We have heard that while rehearsing the play, Jimmie Seerest got sat on more than once, and also in two different ways—by Mrs. Gross and by one of the freshmen co-eds.



There may be heaven; there must be hell;  
Meantime, there is our earth here—well!

—*Browning*



#### After the Ball

(With apologies to the dear old ballad)

After the ball is over,  
Sally took out her glass eye,  
Put her false hair in a tumbler,  
Opened a bottle of rye,  
Put her wooden leg in the corner,  
Hung her false hair on the wall;  
The rest of Sally went to dreamland  
After the ball.



Oh, she's my darling, my daisy  
She's cross-eyed, she's crazy,  
Bowlegged, knock-kneed, and she's blind  
Got the rheumatism.  
Her teeth are false from eating Epsom salts,  
She's my freckle-faced, consumptive Liza Jane.



#### Sheikin At the Shack

"My dearest dean," the letter ran,  
'Can't you control my Jack?  
And on his wildness put a ban,  
He's sheikin at the shack,

My Jack ain't such an awful lad  
He's just a youth, alack!  
But he will take to every fad,  
Like sheikin at the shack.

The flappers are uncommon fast  
With morals rather slack.  
Oh, some restraint around him cast,  
He's sheikin at the shack.

Now, Mary Ann, his girl, you see  
Awaits his coming back,  
And she is true, oh dear, while he  
Goes sheikin at the shack.

He says the girls have bobbed their hair;  
His mind will go to rack  
And he will fall into their snare  
By sheikin at the shack.

An, dean, he says some girls will neck,  
Oh, say it's not a fact!  
And save him, dean, for my respect  
From sheikin at the shack.

It ain't his fault he is so fair  
The girls go maniac,  
'Tiz just his charm, but my despair—  
He's sheikin at the shack.

Now, dean, I ask that you employ  
The power at your back,  
An do your best to save my boy,  
The sheik of all the shack."

The dean arose with solemn tread  
And walked first forth, then back,  
"What shall I do," at last he said,  
"The sheik is at the shack."

And from the shelf he did procure  
A lover's almanac  
To see if there could be a cure  
For sheikin at the shack.

He turned the pages one by one  
And sought the Zodiac,  
But naught was there that could be done  
For sheikin at the shack.

He took his hat with mumbled vow  
That soon he would be back,  
But he would not such things allow  
As sheikin at the shack.

He gave his card unto the maid  
And planned out his attack.  
No one for whom his plans were laid  
Should sheik around the shack.

The girls came down in glad array  
 As if the dean to sack;  
 "Oh dean, you dear," he heard one say,  
 "You're sheikin at the shack."

And there he lost his every plan,  
 And there forgot he Jack,  
 For there it was that he began  
 To sheik about the shack.

To home and bed, far from this scene  
 At 'leven o'clock came Jack,  
 Left one misogynistic dean  
 Still sheikin at the shack.

—Iban De Gargoyle.



When her mother is in the parlor, we sit

LIKE

THIS

But after mother retires, we always sit

LIKETHIS

And sometimes (don't be shocked), we sit

LIKE

THIS

—Selected.



### Single Life

Single life I am to live  
 Single life is my glory.  
 Single life I am to live;  
 Then who will control me?

So it is said there are good girls;  
 Oh, where shall we find them?  
 So it is said there are good boys;  
 But never do you find them?  
 They come and court you for a while  
 For the purpose to deceive you;  
 And when they think they have won your heart,  
 They run away and leave you.

Single life I am to live  
 Single life is my glory.  
 Single life I am to live;  
 Then who will control me?

### Folk Lore

Young girls, take a warning  
 Take a warning from me  
 Don't put your dependence  
 In a green growing tree.  
 For the roots they will wither,  
 And the leaves they will die,  
 And the young boys will leave you  
 Just like they left I.

Left my poor mother  
 Wringing her hands,  
 Left my poor father  
 Agin' his commands,  
 My man's out a gambling,  
 An I'm sick in bed.  
 House full o' children  
 Wish I was dead.

Half past four  
 Wifey's door  
 Sammy smiled  
 As a child

"Where have you been all night long?" she cried  
 And this is what Sammy replied:  
 "I've been floating down the old green river  
 On the good ship rock and rye,  
 But I floated too far.  
 I got suck on the bar,  
 I was out there alone,  
 Wishin' that I was home.  
 The ship got wrecked with the captain and crew.  
 I was tied to the mast while the sailors went past,  
 And there was left only one thing to do;  
 So I had to drink the whole green river dry  
 To get back home to you."



### Three O'clock in the Morning

Dearest:

*Wonderful One, I Love You 'cause Nobody Knows  
 but My Pillow and Me just how I'm Pining for My  
 Pal and just how I'm Crying for You. Last evening  
 at Half Past Ten Underneath the Mellow Moon Fate  
 decreed that You must not Take, Oh Take Those Lips  
 Away 'cause, Annabelle, I've already said, "No, No,  
 Nora," and I'm Drifting Back to Dreamland when I*

(Continued on Page 274)



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M. E. NEWSOM, Class '05, Manager

(Continued from Page 272)

think of your *Beautiful Eyes*. *My Sunshine*, *Open the Gate of Your Heart* and *Tell Me a Story Somewhere in the World* while *Swinging Down the Lane*, and I'll always be true and never *Lonesome*.

Goodnight

Mr. Gallagher.

—A T. C., Co-ed.



Friday.

My dere cousin:

I take up mine ink and pen and write you mit a led pencil. Ve do not liff vere ve liffed before; ve liff vere we moved. I am so awfully sorry since ve are separated together and vish ve vere closer apart. Ve are having more vether up here than ve had last year.

Mine dere Aunt Katrinka is dead—She died of new monia on New Year's Day, fifteen minutes in front of five. Her breath all leaked out—De docters gave up all hopes of saving her ven she died. She leaves a family of 2 boys and 2 cows. They found \$2,000 sewed up in her bustle. Dot was a lot on money to leaf behind! Her sister is having the mumps and is having a swell time. She is near death's door. De docters tink dey can pull her thru.

Hans Brinker vas also sick de oder day. De doctor told him to take something; so he went down town mit Ikey Coken & took his watch. Ikey got him arrested & got a lawyer. De lawyer took de case & went home mit de works.

Mine brudder just graduated from a cow college. He is an electrocuton engineer and stenographer. He got a job in a livery stable stenographing hay down to de horses. De other day he took our dog up to de saw mill. De dog got in a fight mit a certain saw & only lasted one round. Ve haf a eat & 2 chickens. De chickens lay eggs, and de eat lays by de radiator.

De college vas cold de oder day; so I called up de janitor & made it hot for him.

I am making money fast. Yesterday deposited \$100 & today I vent and wrote myself und check for \$100 and deposited it; so now I haf \$200.

I am sending your overcoat by express. I cut off de buttons to save charges. You vill find dem in de inside pocket. I can tink of nothing more to write. I hope dis finds you de same.

Your cousin,

Louise.

P. S.—Just tho't this was too good to keep.



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*Remember*

If it's on the market  
you will find it here

*The Higher Life*

(Continued from Page 254)

her father's face as he inspected Mr. Wheeler a trifle more closely, or of the agonized glance of entreaty which that young man sent forth. However, she saw Mr. Howell turn suddenly and walk across the room to lean on the mantel, where he appeared to be attacked by a violent fit of coughing. He returned instantly with apologies, and soon excused himself from the room, saying that he would "look in later." Presently from the living room came such a series of strange sounds that Delight found herself wondering if her father's peculiar attack had communicated itself to her mother as well.

Before Mr. Wheeler left that evening, he had asked Delight when he might see her again. Barrett Wheeler, the author, had asked her, Delight Howell, if he might call on her—Delight repeated it to herself almost incredulously; but the words failed altogether to bring their expected thrill. Unconsciously she found herself comparing his blasé indifference with Jimmie's boyish adoration, his conscious superiority with Jimmie's eager self-effacement. She shook herself angrily, and stated aloud that she cared nothing in the wide world for one James Kirkland, Jr., and that a certain Mr. Barrett Wheeler was one of the few real men she had ever met. Remembering this, it is somewhat strange that when her mother came into her room later to say goodnight, and saw that Delight was asleep, she also saw, clutched tightly under her pillow, a foolish little snapshot of Jimmy Kirkland, and on one cheek, just ready to slide off, one large round tear.

Sue Kirkland informed Delight the next day that Barrett Wheeler had decided to prolong his visit another week; and in the days that followed, the cause for his decision became quite apparent. If so self-centered a soul could be said to "rush" anyone, then Barrett Wheeler rushed Delight. He called on her walked with her, rode with her, and drove with her, and all to the accompaniment of a steady stream of painfully—elevated conversation—that is, if conversation can be used to describe speech that was entirely in the form of a running monologue. Each morning Delight informed herself anew of the pride she should feel at the tremendous honor of the interest of such a man; and each morning she resolved to remember some of that day's discourse. But night always found her too tired to do more

than drop wearily into a chair, and sit there vaguely longing, although she would have died rather than admit it, for some of the old happy, funny evenings, with Jimmie shaking the "popper and toasting himself as well as the corn over the coals, while she, Delight, stuck on long straws the marshmallows he had brought, to be eaten later with many foolish remarks on Jimmie's part regarding the candy's inferior sweetness. Now the popper's place was taken by some extremely weighty volume (it seemed to Delight that they were all just alike) and the silly conversation had risen to heights which seldom descended below the three syllable mark.

The state of affairs was thus when Mr. Wheeler called one afternoon to take Delight riding. Delight was sitting at her window staring out into the gray, muggy day, and at the first honk of the horn outside, she had a rebellious little desire to send word that the weather was too bad—that she had a headache—that—oh, anything to be left alone for awhile with her own thoughts and to be free from the dose of Ibsen she knew to be impending. But on second thought, she rose to her feet with a sigh, and, picking up a light wrap and calling good-bye to her mother, she ran down the steps to the waiting Mr. Wheeler.

When she had settled herself in the seat beside him, she was glad she had come. It could not be denied that Mr. Wheeler was a good driver; indeed it seemed to Delight that he showed a surprising amount of adaptability for one who, as himself stated, had merely learned recently "in order to convey himself with a trifle more facility to the different scenes of his labors." It appeared that his desire was also to convey himself with a "trifle more" rapidity, for in moments of apparent absent-mindedness he "let 'er out" in bursts of speed that left even the speed-loving Delight breathless. This afternoon he was more quiet than usual, and they flew along blissfully silent over the wet, shining road. Delight sank back comfortably against the cushions; she felt her thoughts slipping away into realms unknown—suddenly they were recalled by the sight of the curve ahead, and by an awakening realization of the speed at which they were travelling. "Watch out!" she called sharply to Wheeler, but he seemed not to have heard her. On they tore, twisting viciously around the curve. Lightening-like there flashed before her the blinding vision of a little low-hung red roadster, and in it the

(Continued on Page 280)

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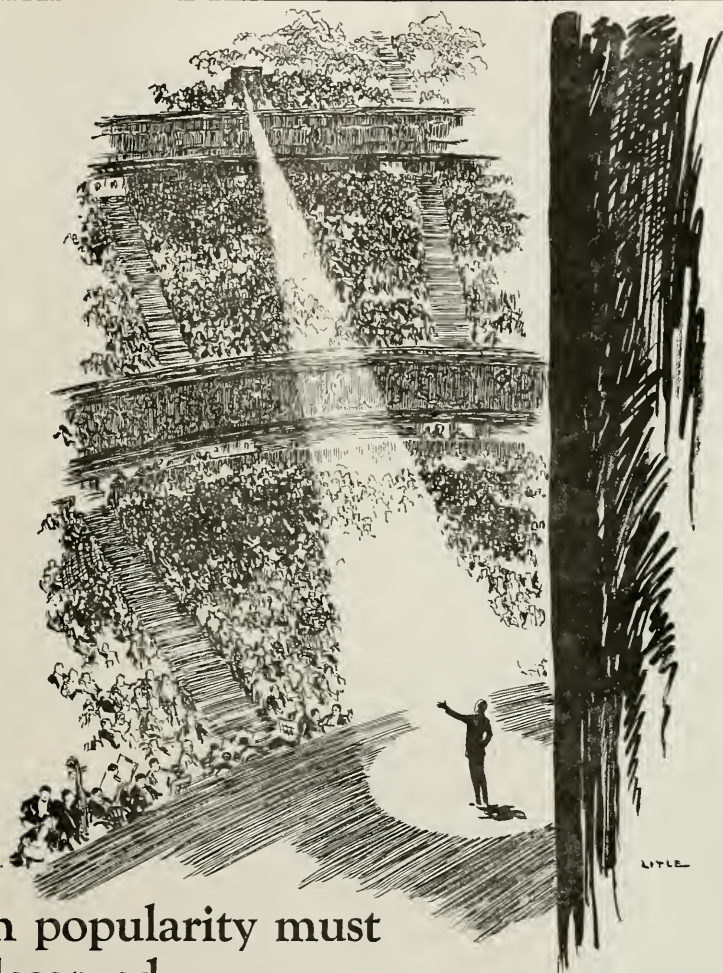
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# Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

*They Satisfy*—millions!

(Continued from Page 276)

white, staring face of Jimmie Kirkland. In the second that her scream lasted, she saw the coming inevitable crash. But the crash never came! With one tearing turn of his wrist, Jimmie had whirled his car straight across the road, and gone hurtling off the embankment.

Delight never knew how she covered the distance to the wreck. It seemed to her that ages lated a haggard-faced Wheeler was still tugging at the horrible mass of what had once been an automobile, while someone—was it she?—stood at his shoulder whispering mechanically at intervals, "Hurry! hurry!" At last, after agonized eternities, a limp white figure was dragged out, and Delight threw herself upon it utterly uncaring of the tall man standing above them. "Jimmie, darling—dear—Jimmie, Jimmie, you're dead—dead, and I have killed you."

Jimmie opened one eye and gave a crooked, twisted grin. "Reports of—death greatly—'xaggerated,'" he gaped with difficulty. "'Y'see—do read—Shakespeare—after all.'"

Then he fainted.

There were, undoubtedly many happy girls at the fraternity dance that night, but any unbiased spectator would unerringly have picked out Delight Howell from among them all. And had she not good reason to be radiant? In the first place, Jimmie himself had brought her; a somewhat battered, and bandaged Jimmie it is true, but one with the same old spark of fun in his uncovered eye, and one who made it increasingly evident that the jolly old world was too good a place for him to leave it while it still contained Delight Howell. He had gone now to "run down an ice," as he told her; and Delight wandered over to a seat half hidden in a group of palms, to wait for him there. She presently became aware that she was not alone,—a sound of low voices came to her from the other side of the palms. She rose to go, when she was suddenly frozen still by the fact that one of the voices was Jimmie's. And the other one—surely it sounded familiar; could it be—could it possibly be—Barrett Wheeler's? No, she decided, it could not—how foolish of her to imagine it. There was nothing in this quick, vibrant voice to remind her of the prosy, long-syllabled speech that had so grated on her during the past month. Then her nerves tingled to the shock

as the two voices materialized and two black-coated figures strolled out from behind the palms. For the man was Wheeler—but what a changed Wheeler! No longer did the heavy goggles hide his keen dark eyes; no longer did he shed that pompous air of superiority that had become so familiar to her. Tall, broad-shouldered, immaculately groomed, his hair now shining like a crow's wing and his tie faultless, he was easily the most attractive and distinguished-looking man in the room. With no thought of eavesdropping, but breathless from her discovery, Delight sank into her seat; and suddenly she heard her own name spoken:

"I say, Jim, Delight's nothing but the stuff! I never realized it so much as when she turned on me the first time she saw me after the wreck"—here a shadow crossed his face—"and gave me that dressing-down about it. I deserved it too; I was driving at an ungodly speed. Never again! I've sworn off for good this time."

"That's all bosh, Mr. Wheeler," interrupted Jimmie. "It was all my fault; how on earth could you know what to do when I turned up two curves ahead of the place we had planned to stage the wreck? But you see," with a shamefaced grin, "I'm always in a hurry where Delight's concerned."

"Anyway, it's turned out well," Wheeler chuckled. "Jove, I'll never forget myself in that role of senile literary light. I think I'll put it in my next story. Darn if this whole affair wouldn't make a good plot! Perhaps some day—but in the meanwhile, Jimmie, it's worth a dozen plots to have been of some help to you and Delight."

"I'll never be able to thank you, sir," Jimmie declared earnestly. "If you knew what this means to me—and if there's ever anything I can do to show . . ."

"Nonsense," Wheeler chuckled again. "I'm having my reward right now."

They turned and moved slowly across the room.

Delight sat dazed and motionless at what she had just heard; as its meaning sank in, a hot tide of fury surged over her. Should she ever, ever forgive Jimmie? Suddenly that phrase of his, "I'm always in a hurry where Delight's concerned," came back to her, and with it came the realization of his dear, blundering clumsiness. A queer little smile curved her lips, and she took one swift step forward. "Jimmie!" she called, "I think you have this dance with me."

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And now he can't wait 'till he's been to

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a Worthwhile One*

(Continued from Page 256)

getting for the library a file of *Revue des Deux Mondes* from 1851 through 1914. The French publication *L'illustration*, received in April, 1923, is a handsomely-bound set of a valuable magazine. Besides these there are a large number of bound periodicals which are a great asset to the library. A large number of the old magazines is included in the Peacock Collection.

New volumes are being received at the library almost every day. The basement is full of books to be accessioned and catalogued. Professor Webb, who has recently returned from Europe, Dr. Boyd, and others are on the lookout for additional books which can be got for the library. At the present rate of growth the building now in use will in a short time be entirely inadequate to house the number of books. There is a rumor now to the effect that within a very short time Trinity will have a large up-to-date library, modern in every respect of the word; then Trinity will take her place among the highest standard colleges in the country.

*The Need of the Modern High School*

W. A. ABRAMS

Much is said these days concerning the needs of the modern high school. The needs are very numerous and vary in the development which they would tend to give to the high school students. Men of great intellect declare that the most essential need is the study of classics, advanced mathematics, practical courses in history, and many other subjects, the study of which would develop the intellect of the student.

In order to see the needs of the high schools, one must observe those students, both in their work and in their play, who have finished high school and entered college. If this observation is made impartially, the one great need will be seen to be that of physical development and growth. Should there be any who are doubtful of the truthfulness of this statement, let him attend some of the classes held in the gymnasium. When the roll is called, about one half of the class will be there. This fact shows the lack of inter-

est in this work. When the exercises are being given the co-ordination of the students is deplorable. It will be seen that, while one rank is performing one part of the exercise, the other rank is going through the other part. There will be drooped shoulders, stooped positions, curvatures of the spine, lack of muscular control, effeminate weakness; and, as a whole, the entire exercise, in its performance, will be one which should make the parents of the youth of today blush with shame. The students are not wholly responsible for this weakness. The parents who try to give their children the best mental education possible and in so doing take no interest in their physical education deprive them of the privilege of enjoying that pleasure which should come as a result of a well-trained intellect, for lack of physical development means the lack of health, the lack of health means the lack of enjoyment of life, and, in turn, the lack of appreciation of an education.

It is an ordinary sight to see a man, dressed in the latest fashion, promenading over the campus, but it is an extraordinary sight to see a man with his shoulders up in the air and his position graceful walking on the college grounds. After these observations are made and the truth of them brought out, it will be very evident that the need of the high school is the greater development of students physically.

*Zack's Wooing*

W. S. DURHAM, JR.

Zackariah Andrews, more commonly called Zack for short, had sparked with a large number of girls. He had gallantly escorted them to parties and to church; he had been their partner at the barn dances; he had carried them to ride in his rubber tired buggy. He had been with first one and then another, by spells. The fact of it all was that he could not love any of them. Then Zack had met Amie.

Everybody called her Amie; her full name was Marie Amelia Patterson. Her Pa bought the old Hester place up just this side of the crossroads when it was sold the year 'fore last. Well, it was nigh six months ago when Zack met Amie. Since then it seemed that he had forgotten all the girls he used to go with. Tonight he had felt a longing to see her

(Continued on Page 284)

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(Continued from Page 282)

again, and, after doing the chores and eating a hasty supper, he set out for her house. He cut across behind the barn and across the pasture, crossing the river on the old Indian dam. This saved him almost two miles and cut the distance in half. Once on top of the hill just across the river, Zack stopped and looked at the wonderful view around him. The moon was full and shining from a clear sky. The snow had stopped early in the morning, and now the fields and hills were covered over with a white and silent mantle. Surely God made such nights, all still and glistening. Zack trudged on, not wearily but deep in thought.

He soon came in sight of the house and crept up quite unknown and peeped through the window. There sat Amie in the room all by herself and no one near to bother them. On one side of the room was a large fireplace with 'most a half a cord of wood in it. The big walnut logs shot out sparkles toward the prettiest and sweetest girl in the world. Little lights danced over the china on the dresser. The whole room looked warm just because she was in it. Amie herself looked twice as rosy as the apples she was peeling. It was a touch of paradise to look on such a blessed creature. A daisy nodding in the meadow is not nearly so modest or sweet. Always when he was with her his blood would run faster in his veins and his face always had a glow to it.

And Amie thought no less of him. For her no voice in the choir had such a swing to it as his had. When he made *Beulah Land* ring, she knew that somehow the Lord was a little bit nearer. During prayer she blushed a deep scarlet when she somehow felt a pair of blue eyes set on her new meting-bonnet.

Tonight she did look good. She seemed to have a new soul, for she had a feeling that he would certainly come. All day she sat and dreamed of him. Now he certainly would not disappoint her by not coming.

She heard a rasping sound as he pulled his foot

over the scraper, and she knew at once who it was. He gently knocked on the door, and even as she bid him come in, she could feel her heart thumping. He pushed the door open and stepped inside.

"Good evening to you," he said as he awkwardly thumbed his hat in front of him.

"Why, Zack, do come up to the fire. I know you are 'most frozen from walking in the snow," and she pulled a chair up for him.

"Thank you," he managed to reply, drawing up nearer and glancing round the room. His heart beat so hard that she must surely hear it.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?" And she kept at work on her apples, paring away harder than before, and not raising her eyes to his face.

"Well—no—I came designing to—"

"To see my Ma? She's in the kitchen sprinkling clothes for tomorrow's ironing."

Just what makes girls act so and so, or don't, might be taking too much for granted. Maybe it is just natural for them to say *yes* and mean *no*.

He stood a minute or so on one foot and then shifted to the other. It would be hard to tell on just which one he felt the worse.

Turning he said, "I guess I'd better call again."

"Think so, mister?" and she smiled.

That last word pricked him like a pin. He whirled and without warning caught her in his arms and kissed her.

When Ma had finished her work and slipped in on them, Amie sat looking right pale, with a kind of smile hovering around her lips, and tears on her lashes. She was the quiet kind whose nature never varies. The blood round her heart seemed glued and tight and her feeling just couldn't be expressed. Then Ma, she always did seem quick to understand, saw how matters stood and gave them both her blessing.

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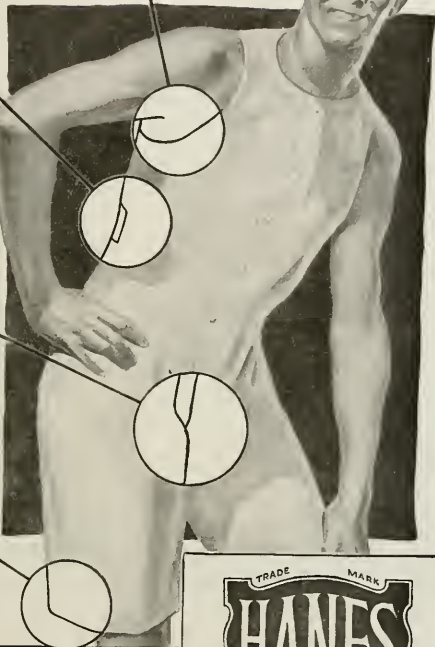
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The ARCHIVE is published on the fifteenth of each month, October to May inclusive, by the senior class at Trinity College. It is the purpose of the editorial and managerial staffs to make the magazine one of the best in the South, to give expression to the thoughts of the students, and to



stimulate literary interest among them. Contributions from Trinity students, alumni, and faculty are solicited. It is urged that all manuscripts be typewritten and in the hands of the editors not later than the twentieth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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# Editorial

## This Number

THE MANUSCRIPT for this issue of the ARCHIVE has been prepared and edited by the Fortnightly Club of the Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity.



## On the Honor System

THE ARTICLE on the Honor System with which this ARCHIVE opens should receive the thoughtful attention of every student in College. The problem is not so thrilling, perhaps, as an evening at the Orpheum or the baseball championship of the South (neither is a head-cold so thrilling as a joy-ride), but it is immeasurably more important.

We do not wish to influence students either to a rejection or a continued self-satisfied retention of the Honor System. We do, most earnestly, wish to influence them to some clear, unprejudiced, and really honest thinking on the subject. Suggested topics for thought: (1) Have I, John Smith, ever thought of the Honor System as the heaviest personal responsibility I have to bear in College? (Alternative question: Have I even seriously thought of it at all, or have I delegated my thinking, and my personal honor, to John Doe?) (2) Can this system succeed at Trinity College? (3) If it can, is an anonymous and amorphous John Doe the man to make it do so?

There is a fourth question, but we pause here to allow the reader to begin thinking of his personal responsibility. If he thinks so long that he never gets back to this editorial, well and good; we won't page him back from this thought to preach at him.

The fourth question is this: What will happen if the Honor System fails? Suppose we sketch an answer. First, there will be a period of uncertainty until the failure becomes perfectly apparent. During this period cheating will become more and more common, the attitude of the faculty toward the student body will become suspicious and contemptuous, and the good name of Trinity College, built up through two generations by our fathers, uncles, and brothers, will be lost until another generation can reestablish it. Next, the Honor System will be abolished either by petition of the students or by action of the College

authorities. If the latter, enough students will resent it to bring about a state of friction and distrust between the students and the College authorities.

The only conclusion is that the Honor System must be made to succeed, not by ignoring its difficulties, but by overcoming them. And this brings us back to the question of personal responsibility.

Here ends our sermon. In our fervor we forgot the text. Write it in at the beginning: "The sins we do by two and two we must pay for one by one." And the concluding hymn:

"Tain't my brother, 'tain't my sister, but it's me, O Lord,  
A-standing in the need of prayer.



## What is College For?

WE HAVE an idea, a big idea; and we're going to let you have it along with the rest. It may not be new, but we commend it as both valuable and profound. It came to us just now when— But no matter about that.

What do we come to college for? That is the problem. The answer, that is, the remedy is easy to find. That is our great idea.

The college has a faculty and a lot of students. But they mix like oil and water; and it is a sheer waste of money and human energy to try to make them mix. To be sure, the faculty doesn't cost much; and sometimes it helps in the advertisements, but only rarely, and nothing compared with athletics and glee clubs and (if we may suggest it) the student publications.

We are the students, and the college is for *us*. In order to make the most of our opportunities we have organized our activities into various groups. First, of course, there is athletics, so necessary for our physical well-being, for our reputation with other colleges, and for fostering college spirit. We could not do without athletics. Then there is (or are) dramatics. We know that all the world's a stage and we learn to play our parts in the shelter of the alma-maternal walls; we learn to enunciate clearly, to wear all kinds of clothing, and to strut easily in the public eye. Cer-

tainly we could not do without dramatics, and the more the merrier. Then there is debating, which teaches us to think and speak on our own feet—or would if we did not learn our speeches beforehand; it trains us to face the great problems of the world like men, those problems which have puzzled and baffled lesser men. No, we could never do without debating. Then also there is the glee club and the band (secular, of course); ah, the pure exalting melodies and harmonies; music, the most divine of the arts; song, rhythm, exquisite and refining emotions; the greatest aid and supporter of the spirit. By no means could we do without that. Then too there are the publications, with their training for great journalistic careers, their wonderful creative products which have laid the foundation of many a literary failure, and the keen satisfaction which they afford ourselves and our friends. Positively, we could not do without the publications. Then there are, finally, the societies, societies of all kinds (including feminine society), which are the very life-blood of college life; where friendships are made, loyalties founded and strengthened for everlasting virtue and profit, where our moral nature is wrought and moulded as only college can do, and where we have a chance to get some of that indispensable social polish which makes cultured men of us, fit to associate with our civilized brothers. In no sense could we do without all these manifold societies, literary and unliterary, with their vast social and moral influence.

Let us count up now these various college activities which really make a college what it is: athletics, dramatics, debating, musical clubs, publications, and societies; and let us add under "miscellaneous" whatever else of importance we may in our enthusiasm have omitted. Verily, a goodly sum, all worthy, and all requiring time, patience, energy, zeal, devotion. We can do without none of them; and each one of us owes it to himself, in order to become a full-rounded man, to apply himself to as many as possible throughout the seasons of college life. Not all are for all men or for all times, but we should give ourselves freely and abundantly, else we shall be deliberately cutting ourselves off from those golden opportunities which only college can offer.

Have we forgotten anything? Oh, yes, there is one thing not in our list, the curriculum work. And what an annoyance, what a burden it is (occasionally), interfering with our best efforts to improve ourselves in a hundred other ways. We are often told, and no

doubt it is true, that we really learn nothing from books; they contain only the dead language of dead men. We learn, truly learn, only by experience and by rubbing shoulders with the world. How, therefore, can we escape the inevitable conclusion that lectures, study,—always, when it occurs, distracting us from essential undertakings, or hindering our peace and quiet,—books, and class-room periods—which do indeed rob us of the best hours of the day,—that all these are an imposition upon us, and not only an imposition but a rank waste of energy.

Here, friends, is our idea: let us abolish study and lectures, all attempt to learn those so-called profound things which will come to us naturally as we grow older and which but thwart our growing spirits. Let us abandon an outworn mediaeval tradition of mere learning and devote ourselves to the present, *our* present, so that we may make the most of our youth and our animal spirits.

There is perhaps the faculty to be considered, good men (most of them) and well-intentioned, though mistaken in so many of their ideas. They would lose their jobs. Yet we are informed privately that the faculty would assent readily, even eagerly to our plan. Behind our backs they say that college would be an ideal place without the students. Secretly they despise us because we are young and alive and do not see things as they do. We prevent them from pursuing their absurd studies and writing their useless books; they make us write papers and quizzes that they hate to read as much as we hate to write them. No, the faculty would accept our plan greedily.

When no valid objection can be raised, and when there is so much, so very much, in its favor, what shall hinder us from putting our great idea into practice? Nothing but our own laziness and inertia. There's no excuse. It *must* be done.

□ □ □

## An Apology

THE EDITOR owes his apologies to Mrs. Nancy Maxwell Green and to Miss Frances Ledbetter for having attached Miss Ledbetter's name to the poem, *To the Secker*, appearing in the March number of the ARCHIVE. The poem was the product of Mrs. Green, and we wish to give her due credit for it. The error in the names was corrected in reading the proof, but the printer failed to make the proper correction when the galley sheets were returned to him.

# The Honor System

CARL H. KING and F. H. SHINN

**I**N THE AUTUMN of 1922 a form of student government was organized at Trinity under the title of the Men's Association. The women students had already established, three years before, their Women's Student Government Association, which in spite of a pretty detailed set of rules and restrictions has operated very successfully. The Men's Association was frankly "based on a system of self-discipline and idealism known as the Honor System," and, during the year and a half of its existence the Men's Association has been the outward form of the Honor System and practically synonymous with it. As every one knows, each college class has elected representatives to the governing Council, who have worked together with the officers of the Association, elected by the college at large, in regulating and overseeing the general conduct and morals of the men students.

The theoretical basis of the Honor System at Trinity—whether it is the actual basis has yet to be determined—is contained in the following two sections of the By-Laws:

Sec. 1. The honor system shall assume that every male Trinity student is a gentleman and a man of honor and requires that he shall act accordingly in every college activity. Any violation of this principle in any phase of college life shall be considered a violation of the honor system.

Sec. 2. Any member of the Men's Association who when knowing of a violation of the honor system fails to take proper measures toward its correction and suppression, makes himself *particeps criminis*.

This, of course, is inclusive and clear enough; for though "gentleman and a man of honor" is subject to interpretation, the very worst of us have instincts, reinforced by custom and current opinion, which are sufficient for most circumstances that are likely to occur. To be sure, the principle of student government was adopted by the men somewhat as an experiment and without any very distinct knowledge of how it would work out. What, now, have been the actual results? Regulations, recommendations, and injunctions have been issued by the officers and council of the Association; violations have been committed, and prosecutions carrying a variety of penalties have followed.

A record of the activities of the student council since the initiation of self-government a year and a half ago shows that approximately seventy-six men have appeared before the council to answer charges. These accusations may be classified as follows: hazing, 22; drinking, 6; miscellaneous charges, 10; and cheating in quizzes, examinations, and general written work, 38. The twenty-two men charged with hazing were reported by members of the council. Two of these men were declared guilty and expelled; sixteen were found guilty and were given minor punishment in addition to probation for the rest of the year; and the other four men were acquitted. The council was unanimous in these decisions. The six charges of drunkenness and the ten miscellaneous cases were also brought up by members of the council. In most cases those accused acknowledged their guilt. These men were reprimanded and warned against further offenses if they wished to remain in college. The ten miscellaneous cases were disposed of mainly by informing the accused of the rules and regulations of the Men's Association.

The thirty-eight charges of cheating in quizzes, examinations, and general written work were reported as follows: twenty-nine by instructors and their assistants, eight by girls, and one by a member of the Men's Association. One of these cases was reported twice—once by a boy and once by a girl. This particular case is the only one reported by students in which the council has decided unanimously upon expulsion. The other seven men were acquitted. There was, however, a marked degree of difference of opinion expressed by members of the council in some of these cases. Of the twenty-nine cases reported by instructors, eleven men were declared guilty and eighteen were acquitted. Two of these found guilty were asked to leave college, while the nine others were given extra work and were put on probation. In the eighteen acquittals the council found circumstantial evidence in several instances, but it did not find evidence enough to justify conviction. In these twenty-nine cases the council has been practically unanimous in its decisions.

The inferences from these statistics are significant. Of the seventy-six cases reported, forty-five were pro-

nounced (or acknowledged themselves) guilty; four were expelled, the others given minor penalties more or less in proportion to the offense. This seems to mean—as to Sec. 1 of the By-Laws—that one can be proved “no gentleman” in various degrees; that some infractions are more reprehensible than others; and that a definite graduated scale of offenses and penalties is needed. As to Sec. 2, the burden of being *particeps criminis*, or accessory to the crime, appears to lie lightly on the men students. The fifty-eight men charged with hazing, drunkenness, and miscellaneous offenses were reported by members of the council; the thirty-eight men charged with cheating in examinations, etc., were reported by instructors or girls,—*except one*. Of the seventy-six charges, one was preferred by a fellow student. Nothing could be more pointed. And of course nothing is included here of the unreported offenses, though they are without question considerable in number. It is known, for example, that the instructors in one department alone are aware of many offenses which they did not report because sufficient concrete evidence was not immediately available.

## II

Such is the present state of affairs, more or less generally known. There has been almost no outspoken adverse criticism of the operation of our Honor System, yet there seems to be an undercurrent of opinion, manifesting itself chiefly by indifference, which is far from favorable. A few interested students, who have faced the problem clearly, have come out with definite praise or censure; but the majority seem to show quite plainly either that they do not comprehend the meaning of the system or that they do not care. Both of these attitudes are unfortunate and call for remedy.

It may be of interest to Trinity students to know the results in another institution of such an experiment as they have just made: where in fact the situation was simpler, because the Honor System was apparently understood to cover only questions of honor in examinations. In other places there may be better success; we know there is in some places. But certain of the dangers and difficulties of the problem are very plainly set out in the following excerpts from a letter by the Dean of Men at the University of Illinois:

“The Honor System came into the University of Illinois at the request of the majority of the students. It involved two things, the obligation of the individual to be honest himself in examinations, and his willingness to report to a student commission those who were not honest.

“Such a system is difficult of operation under the best conditions, and much more so in a large coeducational institution.

“Innocence and guilt are relative matters, the determination of which requires experience and balanced judgment. These two qualities our young people did not have. They soon came to realize this. They worked at the job conscientiously but ineffectively. . . . They came in time to see this themselves, and they asked to be relieved of the responsibility for doing things, which it has always been my conviction were the business of the administration to do.

“They saw that discipline is too complex and difficult a matter for inexperienced young people to manage. . . .

“Personally and officially I did my best to make the Honor System work here. I kept my hands off it, excepting as I was asked for advice and direction, but it went on the rocks, as I believe it will everywhere in institutions like ours. If it works anywhere it will be where a large percentage of the undergraduates are sincerely desirous that nothing dishonest should occur in undergraduate affairs, and where they are willing to take the responsibility and the criticism that comes from the administering of regulations.”

Another case similar to the one at the University of Illinois may be cited at this point. At Lafayette College student government was granted to the students, and, as in the case at Trinity, special emphasis was placed upon the honor system as the best method of curbing violations of the laws of the institution. After about one year of operation the fact was evident that the system was not a success, and for this reason *The Lafayette*, the weekly publication of the college, began an agitation for a workable plan. In a discussion of the operation of the system at Lafayette the editor of the paper says, “The time has come for a change of emphasis from the system to the honor behind it. . . . Our present examination system is being conducted upon a ‘catch-as-catch-can’ basis. For this we have ourselves to thank. The question is simply this: Are we to continue in the present fashion or do we have the courage to realize that cheating is cheating. There is an indictment drawn up against us. It charges every man with the inability to pass an examination without cribbing.”

At the request of the editor Dr. John R. Crawford, Professor of Latin at Lafayette, presented in the same issue his view of the honor system as then in operation. In his opening remarks Dr. Crawford says, “Just what is the Problem? What is our evil state? Well, to put it frankly and rather brutally,



the problem is that of getting the average Lafayette undergraduate to convince himself that cheating is cheating. . . . Frankly, I haven't a surpassing faith in systems. I venture to suppose that, if an honor system were to be passed at Lafayette over-night, we should all wake up the next morning very much the same people as before, and with much the same problem, conceivably a worse one. Certainly the honor system has failed in some colleges which have tried it, and the failure is due, as I think, to an inherent danger in the system, namely, that it gains mere intellectual consent quite unaccompanied by any genuine change in feeling and the consequent change in code."

In the conclusion of his article Dr. Crawford suggested the following solution, "The solution I propose, simply stated, consists of the voluntary wearing, during examinations, of a button, to be known as the Honor Button of Lafayette College, this button to be an inconspicuous, dignified affair, bearing the maroon profile of the youthful La Fayette, contained within a symbolic square, and with the simple legend, *Be Square.*"

These results of experiments with the student government in connection with the honor system coming from two distant educational institutions indicate that the plan works satisfactorily only in theory, and that in actual practice undergraduates have shown themselves to be grossly incompetent to handle the problems of student government. If the students of Illinois University and Lafayette College, among numerous others, have come to the conclusion that the honor system in its application to those who need discipline worst has been an out and out failure, certainly the honor system must be only the plan of the idealist whose efforts to base the government of a college upon the honor of the students, when the honor of such students may be questioned in every test, have been used as a shield by those to whom the system should apply, to further the means of their own misdoings.

With these considerations in mind the Fortnightly Club of Sigma Upsilon decided that since there was in evidence an uncertainty of opinions as to the efficiency of the system and as there was an apparent lack of understanding as to the legal jurisdiction and requirements of the governing body, it would be wise to take an inventory of what the new system had accomplished in its relation to the student life of the college; and, should the general consensus of opinions

from representative students bring to light any outstanding defects in the operation of the system, the information gained from the suggestions and criticisms of these men might serve as a means of bringing the students as a whole to understand how far the success of the system depends upon them, as to what is the relation of the governing council to the authorities of the college and to the students at large, and as to what are the duties of the individual members of the Men's Association with reference to their obligations to the student officials.

Accordingly, questionnaires pertaining to the organization, jurisdiction, and operation of the student government system were mailed to about forty students who represented every branch of college activities. Each questionnaire was accompanied by a letter explaining the purpose of the investigation and asking for a serious consideration of the questions involved. Several days later each of these men was interviewed personally, and each was urged to give a full discussion upon any point of special interest. The questionnaires were then collected and the answers classified, actual figures being recorded wherever possible. Below is given a copy of the questionnaire and the statistical results of the inquiry.

- A. How long have you been a student in Trinity College? Average, 3.4 years.
1. Do you understand clearly how the Honor System operates? Yes, 24; No, 6; Blank, 0.
  2. Do you think that those in your group understand it clearly? Yes, 11; No, 18; Blank, 1.
  3. Are the Honor System and Student Government the same? Yes, 5; No, 25; Blank, 0.
  4. Are they commonly regarded as the same? Yes, 23; No, 6; Blank, 1.
  5. Should they be the same? Yes, 13; No, 15; Blank, 2.
  6. Should the Honor System apply equally to quizzes, examinations, and all outside written work (such as themes, history reports, laboratory reports, etc.)? Yes, 28; No, 2; Blank, 0.
  7. Does the Honor System apply to gambling, drinking, and general immorality? Yes, 17; No, 13; Blank, 0.
  8. Should the Honor System apply to these? Yes, 26; No, 3; Blank, 1.
  9. Should it apply only to relations between the student and instructor? Yes, 1; No, 28; Blank, 1.
  10. Could it apply only to relations between the student and the instructor? Yes, 7; No, 20; Blank, 3.
  11. Does the Dean's office have any connection with the Honor System? Yes, 20; No, 6; Blank, 4.
  12. Should the Dean's office have any connection with the Honor System? Yes, 13; No, 17; Blank, 0.
  13. Should there be only one penalty (dismissal) for violations? Yes, 2; No, 27; Blank, 1.

14. Should it be a question of honor not to discuss examination questions during the examination period? Yes, 27; No, 2; Blank, 1.
15. Has the operation of the Honor System so far won your respect? Yes, 15; No, 12; Blank, 3.
16. Has it won the respect of those in your group? Yes, 13; No, 11; Blank, 6.
17. Would you report:
- Gambling? Yes, 12; No, 18.
  - Drinking? Yes, 17; No, 13.
  - Sexual immorality? Yes, 19; No, 11.
  - Copying themes? Yes, 12; No, 18.
  - Cheating in recitation? Yes, 14; No, 16.
  - Cheating in quizzes? Yes, 13; No, 17.
  - Cheating in examinations? Yes, 10; No, 20.
  - Dishonest laboratory note books? Yes, 14; No, 16.
  - Copied lecture notes? Yes, 16; No, 14.
  - Copied themes? Yes, 13; No, 17.
18. Would your friends report:
- Gambling? Yes, 7; No, 23.
  - Drinking? Yes, 4; No, 26.
  - Sexual immorality? Yes, 13; No, 17.
  - Copying themes? Yes, 14; No, 16.
  - Cheating in recitation? Yes, 11; No, 19;
  - Cheating in quizzes? Yes, 15; No, 15.
  - Cheating in examinations? Yes, 18; No, 12.
  - Dishonest laboratory note books? Yes, 13; No, 17.
  - Copied lecture notes? Yes, 8; No, 22.
  - Copied themes? Yes, 15; No, 15.
19. Have you heard of any cases of cheating that have not been reported? Yes, 16; No, 14; Blank, 0.
20. Are there many such cases? Yes, 16; No, 14; Blank, 7.
21. Is the present method of trying honor cases satisfactory? Yes, 10; No, 13; Blank, 7.
22. Do college politics or personal ties influence decisions? Yes, 17; No, 6; Blank, 7.
23. Have honor cases been handled too leniently? Yes, 9; No, 11; Blank, 10.
24. Have honor cases been handled too strictly? Yes, 4; No, 19; Blank, 7.
25. Have you heard any complaints to this effect? Yes, 13; No, 14; Blank, 3.
26. Should the Honor System be retained as it is? Yes, 11; No, 12; Blank, 7.
27. Should the Honor System be retained with slight modifications? Yes, 14; No, 6; Blank, 10.
28. Should it be retained with radical modifications? Yes, 3; No, 14; Blank, 13.
29. Should the Honor System be abolished? Yes, 0; No, 29; Blank, 1.
30. Are the students indifferent toward the Honor System? Yes, 25; No, 5; Blank, 0.
31. If so, can they be aroused to interest? Yes, 27; No, 2; Blank, 1.
32. Have you heard much discussion toward the improvement of the Honor System? Yes, 8; No, 21; Blank, 1.
33. Do the instructors support and cooperate with the Honor System sufficiently? Yes, 18; No, 12; Blank, 0.
34. Do your friends think instructors cooperate sufficiently? Yes, 15; No, 11; Blank, 4.
35. Can you suggest any way in which instructors may cooperate more effectively? Answers given, 12; No, 13; Blank, 5.
36. Can you propose any other improvements in the Honor System? Answers given, 22; No, 0; Blank, 8.

(The answers given to numbers 34, 35, and 36 will be discussed later on in this article.)

The answers given on the questionnaires, with the exception of one, were returned by students who have been in college since the beginning of student government, the average number of years being three and two-fifths, and only one questionnaire was sent to a member of the freshman class; therefore the fact is obvious that these men were acquainted in some way with the operation of the Honor System. The answers to questions *one* and *two* offer some interesting facts. The affirmative answers in question one have a good majority, and practically everyone seemed satisfied that he, personally, understood how the system operates, but, when answering for those in their groups, the representative men showed more diversity, and in the latter question there is a slight majority for the negative. These opening questions prove at once that there is a misunderstanding somewhere, and, that although the general consensus of opinion points toward a misunderstanding, the students themselves are at loss as to where to find the trouble.

The next two questions as to whether the Honor System and student government were the same and as to whether they should be the same were answered in such a way as to show more clearly that the operation of the system was not understood. The majority of answers were negative as to whether the two are the same, but the general opinion was that both are regarded as the same. Practically an unanimous affirmative answer was returned on question six, which dealt with the equal application of the Honor System to quizzes, examinations, etc., but when answers were given as to whether the Honor System applies to these in fact, the division of answers was about equal; however, practically everyone agreeing that the system should apply to these. The question as to whether the system should apply only to the relations between the student and the instructor also received almost a unanimous negative answer, and the negative opinion seemed to be just as strong as to whether it could apply only to the relations between the student and the instructor.

Twenty out of the thirty answered affirmatively on the question as to whether the Dean's office had any

connection with the Honor System, and the majority answered negatively when asked whether there should be any connection between the two, although the majority was but slight. Only two were in favor of having only one penalty for violations, and from this answer it is evident that the students approve of the present methods of punishment used by the Council. Another question of particular interest was the one regarding the discussion of examinations during the examination period, and twenty-seven out of thirty gave an affirmative answer. A great deal of this sort of discussion has been in evidence during examinations, and from the answers given to the question this practice does not meet the approval of representative men of the college.

Question *fifteen* asked pointedly if the Honor System had won the respect of the person answering. Fifteen persons gave an affirmative answer, twelve replied negatively, and three left the question blank. There is room for more discussion on this point. The three persons who failed to answer cannot be considered as taking a middle ground. The system has either won their respect or it has failed, and, if one is unable to say that the system has won his respect, his answer can only be in a negative form. With the blank questions counted as negative answers, the opinions seem to be equally divided, and this fact furnishes more proof that the system is not functioning in such a way as to gain the respect and support of the entire college. When the fact is considered that these answers were returned by many men who are seniors and graduate students, the problem takes on a much more serious aspect. The question following the one above asked if the system had won the respect of those in the group of persons answering. Again the returns were interesting. Thirteen gave affirmative answers, eleven answered negatively, and six were left blank. The blanks in this case cannot be counted as negative answers in the same light as they could be in the former question, but, if the blanks are not counted at all, the affirmative answers have the majority only by two. The persons who failed to answer may not have known how their group felt, but, if the system had won the respect of those in the group of these men, this respect in all probability would have been openly expressed. To say the least, these blanks will have to be considered in a very doubtful light, for the fact is obvious that if a group of men approve of a system that has had as much publicity

as the Honor System, they will be very likely to give open expression to their views. If the blanks are left out of the discussion, upon the supposition that the persons answering were ignorant as to the opinion of their groups, the problem still retains its serious form, for if eleven men say that their groups do not respect the Honor System, can it be truthfully said that an Honor System exists at Trinity?

In questions *seventeen* and *eighteen* lists of offenses were enumerated, and each person receiving a questionnaire was asked to cross the ones he would report and to underline the ones which his friends would report. These offenses included gambling, drinking, sexual immorality, and dishonest class work in its various forms. In question *seventeen* a majority of negative answers was returned in every case except in those of drinking and sexual immorality, and even in these two items over one-third gave a negative reply. In the case of drinking the affirmative had the majority by four, and in that of sexual immorality the affirmative majority was six. The negative majorities in the others were slight in most cases, but the majority was there all the same. Under the present system at Trinity every student is honor bound to report the offenses enumerated on the questionnaire, but according to the answers of representative men at least one-half of the students either have no honor or they do not consider the system worth while. In an interview concerning the questions one man stated that he had seen practically every one of the above offenses committed several times each, but he did not wish to open himself to criticism by reporting the offenders, and the same thing seemed to be in evidence by the answers of the others.

The answers to question *eighteen* as to whether their friends would report the offenses enumerated show a striking contrast to the personal answers. To only one of the offenses was an affirmative answer given, namely, cheating in examinations, while cheating in quizzes and copied themes received an equal number of affirmative and negative answers. Gambling answers were negative by a thirteen majority, drinking negative by twenty-two, sexual immorality by four, and the remainder were negative by majorities that exceeded those in the personal answers. The deductions from these answers are comparatively easy. The men who answered for their friends, while admitting that they would not report the majority of the offenses, admit at the same time that their group is

even more guilty than they, and that it is possible for the worst offenses against the college community to be committed safely as far as their friends are concerned.

When questioned as to whether there had been any cases of cheating that had not been reported, sixteen out of the thirty reported that there had been, but when asked also whether there were many such cases, fifteen answered negatively, while seven left the question blank. In this case the blanks did not give any information, for there may be some men who do not know. There was a negative majority of answers to the questions as to whether the present method of trying cases was satisfactory, while ten were affirmative and seven were blank. Again the blanks give no information, for according to the answers to question *two* about the same number say that they do not understand the operation of the system. In accordance with the answers received to questions *fifteen* and *sixteen* the question regarding political influence in decisions also received an affirmative answer by a good majority. Only six believed the system to be free from political influence, while seven left the question blank.

The question as to whether the cases had been handled too strictly or too leniently and as to whether there have been any complaints to this effect received a negative majority, but the answers were more equally divided on the question as to whether the Honor System should be retained as it is. Fourteen voted for the system to be retained with slight modifications, fourteen voted for it to be retained with radical modifications, and in both instances the blanks almost equaled the majority answer. There was an unanimous affirmative answer as to whether the Honor System should be retained, and while the opinion seemed to be that the majority of the students were indifferent, the opinion was equally strong that the disinterested ones could be aroused. However, according to the figures given on the questionnaires there has been very little discussion as to the improvement of the system, which everyone has expressed a desire to keep, but for which system fifteen out of thirty profess to have no respect. The opinion in general concerning the coöperation of the instructors with the Honor System shows that the students know the attitude of the faculty, for the statistics of the meetings of the Council bear out the fact that the real support of the system has come from faculty members, and few were able to suggest any better way in which the

instructors might coöperate. When asked to suggest improvements for the system twenty-two responded, and these suggestions were in the main practically the same thing, and they will be taken up more in detail in a later paragraph.

About ten more questionnaires were sent to the women students, who have been under the Honor System considerably longer than the men, and from their answers the fact is evident that in the opinion of the women their system is successful and has their respect, but that the operation of the Honor System among the men was far from satisfactory and that it had a weakening effect upon their own. Practically everyone of the women students had some suggestion for improvement. These suggestions were about the same in content, all expressing the idea that more coöperation was needed between the two systems, and in some cases the open accusation was made that the indifference of the men students to points of honor was responsible for a growing indifference among some of the women students.

From the data received through the questionnaires several conclusions may be drawn as to the effectiveness of the system and as to the opinion of the students in regard to its operation:

Item 1. The operation of the Honor System is not understood by the students at large, and according to the opinion of representative men the majority of students are indifferent to the operation and to the improvement of the system.

Item 2. According to the answers given on the questionnaires the system does not have the respect of the entire college, and a majority of negative answers have been given when questions concerning the reporting of offenses of the worst nature were asked.

Item 3. Offenses are being committed that are not reported, and the general opinion is that when reported, the cases are not tried satisfactorily and that personal ties and college politics influence decisions.

Item 4. The opinion is unanimous that the system should be retained, but there is a diversity of opinions as to improvements, which difference proves that the students are satisfied with the present system of operation but that they are not sufficiently educated in methods of student government to be able to progress very far toward any betterment of the system.

Item 5. The system of the women students seems to be successful and respected by the members of the Women's Association, but their opinion of the Honor System of the men students is unfavorable and there is a suggested accusation that the indifference of the men to points of honor is having a damaging influence on both systems.

Item 6. In the final analysis, the Honor System among the men students is an open failure, as is shown by the fact that only one offense has been reported by a man not a member of the Council, and by the fact that a majority of representative

students profess to be unwilling to report offenses which are violations of the laws of the college, and, furthermore, admit that their friends are less trustworthy than they.

Of the suggestions given for the improvement of the system many were of the same character, but among these suggestions there are some which may be very valuable in reestablishing an Honor System at Trinity. A summary of these suggestions is given below:

1. A more definite interpretation of the system in written form for distribution, definite regulations as to conduct of students during examinations, and public announcements of actions of Council.
2. More coöperation among the men and women students and making the Honor System include all phases of college life, including social functions and morals.
3. The Honor System should be brought to the attention of the students more often, and the relations and operations of student government and the Honor System should be fully explained, especially to the freshmen each year.
4. Regular meetings of the Men's Association with the Executive Council to discuss topics of interest and a special effort be made to make the students realize that the success

of the system depends solely upon their undivided coöperation with the student officers.

5. More aggressive leadership, clearer definition, the inclusion of only those relations concerning which there is a definite student conscience, and a gradual building up until it includes all student relations involving honor.

6. A special course in civics or some similar instruction for all officers of the Association with the provision that no one hold such an office who is not receiving such training, the actual work of administering the system to count as one hour laboratory credit.

7. The choice of officers of the Association from the standpoint of ability and not from the standpoint of popularity among the students. A definite program of education of the students as to the operation and requirements of student government.

8. An annual report should be published at least a week prior to the annual elections. This report should state the number of cases tried during the year, the number of convictions, the different types of offenses, and the penalties imposed for each type. It should also state the conclusions of the Honor Committee as to the progress or decadence of the system during the year and should make recommendations for the coming year.



## Radio

*"Go and Catch a Falling Star."*

STILL stand uncaptured these, and rightly these:	The million-mirrored flashes of bright sun
Spring's timid tread among first-blooming trees;	On wind-touched lakes that birch trees look upon;
The smell of salt where greening marshes stand;	The wet eares of gently driven snow;
And cold, clean starlight dropped on quiet land;	The ruby red of ashen logs aglow;
The rich brown gleam of damp earth freshly turned;	The somnolent, sad wing's impassive rune
The acridness of crisp leaves newly burned;	Heard from a bed of pine straw deeply strewn:

These still remain inviolate as when  
 They stirred strange cravings in fierce tribal men;  
 As though kind nature, planning ample dowers  
 For other breeds of men, unkin to ours,  
 Had smiled upon us in our valiant play  
 And passed, unaltered, her undeviant way.

—NEWMAN I. WHITE.

# The Prodigal's Return

## A Play in One Act

J. D. S.

CHARACTERS: { George Chesterton  
Ralph, his son  
Martha, his wife

SCENE: The sitting room in the home of George Chesterton, of the family of Chestertons of Warwickshire, England.

PLACE: A town in southwestern Virginia.

TIME: Present.

[As the curtain rises, a simple room, tastefully decorated and furnished, is disclosed. Yellowish rays from a library lamp cast a pale light about the room. The furniture is of old-fashioned English design. French windows on the left open on a small porch just above a flower garden. On right stage is a carved walnut door of rather massive proportions. It leads into the hallway. The summer moon, high in the heaven, casts its mellow rays through a small square window set over a built-in book case at left center stage.]

[The Chesterton family is discovered together. George Chesterton is a man well past middle age. He has the conventional side whiskers and goatee of the southern gentleman of the Civil War period. Ralph, his son, is a young man about twenty-five years old, yet his haggard and worn face makes him look ten years older. Martha is nearing fifty. Her hair is a whitish grey; her smile is tender and motherly.]

CHESTERTON: [rather jovially] Rather pleasant to be home again, eh, Ralph?

RALPH: [meditatively] Yes, father: very pleasant. I've been lonesome away from mother and you, especially during the last few weeks.

CHESTERTON: Let's see. It's been six months this trip?

MARTHA: Seven next Monday.

CHESTERTON: So long? I hadn't realized it.

RALPH: [thoughtfully] Only seven months! It seems as many years.

MARTHA: [glancing anxiously at Ralph] You enjoyed your travels? Your letters . . .

RALPH: [interrupting] For the most part; yes. I learned a great deal.

CHESTERTON: [vauntingly] How well I remember my first trip to the metropolis—alone. It was in the eighties . . .

MARTHA: [reprovingly] George!

CHESTERTON: [with pretended anger] There you go again, Martha: always scolding me when I try to tell Ralph about some of my youthful adventures.

MARTHA: It doesn't seem to have done much good.

CHESTERTON: Oh, he's none the worse for them, I venture. Every boy must sow his wild oats. That is something you women can't seem to understand.

MARTHA: [with resignation] No, I confess that I can't.

CHESTERTON: [gaining confidence] Of course a boy shouldn't let these adventures make a slave of him. That's where the wrong comes. Now I had my little affairs. They came and went in their day. And after I had had my fling, I was ready to settle down.

RALPH: Was there no aftermath? No reaping of the oats?

CHESTERTON: [hesitatingly] No . . . not exactly.

MARTHA: You've forgotten what Dr. Sikes told you last winter when you had your first stroke of paralysis.

CHESTERTON: [impatently] He doesn't know everything, even though he is our family physician. I know what was wrong with me. It was my digestion. I ate too much for dinner.

MARTHA: As you did tonight.

CHESTERTON: [becoming nervous] Let's not talk of that any more. [Turning to Ralph, who has been nervously twitching his fingers during the argument] Anyway you got what you went after, didn't you?

RALPH: You mean a taste of life?

CHESTERTON: For your stories: yes.

RALPH: [dreamily] Yes, I suppose so; more than I will ever write, I think.

MARTHA: [interested] Tell us one, dear.

RALPH: [biting his lips] There is one especially good one. [With a nervous laugh] But I haven't finished it yet.

CHESTERTON: Go ahead; tell us what you have written.

RALPH: Oh, its the same old Prodigal story, except that it has a modern setting—and a modern dénouement, too.

CHESTERTON: Interesting. Go on!

RALPH: While in the foreign country the Prodigal Son became entangled in an affair with another man's wife. The husband was drawn into the mesh and killed for his pains. And the Prodigal Son was forced to flee to his father's house because the officers were after him.

MARTHA: Did they catch him?

RALPH: That's the point I haven't worked out yet. You see the family would be disgraced, and the Son's future ambition would be ruined if he were arrested and brought before a jury. He has an alternative, but it would hardly remedy matters.

CHESTERTON: And what is the alternative?

RALPH: [*with a touch of bitterness*] Suicide, of course.

MARTHA: [*Shuddering*] How horrible! Would there be no other way?

RALPH: None. [*Cynically*] Unless Providence intervenes. And you know that is not realistic; it occurs in stories and romances but seldom or never in real life. And this story is going to be realistic.

CHESTERTON: And do you intend to finish it soon?

RALPH: Probably so; I don't know yet.

MARTHA: I don't like that story. It's sordid. Can't you drop it now before you finish it?

RALPH: I'm afraid not. I've gone too far with it. [*His face becomes slightly pale, and he appears limp.*]

MARTHA: [*noticing*] Ralph! What's the matter? Are you sick?

RALPH: [*Straightening and trying to steady himself*] No, mother. I'm just tired. . . . Yes, only tired.

CHESTERTON: Of course he's tired. Here it's twelve o'clock, and he has been riding all day in a stuffy Pullman. We should have gone to bed an hour ago.

RALPH: [*pleadingly*] Don't go yet. I'm not sleepy. I couldn't sleep if I went to bed.

CHESTERTON: Go to bed now so that you can get up in time to go horseback riding with me before breakfast.

RALPH: [*Slowly*] I'm afraid I won't be able to go riding in the morning either.

MARTHA: Ralph, you are sick, and you know it. Come, I'm going to put you to bed myself right now.

RALPH: No, mother, I can't go now. I must write a letter tonight and mail it on the 12:35 express.

CHESTERTON: At this time of night?

RALPH: Yes; it's urgent. [*On second thought*] If I don't write it tonight, it will never be written.

CHESTERTON: All right. But don't write the letter to some Creole that you met in New Orleans. I know how they are. They'll make you forget you have a home. Well, I want to hear some of your tales tomorrow; so have a good assortment. Good night.

RALPH: Good night.

CHESTERTON: By the way, it's not exactly safe to be on the streets here now without a revolver. There is one in the drawer of the library table if you want it.

RALPH: Thanks; I may use it.

[*Chesterton goes out by door on right of stage. Ralph turns and gazes stupidly out the French windows on the left for a moment. Martha, who has started away with Chesterton, stops just in front of door and turns to watch Ralph. Suddenly, as Chesterton's footsteps are heard on the stairway in the hall, Ralph turns like a frightened animal and cries "Mother."*]

MARTHA: [*running to him*] Yes, Ralph. What is it?

RALPH: [*Surprised*] Oh, I was afraid you had gone.

MARTHA: [*motherly*] Not yet, dear. But what is the matter? What is troubling you?

RALPH: It is nothing, mother. I just wanted you to kiss me again as you did when I was a boy.

[*She takes him in her arms, and there follows a long minute of embracing and silent understanding. Ralph is heard to sob. Tears come in Martha's eyes.*]

RALPH: [*breaking away with an effort*] Don't cry, mother. Go to bed. It will soon be time for the train, and I must write my letter before it comes.

MARTHA: [*wiping away her tears*] Good night, dear boy, and remember I still believe in you, no matter what happens.

RALPH: Thank you, mother. Good night.

[*She goes off stage by right door. Ralph stands motionless with his eyes fixed on her until she disappears. Then he turns and walks falteringly to the library table. His fingers twitch, and he nervously runs his hand through his wavy hair. He picks up a book at random on the table and hastily turns the pages. Finally he throws it back on the table with a slight shudder. Pulling a silver case from his vest pocket, he takes a cigarette from the holder and puts it in his mouth. He takes a match from the ash tray, strikes it, and raises it to his cigar-*]

ette. The flash reveals his pale drawn face and his twitching hand. His hand shakes so vigorously as it nears the cigarette that he is unable to light it. In disgust he throws the match on the floor and the cigarette after it. The match is extinguished by the force with which he threw it.

[He now turns with a determined air to a desk on left-center stage and seats himself in a chair before it. Picking up pen and paper he writes hastily. He reads it after giving it a final stroke of the pen; then he folds it carefully, addresses it, and lays it on top of the desk.

[Then he rises from his chair and walks slowly to the library table, cautiously opens the drawer of the table, and draws a revolver from it. He raises the gun half way to his head, falters, and lets his hand fall without raising it further. Just then a faint locomotive whistle disturbs the death-like silence and startles Ralph, who again raises the revolver to his head, this time as far as his temples, leveling the barrel at his right temple. Again he wavers and falls weakly and helplessly in the large arm chair beside the table. He buries his face in his hand and utters a low moan.

[Chesterton suddenly appears, unseen by Ralph, in the doorway on right stage, clad in pajamas and a bathrobe. He hesitates just inside the door a moment, apparently surprised, and finally goes toward Ralph, who does not notice him until he is in front of the library table.]

CHESTERTON: Aren't you going to the station?

RALPH: [starting] Why, is it you, father? . . . No, not tonight.

CHESTERTON: I wanted you to take a letter of mine to the train along with yours. But of course if you're not going. . . . Ralph, what's the matter with you? Are you . . . [Seeing the revolver] Why . . . Ralph! What does this mean? Surely you didn't attempt . . . ?

RALPH: [desperately] Yes; I might as well tell you everything. I attempted suicide, but I found that I haven't even enough nerve left to pull the trigger.

CHESTERTON: [dumbfounded] But . . . but what is the cause of this?

RALPH: [fiercely] The passions, the lusts, and the weakness I have inherited from you. They have hondded me all my life. Everywhere I turn I meet demons who tempt me, play with me, and then cast

me aside. My traveling, my education, my taste of life have all been fruitless. And so at the threshold of life I am like a sear and yellow leaf, even as Byron was. I have fought these evil powers, but to no avail. Now I haven't even got the ambition to fight them. Only a hollow shell remains of what I once was. I . . .

CHESTERTON: [frantic] Ralph, Ralph, stop . . . RALPH: [unheeding] I can't compose myself anymore. My mind and imagination mock me and fly away like a will-o'-the-wisp when I try to command them. Oh, it's no use. I'm done for. [With anger] And it's all your fault; you and your training.

CHESTERTON: [taken back] Be careful, Ralph. Don't say anything you will regret.

RALPH: [bitterly] Regret? Ha! How can I escape regret when my life is wring dry at twenty-five?

CHESTERTON: Oh, I don't know. If you are a man and a true Chesterton, you will be able to brace up and become master of yourself even now. Don't be a weakling just because you've wasted the first few years of your life. [Proudly] Why, I was the same way at your age, only I didn't take it so hard. I came back home and lived with my father until I met your mother; then I took a position in father's plant, married, and settled down. Since then I have lived within the law, and now no one can discover any stain on my name.

RALPH: [despondently] But it's too late now. [Tersely] I must pay for not only my sins but yours also.

CHESTERTON: [beginning to comprehend] What! You mean you have . . .

RALPH: Yes; I mean I have committed an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the law. And before another hour has passed, I will be in the hands of officers, awaiting trial, unless . . .

CHESTERTON: Officers coming to this house? Tonight?

RALPH: On the 12:35 express. I have been just one train ahead of them since I left New Orleans. I had to travel incognito most of the time to avoid arrest along the way.

CHESTERTON: [fearful] But the name? I heard nothing . . .

RALPH: Oh, I changed that a year ago. [Ironically] Your name is still unstained; that is, if . . .

CHESTERTON: And the offense. What did you do?

RALPH: Thievery and murder.



CHESTERTON: [*horrified*] Thievery?

RALPH: Yes; of another man's wife.

CHESTERTON: And murder?

RALPH: Of her husband.

CHESTERTON: [*clenching his fists*] Good God! My son a thief and a murderer.

RALPH: It all happened three weeks ago. I evaded them until last Thursday, when a plain clothes man recognized me in Waco. Then I fled here, determined to kill myself after I had seen mother again.

CHESTERTON: Couldn't you have gone somewhere else; abroad, say, until the affair had blown over?

RALPH: No; I have been almost mad since I committed the crime and was ready to give myself up when discovered. Even now if I thought I would get the chair, I would gladly submit to the law. But it will be twenty years or maybe life imprisonment. And I could never stand living in a cell—with his ghost to hound me.

CHESTERTON: [*scornfully*] And you were too much of a coward to pull the trigger?

RALPH: [*bitterly*] And at the same time too much of a coward to live.

CHESTERTON: What will your mother think?

RALPH: She will never know until it's all over.

CHESTERTON: [*with rising anger*] You have brought shame and disgrace upon our family name. I will never be able to hold my head up with pride again. You . . .

RALPH: [*trying to repress his own anger*] Father, father, can't you ever see the beam in your own eye?

CHESTERTON: [*furiously*] And this is the way my son speaks to me. My own flesh and blood! A murderer. A thief. A blot on my name . . . You weakling, you coward. Get out of my home. You can't stay . . . [*He suddenly stiffens, clasps both*

*hands over his heart, and staggers to a large arm chair on the right. His face takes on a terrified expression, he becomes ghastly pale, and begins gasping for breath. Ralph rushes to his side, thrusting the revolver in his coat pocket.*

RALPH: [*frightened*] Dad! . . . What's the matter?

CHESTERTON: [*gasping*] Ralph, Martha, help me. I'm dying.

RALPH: [*Runs to foot of stairs in hall and calls*] Mother, mother, come here quickly.

MARTHA: [*excited*] Ralph! Are you . . . Oh, it's George.

CHESTERTON: [*terror-stricken*] Save me . . . The doctor . . . Oh, I'm dying . . . Can't you do something?

[*Ralph watches the terror of his father with growing scorn. His lips curl in a sneer of contempt. His mother fails to notice Ralph's expression.*]

MARTHA: The doctor . . . Ralph, telephone Dr. Sikes.

[*A knock at the door. Ralph turns involuntarily. Then he straightens his shoulders, and as he turns to go out, a smile appears on his face.*]

MARTHA: [*not noticing*] See what that is, Ralph. Maybe it's a doctor . . . Oh, George, are you suffering?

[*Ralph is gone what seems a long time. Then a shot is heard behind the house. Martha, startled, begins to understand, becomes terror-stricken and then hysterical. Chesterton raises himself on one elbow as if listening for another shot. Another knock breaks the silence, this time louder and more ominous.*]

CHESTERTON: [*weakly*] Forgive me, Ralph.

CURTAIN



## To Cybele

THE MUSE deserts me;  
I am left, my lyre unstrung,  
To pick with nervous fingers  
The strings that might have sung  
Thy praises, oh Cybele.

—FABIAN.

# Behind the "Bang" of the Glee Club

ROBERT H. JAMES



WHEN we see things, say the scientists, the actual image is upside down. Fortunately this physical topsy-turveydom has long since been righted; perhaps the correction occurred when we abandoned our Darwinian habits of caudal suspension. There is a devil within some of us, however, that whispers a pessimistic doubt as to whether many of our mental images are not topsy-turvy to this day; and this doubt unquestionably has some speculative value. But let no one suppose its expression the opening roar of a campaign to abolish human prejudices. The only reform this paper proposes is an alteration in the conventionally accepted notion of a college glee club.

Indeed, very few people know anything about the glee club and its value in the life of a college. I remember the remark of a man whom I met on the train during our recent tour. "What is all this crowd?" he asked. I explained to him that we were the Trinity College Glee Club, and that we were making our annual fall tour. "Glee Club!" he almost shouted, "don't you fellows ever study? If it isn't a football trip, it's a basketball trip or baseball trip; and now a glee club trip. Let me tell you I'll not let my boy go to college if he won't stay there and study." His idea, undoubtedly, was that the colleges are topsy-turvy. When I explained to him that the same boys did not take all the various trips, and that there was a benefit to be derived from participation in college activities as well as in applying oneself to study, his attitude grew more tolerant. And when I showed him how much actual study and hard work it had taken to make this very trip possible, he was willing to concede more value in glee clubs.

What this man saw, superficially, was a jolly crowd of college men frolicking on the train. It was a set of happy-go-lucky boys, happily celebrating a few days of freedom from studies. At one end of the car a group was playing mandolins, guitars, and other stringed instruments. They played the college song, and in all parts of the car members of the club joined in. Soon the players of the stringed instruments became tired, and stopped. This was only a sign, however, for "another country to be heard from." In

a moment there was a loud outburst at the other end of the car, and the attention of the travelers was called to the saxophone sextette, or perhaps it was the quartette singing one of its snappy encores.

But all this music and jollity, although it amuses the casual observer, presents only a topsy-turvy image of the club. The observer fails to realize that it is only a period of natural exuberance, justified and obviously enjoyed—the more so because it is sandwiched between a long period of preparation and a public appearance in which these very men feel that they represent the dignity of the college. Soon, however, the club's destination is reached, and the boys pile out: the observer with his impression, too often a topsy-turvy one, then loses sight of them.

Figuratively speaking, it was a much harder process for these boys to step onto this train than to step off. The first step was taken weeks before when the manager issued his first call for candidates. Then began the long and laborious practices during which the personnel of the club was decided by a process of elimination. After this selection was complete, work was begun in preparation for the trip. It requires no little time and patience to learn and to memorize the long choruses which the club sings. For several weeks the boys applied themselves with diligence and seriousness to the task. The training of the Trinity Glee Club is carried on under the direction of an excellent musician of whom the boys are very fond. The orchestra is trained by a skilful violinist who is a member of the college faculty.

Two months of hard work deserves a reward, and the reward is at hand; for the time for the beginning of the trip has come. An hour before the time of departure the boys begin to collect at the railroad station. High spirits and exuberant fun are the keynote of that assembly. The directors seem to have committed the sin of Faust or to have found the fountain for which Ponce de Leon searched; for only the absence of hair from the head of the one, and the conservative dress of the other betray their maturity. They are "two of the boys," and seem at times to revel in an almost undergraduate state of mind. I

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# The Legend of the Trinity Chanticleer

H. C. SPRINKLE, JR.



ONCE UPON a time there lived on the Trinity campus a famous rooster—a wonderful fowl with a bright red comb, beautiful plumage, and the air of a Roman conqueror. Old Bill, for that was what he was called, was an unusually talented bird. He could crow louder and longer and clearer and stronger than any rooster that ever lived; his was a crow beyond compare. He could be heard for miles around, and it is said that he had to be muzzled every night to prevent his awakening the campus at dawn. He was the pet of all the students, the pride of the community.

Unlike the co-eds who have been admitted since that time, Old Bill was popular because he had brains. He knew how to make use of his talent. Living in a college atmosphere, he should naturally, of course, have been educated; and he was. He knew one trick that raised him above the level of ordinary roosters. When caressed in a certain way, Old Bill always responded with the crow for which he was so justly famous.

It was in the years when baseball monopolized the student's interest, and Trinity produced exceedingly good teams, and it was at the baseball games that Old Bill put his education into practical use. Whenever a Trinity rally needed starting, someone would give Old Bill the signal, and he would make the welkin ring. Trinity rooters would take on new life; the team would respond; opponents would tremble; and the game would be won.

For several years Old Bill lived in luxury on the park, ministered unto by freshman and senior alike, respected and admired throughout the section. And then came the year when the Baseball Championship lay between Trinity and an Institution near by, and the deciding game was to be played on the opponents' diamond. The rivalry was great; excitement was intense; and the whole student body accompanied the team to see the game. Old Bill had to go, of course, and he was pruned and dressed to perfection. He strutted like the thoroughbred cock that he was as he bore the Blue and White.

The game was on, and a close, hard game it was. The score was six and eight against us when the ninth inning rolled around. Then Trinity came to the bat. The first man was out on a fly. The second whiffed the air. The next man scratched and was safe. The Blue and White supporters yelled and prayed for a hit. Old Bill crowed. We got a hit. The yelling became more vociferous, and the praying more earnest. Through the din came the loud clear call of the rooster once more. The next man walked. The bases were full. And then spurred on by the excitement around him, Old Bill rose to the occasion and uttered his most perfect crow. It shook the atmosphere for miles around and struck terror in the hearts of the enemy. The Trinity stands went wild, and the next man up knocked a home run. The game was won, and Old Bill crowed some more—so much, in fact that supporters of the losing team became angry. A fight ensued. Old Bill, who was in front, caught the worst of it. His defender was knocked flat. The beautiful rooster who had never in his life received rough treatment, was seized by two angry strangers. Each took a leg and tore the poor rooster apart. That was the end of Old Bill's life but not the end of the fight, and many a bloody nose, many a blackened eye resulted ere his remains were recovered and brought back to Durham to be buried with military honors.

## Mood

*H*ANGING to a leafless vine  
Black outlined against the western glow,  
They were but shrivelled pods  
Which the piercing wind  
Set shattering and clattering to and fro;  
Yet the approaching dark somehow  
Conjured up fantastic images,  
And I thought,  
"How mournful an evening for old people."

—FABIAN.

# O. Henry's Life

CARL HOWIE KING



WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, September 11, 1862, where he remained until 1882 and where the O. Henry Hotel now testifies the local esteem in which his memory is held. Porter's ancestors on his mother's side came to New York from Holland about the year 1700. Descendants of this family migrated to North Carolina about 1765. William Swaim, Porter's grandfather, soon made his impress upon the State, and, so far as can be learned, was the only journalist or writer among Porter's ancestors. In 1827 Swaim became editor of the Greensboro *Patriot*, and in spite of obstacles he made the paper a success. His grandmother came from a family of wealthy planters in Virginia.

Mary Jane Virginia Swaim, Porter's mother, was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. William Swaim. At the age of twenty-five she was married to Dr. A. S. Porter, of Greensboro. Seven years later she died leaving three small children, one of which was the famous story writer. There is little doubt that Sidney Porter inherited most of his noble traits from his mother, for she was a scholar and a graduate of Greensboro Female College. The president of the College once wrote to her father: "Your daughter Mary ranks No. 1 in her studies, has an excellent mind, and will no doubt make a fine scholar." Her classmates regarded her as a writer of beautiful English, and many of them depended upon her for their graduating essays. The numerous poems she wrote and the pictures she painted had a lasting influence upon her son, William Sidney Porter.

After the death of his mother, Will, as he was most familiarly known, and his brothers lived with his Grandmother Porter, who was a widow with seven children but who managed to care for the group in a creditable manner. Under such circumstances there was little chance for Sidney Porter to get an education. His only schooling was due to the interest and untiring efforts of his aunt, Evelina Maria Porter, better known in Greensboro as Miss Lina. Her influence was undoubtedly the strongest personal influence brought to bear on O. Henry during his twenty years

in North Carolina. The death of his mother and the absorption of his father's time in futile inventions resulted in Miss Lina's taking the place of both parents. Miss Lina taught a private school until the growth of the graded school crowded her out. O. Henry attended this private school until he had reached the age of fifteen; that ended the schooling of the short-story writer. At an early age he showed possibilities of becoming a cartoonist; his friends little thought of his developing into a writer.

The teaching of Miss Lina is said to have had much influence upon O. Henry as a story writer. One of her popular methods of teaching was to create an impromptu story by having her students contribute to the story when called on. As each contribution was expected to grow out of what had been said, the strictest attention was necessary upon the part of the students, but the most difficult part was giving the story a logical conclusion. This required the remembrance of all that had been contributed and an imagination that could interpret the characters and fuse them. Such a task usually fell to O. Henry. It is needless to say that such training was of great value to him in his later days.

At the age of fifteen O. Henry was asked by Colonel Robert Bingham, superintendent of the Bingham School, then at Mebauc, North Carolina, to come at once to Bingham, where an education free of charge would be given him. He was unable to accept the invitation, however, because of a lack of means to purchase uniform and books.

Mrs. Sidney Porter realized something of the possibilities of her grandson, and tried to give him every possible advantage. "I sometimes regret," she once remarked, "that we did not send him to Trinity College, for Dr. Braxton Craven makes every student feel that he, Braxton Craven, is the greatest man in the world and the student himself the next greatest." An education away from home, however, could never have been seriously considered because of lack of funds. "I would have given my eyes for a college education," O. Henry said when his daughter Margaret brought home her college diploma.

O. Henry, regardless of his poor opportunities, improved himself by reading. He read the classics extensively during his boyhood days. He was especially fond of *The Arabian Nights*. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Kipling, Byron, Omar Khayyam, and Dickens were among his favorites in later years. His extensive reading and Miss Lina's teaching gave him all the literary training he ever received. At the age of fifteen, after he had left Miss Lina's school, he entered his uncle's drug store, where he learned to be a professional druggist. This profession as we shall find later was of great value to him in future life. When he had attained the age of twenty, he left his uncle's store, and began a career that aided materially in his development as a story writer.

The second distinct period of O. Henry's life was from 1882 to 1896. The experiences of this period came as a result of his close friendship with the Hall family of Greensboro. The three sons of Dr. J. K. Hall had gone to Texas to seek their fortune. They owned cattle ranches and other interests in Texas. In March, 1882, Doctor and Mrs. Hall were planning to visit their sons. O. Henry at this time was in rather poor health, and Dr. Hall realized that O. Henry needed a change from the life in a drug store. "Will," he said, a few days before starting the trip, "I want you to go with us. You need a change, and the ranch life will build you up." Never before had O. Henry received an invitation which so harmonized with every impulse of his nature. It meant health and romance, and was the challenge of all he had read and dreamed. During this period of fourteen years he lived in Texas, first on the ranch, then in Austin, with occasional visits to San Antonio. His out-of-doors life on the plains gave him material that was afterward to appear not only in pictorial description but also in a wealth of first-hand observation, in a widening of personal experiences, and in a breaking away from mere bookishness, that find illustration in every page of his *Heart of the West*. He lived the life, and loved it. He needed just this wider horizon to give him margin for comparison with his former experiences and a basis for contrast with what was to come later. His reading now partook more of the nature of study. He mastered Spanish, read history, practiced story-writing, and learned in constant comradeship with Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* an accuracy and freedom in the use of words that random reading could not give. During this period he also practiced the cartoonist's art as he had done in Greensboro. There

is no evidence, however, that he practiced this art with the view of ever using it, but merely for the pleasure he found in some form of disciplined self-expression. O. Henry remained on the La Salle County ranch for two years. He learned much of ranch life, but never developed a love for the rough cowboy stunts. He was more interested in studying the people and in participating in the social affairs of the small cities.

In 1884 he left the ranch and went to Austin. At that time Austin had about ten thousand inhabitants. It was the seat of the rapidly-growing State University, and was peculiarly representative of the old and the new. There is no record, however, which shows that he studied at the University; instead, he studied the people and social conditions of the town. It was in such a field that O. Henry delighted to study. His friends in Austin say that no one ever touched the city at so many points or knew its social strata as did O. Henry.

His first paying position was that of bookkeeper for a real estate firm. From this he went to the General Land Office, where he remained four years. While holding this position he fell in love with and married Miss Athol Ester, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. P. T. Roach. O. Henry found in his married life not only happiness but the incentive to effort that he had sorely lacked. Mrs. Porter was witty and musical; she always cooperated with him in his early journalistic ventures. The four years in the Land Office were the happiest years of O. Henry's life in Texas. It was during this time that his only child, Margaret Worth Porter, was born.

O. Henry went from the Land Office to the First National Bank of Austin as paying and receiving teller. He soon gave this position up for journalism, which was more appealing to him. He edited the *Rolling Stones* for a short while, and later became a reporter for the *Houston Post*.

The third stage of O. Henry's life is that from July, 1896, to July, 1901. This period was gloomy for him, but it made him a student of humanity and a master of the short-story. For more than six months of this time he was a wanderer, "a fugitive from justice,"—so the indictment runs—in Central and South America. The charge was that of misappropriating funds while working in the banks of Austin. Returning to nurse his dying wife, he surrendered to the authorities. He was given a short trial and sentenced to the federal prison in Columbus, Ohio, for five years.

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## Alph Parker's Engagement

F. A. B.

**T**HE WARM June air gently stirred the Dorothy Perkins rambler laden profusely with fragrant masses of pink roses and made its perfumed way over the big front porch. Mrs. Biddle was rocking energetically, trying at the same time to sew with equal velocity. Just then she caught sight of the Widow Blount coming down the walk.

"Come right in, Clara," she called while going to meet her visitor. "I haven't seen you in so long," she continued, a smile spreading over her ample features. "I haven't been able to keep track of what's going on in town."

"Well it's the Lord blessing I came," ejaculated Clara, "for goodness knows there's news a-plenty. Do you mean to say," she asked incredulously as she settled herself comfortably in a rocker, "that you haven't heard?"

"Heard! Heard what?" inquired Mrs. Biddle, leaning toward her questioner with an attentive air. "The only thing I've heard," she went on, "is that Old Aunt Sally Fulghum fell off the back steps last . . ."

"Well help my soul!" exclaimed Clara breaking in abruptly. "To think that I'm the first to mention it to you . . . not that I haven't been kind of expecting it to happen for the last twenty-five years, but now that it has happened, so sudden, it's all but keeled me over."

"Whatever are you driving at?" put in Mrs. Biddle in a tone of eagerness tinged with impatience.

"Why just this," replied Clara, "Alph Parker and Melissa Arrington are actually engaged to be married."

"Alph Parker . . . Melissa . . . engaged to be married!" gasped Mrs. Biddle in astonishment. "Well, who'd a' thought it! And they've been courting for going on twenty-five years."

"Yes, the Lord knows it's time they were getting down to business if they ever expect to," observed Clara in a decided tone. "But it's my opinion," she continued firmly, "that Melissa is making a mistake in taking him now. They're both set in their ways, and mark my words, they're not going to get along together."

"Perhaps you're right," Mrs. Biddle assented, "still, I don't know . . ."

"Well I do," Clara interposed emphatically. "I can read Melissa Arrington like a book; she's one woman who's never known her own mind, and Alph's not the kind to make her know it, either."

"But surely Melissa ought to know what's she's doing after him keeping her company regular for twenty-five years," objected Mrs. Biddle mildly.

"She ought to," retorted Clara with animation, "but she don't. Anybody who's as much set in their ways as Melissa and Alph ain't going to be able to live together with any satisfaction."

"Well, I hope it's all for the best," murmured Mrs. Biddle as she threaded her needle and resumed work.

"You never can tell what's going to happen in this world," Clara averred, raising her eyes to the ceiling. "Anyway," she declared, "you know it's part Alph's fault; he's always been so bashful and sensitive he can hardly say two words straight at a time."

"Alph is sensitive," Mrs. Biddle assented. "I've heard folks say that every time he sees two people on the street talking together he thinks they are talking about him."

"As if he's the only thing folks are concerned about," Clara snorted, throwing her head back indignantly. "If he's as sensitive as all that," she pursued, "I wonder how he ever picked out anybody like Melissa to go with. Have you ever in all your days seen anybody as tall and skinny as Melissa, and as sawed-off and runty as Alph? Imagine that pair coming down the aisle together!"

At this remark Mrs. Biddle and Clara joined in a hearty laugh.

At the dinner table Mrs. Biddle imparted to her husband a lengthy account of her morning conversation with the Widow Blount, with particular reference to the differences, both mental and physical, of the betrothed pair; indeed, she was so successful in describing the fancied picture of the couple's appearance at the altar that she had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Biddle rock with uncontrolled mirth.

"By the way, Jim," said Mrs. Biddle to her hus-

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# Book Page

J. P. BOYD

THE NEW STATE. By Miss M. P. Follett. Longmans, Green and Co., New York, 1923.

Sainte-Beuve has divided authors into two classes—*ceux qui agitent le monde et ceux qui le civilisent*. We hesitate to place Miss Follett in either class, for she belongs wholly to neither, yet partially to both. She agitates the political world in that she presents a doctrine which is not strictly orthodox; she civilizes it to the extent that she holds before it an ideal whose consummation is a thing earnestly to be desired.

*The New State* is a contribution of one of the serious political thinkers who, numbering among them such men as Bryce, Ostrogorski, and Henry Jones Ford, have recognized the inherent limitations, if not the actual failure, of representative government, and have sounded a warning which should not go unheeded. These men are not political "agitators"; neither is Miss Follett. The ideal Democracy of *The New State* is that in which every man has been educated to a full appreciation of democratic freedom, and in which every man is actively and creatively effective in the government. It is a Democracy of co-operation, not a Democracy of competition. Obviously, such a Democracy cannot be anything but an ideal, and as such it agitates the political world. Nevertheless, it is a Democracy toward which we can well strive, for it is a Democracy of civilization. Thus are we justified in classing Miss Follett's work both as an agitating and as a civilizing force.

*The New State* advances the theory that Democracy has not failed, for it has never been tried; that men have never learned to live together; and that the discontent existing in social, industrial, and political life can be largely remedied by a recognition and application of the principle which constitutes the central theme of *The New State*—the group principle.

In her exposition of the group principle as a principle, Miss Follett is particularly forceful, clear, and convincing. The idea which supposedly represents a majority, says Miss Follett, is not the group idea; the problems of the individual, of the group, and even of the nation are not "indeed solved by mechanical aggregation, but by the subtle process of the intermingling of all the different ideas of the group."

Here we have the substance of Miss Follett's principle. The group idea is not the idea representing a number of individual ideas expressed in the aggregate—as in the ballot box,—nor is it the idea of any one individual, even though that individual may have a powerful influence over the group amounting virtually to domination. The group idea is the general *will* of the group which has been modified, either positively or negatively, by every individual composing the group. It is thus the idea of all and of none. It is the idea created by "the *intermingling* of all of the different ideas of the group."

This group principle Miss Follett would have us accept, not as the salvation of a Democracy which has been found wanting, but as the establishment of a Democracy which has never been tried. "For Democracy is not brute numbers; it is a genuine union of true individuals," and the *true* individual is to be found only in group organization. "The potentialities of the individual remain potentialities until they are released by group life." Thus man, in the *New State*, is not merely a numerical entity; he is a group of relations, and his vote at the polls "must not express his particularist self, but the whole complex of his related life . . . as much of the whole as these multiple relations have brought into existence for him, through him. . . . The first purpose of politics, therefore, is to make the vote of every man express the All at his special coign of outlook."

The purpose of Miss Follett's book is, then, to show how we are to get away from the failure of Representative Government, with its "fiction of the consent of the governed, with its party organizations, with all their dead-wood exercises," and how we are to arrive at the true Democracy composed of true individuals. This is not to be a Democracy of particularist individuals, but a Democracy of individuals who are effective in the government through every group of which they are members. This true Democracy is thus pervaded by the group idea; it is a Democracy which is the bringing forth of a genuine collective will, composed, not of an aggregate of votes, but of the positive and negative contributions of every single

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# Exchanges

W. R. BROWN, *Editor*

The exchange editor was up to his ears in work when the March issue went to press, and the result was that his "remarks" (which he wonders if anyone reads) didn't appear in that issue. This time the exchange desk is piled high with the most numerous assortment of magazines that it has received this year, and the best part of it is that they are all good ones. There are so many bouquets which we can hand out this time that we are going to leave all the bricks behind, and we hope that another assortment of good readable exchanges will come to us so that we can say farewell next month with a compliment for everyone.

We have always believed that the principle of "ladies first" was a good one, and so we begin our *The Randolph-Macon Tatler* January-February issue of *The Tatler*. *Copper and Moonstone* is good, and we don't blame Peter for being lured by that copper hair. The closing paragraph, though, makes us believe that he was as cold as his moonstone. *The Age of Innocence* is a good surprise story. *Love and the Poet* left us a bit up in the air: we should like to know if the two deserted ones continued to live opposite each other.

We are very much impressed with the seriousness with which the women of Meredith are taking their publication. The February *Acorn* has an abundance of highly creditable work of a type that is entirely too rare in college publications. The critical studies on Botticelli, Shelley, and Chaucer are exceptionally good, while the two articles on Shakespearean material, one on the Epicureanism of Falstaff and the other on the various influences that entered into the writing of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", show keen insight into the work of the dramatist. *Little Sister* gives due praise to a type of devotion and service worthy of highest honor. The review of Papini's *Life of Christ* is written in a very appreciative and helpful way. The two poems in the issue are good, especially Miss Warrick's *Jewels*.

The opening poem, *Peace*, of the February *Student* is quite satisfying. Mr. Roberson's *Notes on Philosophy* is an excellently prepared article; we shall look forward with interest toward the remaining articles of the series. *The Call for Stronger Internationalism* is timely. *After the Concert—the Make-up* is almost a case of "much ado about nothing." It is hardly more than an incident and not very well motivated; the switch to the present tense weakens the force a bit. *The Religious Impulse* presents in a brief form some well thought out points.

The March issue of the *Haverfordian* admirably sustains the high standard which that magazine has previously maintained. *Living Tablets* is short, but effectively written. *The Torch Extinguished* contains a subject for thought, well presented in verse. We wonder with the historian Prescott how much and how often the progress of truth has been retarded by the plundering of the soldier. *The Transition* is probably the better of the two stories in the issue, at least in technique. It reminds us strongly of Poe, and, taking it in connection with *The Deserted Pagoda*, a gloomy bit of atmosphere in verse, we wonder whether the *Haverfordian* is developing another such mentality. Mr. Prokosch above all has a sense of art.

The March issue of the *Magazine* contains some good short stories. The outstanding one is, of course, *Out of the Storm*. This piece of work by Mr. Simpson would do credit to any story writer; it abounds in moments of tense interest. *Gotta Match?* is dreadfully disappointing; we hate to see such an attractive girl run off with a "cake eater." *The Christmas Bandit* presents a tragic picture of, one would almost say, the irony of fate. *Another Other Wise Man* is perhaps not very realistic, but it is a good piece of imaginative writing. We take it that Mr. Shelby must have had wide experience with the dear girls, for his *The Feminine Code* shows that he



almost understands what they mean by what they say. The article on *Friendship* is an excellent bit of serious study. Of the poetry in the issue we especially like the *Sonnets* and the *Winds of Summer*.

There is an abundance of good material in the February *Carolinian*. The two short stories are very interesting. In *The Sun Comes Up* the atmosphere is handled admirably. *The Carolina Liar's Convention* confirmed the suspicion which we already had that hair oil affects the mind or that only affected minds affect hair oil, whichever you prefer. In translating from "*Il Curatore*" Mr. Abel has chosen a very striking incident and has put it into admirable English. In *The Burning of Columbia* Mr. Floyd seems to present his facts with authority. Now that the wound is healed, we should like to place this crime along with the other forgiven ones that were due to the passions of war. Mr. D. W. S. seems to have made his ease in *Nature, Fashions, and Immorality*, yet we believe that also the other side of the question could be presented with some force. As in *Though He Were Dead* many a man has found himself in the face of a great crisis; our hearts go out to the mothers whose sons went down with the ill-fated Cyclops. *The Soul of the Organ* is perhaps the best poem in the issue.

The February issue of the *Criterion* is rather brief. The articles on Wilson and on Washington are well written and timely. Miss Stevenson has compiled some interesting figures in *The Columbia Woman's Status in Present Day Vocations*. If the material in *An Old Mystery* is original, Miss Ford has succeeded in presenting a very striking picture; in any case the story is quite interesting. *What He Found in the West* is somewhat brief, but it is good.

The February *Erothesian* is somewhat better abounded than former issues of that magazine have been, but even yet the literary material does not occupy half of the issue. Most of the articles are interesting. *Education Erothesian on the Move* is very similar to other such articles that have appeared in former issues of the *Erothesian*. *Leaves From a College Girl's Diary* carries us on a bit further in a running account of a college girl's life. *Teachers—and Teachers* is a

very interesting sketch. *The Lost Reward* is a well presented bit of legendary material. *Laughter* is an admirably worked out article on the various forms of that familiar exercise. We think well of Miss Rice's poem, *Joys of Nature*.

The March *Journal* contains an abundance of good material. This is the first issue of the *Journal* that we have commented on, and we are delighted to see that our Methodist neighbor is offering such an excellent magazine. The four stories in the issue are all creditable. *Three Score Years and Ten* grips the interest as if the events related were actually true; (we wonder, though, where Mr. Wynn found that word "fastly"). *Saved by the Red Dragon* indicates a very clear appreciation of the modern Southern Negro. *The Dilemma* is good, but a bit unreal and perhaps slightly too pious in parts. *An Uncousining* completes the quartette and is an altogether pleasing story. Of the two sketches, we think *Mum Betsy* far superior to *The Novel Laboratory*; we have not in our experience met a very large number of hypocritical ministers. The essay on *The Passion Play* is very informing and highly interesting. *Robert E. Lee* is a timely appreciative essay on the life and character of the great and beloved hero of our Southland.

The March issue of the *Magazine* has the usual amount of good material. Both of the short stories are admirably handled. *The Test* is a real tragedy, and *One Fine Afternoon* is saved from being a tragedy only by the eleventh hour interposition of a nest of yellow jackets. Of the articles in a lighter vein, *Heh* presents a very illuminating objective (we hope) study of a matter very close to some readers, and *Alfred in Puppet Land* had us forgetting that Alfred was in puppet land just about as often as that worthy himself did. We would suggest that the writer of *Publica Americana Magna* take a week at the seashore or somewhere else to cure him of the grouch. We are glad to learn from a co-ed in *What Carolina Has Meant to a Co-Ed* that the women are beginning to enter into the spirit and to feel themselves a part of the place. *What Becomes of the Big Men?* is an interesting study in futures and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions.

# Wayside Wares

*The keys of the Wayside Warehouse (where many an old jest is kept in storage) have been for the time being entrusted to us, and we have looked around to see what we could find. But Pallas Athena is not the goddess of Laughter, and Bacchus has been exiled by Constitutional Amendment. The best we can do is to sharpen our wits and our scissors, and let the sparks fly. You know that old one of Cicero's (before the recent Russian invasion and before Rudy had become every young maiden's secret valentino) when he saw a professional male dancer—said Cicero, said he: "the better, the worse." And this is our apology: the worse our jokes are, the better you will like them; for they will give you a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. You know the feeling.*

—SIGMA Upsilon HUMOR COMMITTEE.

## LET'S LAUGH!

“Over 100 Per Cent on Morris Street.”—Headline in *Durham Herald*. Can you beat it?

### Higher Criticism—by a Freshman

“The Ancient Mariner's crime was the killing of the Alabassar.” (Happily, no international complications ensued.)

### Motto for Blue Books

“A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.”

### From the Arabic

If few butnuh owbar ditz  
Tomb ache age oak that snew,  
Youwd neve raska gen. Gwiz  
It smoarth an Ike an dew.

How far can a fellow go and get back safe?

“Did you see the girl I was with last night?”  
“Yes, but she sure was cross-eyed.”  
“She's a fine girl, though.”  
“Hanged if she looks straight.”

### The So-Called Moving Picture in Education

The English Department regularly has a representative at the Paris, in order to keep up with the stories in English 2.

Co-ed: “I was so confused I—”

Unco-ed: “Yes. I hear you confused Wordson and Tennyworth.”

### Something New in Fiction

BY THE SOPHIS

Sir Walter Scott: “The Harp of Melodian.”

The same: “The Antiquarian,” explained as where they keep fish.

(Instructor's comment: “Poor fish.”)

The same: “Emulsion.”

### The Honor System

Student (coming into English Office during examination): “Are you sure, Professor, we had four stories by Kipling this term? We just been talking it over and can't think of but three.”

(This is no joke.)

It is with eee that I eat my pppp,  
'Cause I mash 'em on my bread.  
I just shut my iiii and then look yyyy,  
And shovel 'em into my head.

### End of a Perfect Story

“—then she fell quivering into his outstretched arms, sobbing and crying happily, ‘Ah, Mah Jongg, Mah Jongg!’”

He: “When Greek meets Greek—”

She: “Yes, I know; they start a restaurant. That's so old it's rotten.”

He: “But when cheek meets cheek,”

She: “Oh, that another story. Let's hear.”

Impatient diner, to waiter: "Ever been to the Zoo?"

Waiter: "Why, no sir."

I. D.: "Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the turtles whiz past you."

### Helpful Hints

Vice is full of thrills for those who haven't tried it. No man is educated until he has learned the importance of details. No man is cultured until he has learned the importance of trivial things.

Real life has no railing.

We begin by creeping. How many ever learn to walk upright?

### Ballad

If Ni is White and Bull is Brown,  
What, think you, are the rest?  
Which one, I mean, is red, or green?  
Or is no color best?

Monsieur Guilbert, il n'est pas vert.  
Steinhauser ist nicht gelb . . .  
But this is the best that I can do,  
For colors have we all too few,  
Though maybe Flowers will help.

### Faculty Corner

Pep—Peppler—(no superlative).

Who are our best pianists? Professors Mason and Hamlin.

### The Logic of History

"If the Stamp Act was worth a Revolution, then Prohibition is worth a massacre and an earthquake."

But when was human nature ever logical? Frinstance, there's compulsory Chapel. The man who cuts Chapel is no better than a bootlegger. A scow-flaw. Think of it!

A joke is something you expect your friends to laugh at.

How can a fellow read II Kings 9, 30 or Ezek. 23, 40 and not be a modernist?

A joke in the class-room is a pure blessing. But the second one is like cold mashed potato.

Between East Dnrham and West Durham extends the raging Main.

### Fashion Note (For Amateur Dramatics)

The bath-robe may be safely worn on all occasions. It becomes the retired actor in mixed after-dinner company more than his pronunciation of *theAter*, and 'tis mightiest in the ceremonial wedding march of the ancient Hebrews.

### An Easy Ride

Newly-Installed President of the Memorial Epworth League in His Address of Welcome: "Anyone who wishes to join the League tonight will give his name to the secretary as he passes out on a slip of paper."

Teacher: "Johnnie, what does LXX mean?"  
Johnnie: "Love and kisses."

Our notion of simon-pure optimism is the "Keep off the Grass" sign adorning the barren terrace of our Woodland Stage.

### Hint for Dean Hunt

KEEP OFF THE ONIONS
---------------------------

### From Our Immediate Contemporaries

"He was very indigenous toward her."

"The man was deeply affected by his death."

"Cosmos: that which produces cosmotie results. Example: Cosmos can be bought at a drug store."

"An abstract noun is a noun abstracted from another noun."

"I was all ready to go, suitcase packed and full of excitement."

**A Country Store**

My Uncle Jim, he owns that store—  
Look, there he sits beside the door,  
All leanin' back.

You know, I like to visit him,  
'Cause now his eyesight's gettin' diu—  
'Tis, for a fae'.

An' 'en he always keeps on han'  
A lot of candy 'n cake—oh man!  
It's easy foun'.

You see, I kinder sidle in  
An' talk a while, an' 'en begin  
To reach aroun'.

First thing I grab is choc'late drops.  
An' 'ough I eat, he never stops—  
His talkin' lasts.

An' while I hunt fo' pepamints  
An' ginger snaps, he kinder squints  
His eyes an' asts,

"Now Joe, what's that you're doin' there?  
(Come 'ere and sit down in this chair,  
Where I can see."

"Oh nothin', Uncle Jim," I'd say,  
"Except I saw a mouse this way:  
He's in the tea."

An' while I eat, I try to fill  
My pants with cake an' such until  
I e'u hardly walk.

Yep, there he sits, my Uncle Jim;  
I surely like to visit him—  
My! he can talk.

Bell-hop: "Did you ring, sir?"  
"No, I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

The f. s. seem to think that the more they display,  
the more attractive they become. But in ninety-nine  
cases out of a hundred it simply isn't so.

Last summer they boasted their right to bare arms.  
This winter they had flesh-color stockings. What is  
there left? That remains to be seen.

**Variations on Another Old One—Add Your Own**

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"  
"That wasn't no lady, that was my wife."  
"That wasn't no street, that was an alley."  
"That wasn't night, it was morning."  
"That wasn't me, that was a darn fool."  
"That wasn't—"

**Made in England**

Said the Tooth-paste to the Tooth-brush: "Squeeze  
me, and I'll meet you outside the Tube."

If Bug 2 is bug-even, what is Bug 3?

**No Man Is a Hero—**

"Sir Walter, 'e's been drinkin' again, 'e 'as," said  
Raleigh's valet. "'E's been rollin' in the mud, 'e  
'as."

**Ideal College Girl in Upper Iowa University**

"(1) She should not be under sixteen or over  
twenty-eight.

"(2) She should be physically strong and healthy.  
The development of the mental capacities is much  
more certain to be normal in quality and rapid in  
quantity when the physical powers are strong. She  
should therefore swim, skate, and hike with pleasure.

"(3) She should devote proper time in her schedule  
of work to those activities not connected with her class  
work. The girl who gives her entire time to the  
preparation of her class assignments fails to secure the  
complete and liberal education and preparation for  
life which should be a part of every girl's training.  
The ideal girl is not, therefore, necessarily the one  
whose grades are the highest.

"(4) She should be genuinely feminine in all her  
conducts and ideals. She should not forget the high  
and exalted place she holds in the world of morals  
and etiquette.

"(5) She should be full of life, hope, and optimism.

"(6) She recognizes completely and humbly the  
authority of the Creator of the universe. Irreligion  
and independent attitude of mind on religious mat-  
ters will certainly prevent the highest success in col-  
lege work and hamper and ultimately completely de-  
stroy the success that might be attained in later life."

(Continued on page 330)

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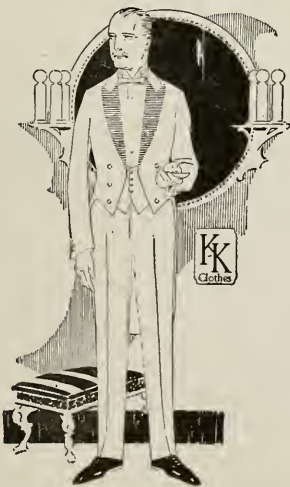
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*Easter and the Spring Season*

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*Tuxedos*

**\$45**

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Rogers Co.**

## Behind the "Bang" of the Glee Club

(Continued from page 310)

remember very well such an occasion during the trip. It was at Davenport College, where we had given a concert. Following the concert, we were being entertained by the girls at a reception. I was standing near one of our directors; in fact, I was so near that I could hear him as he talked to one of the pretty Davenport students. "Yes, ma'm," he said, "I'm a freshman. The boys call me 'Freshman Jim' . . . Yes, the work is pretty hard at Triunity. I'm very much afraid that I'm going to flunk Bull Brown's English." Of course I did not give him away, but I must confess, it was a little difficult to conceal my amusement.

When the Glee Club is giving a concert in a town, it is usually sponsored by the Trinity Alumni Association of that town or by the Methodist churches of the community, and these organizations usually entertain the boys. They are entertained in pairs at the various homes. The greatest influence of the club, I sometimes think, is through the presence of the boys in the homes of the various communities. The people entertaining the boys get an opportunity to learn about the College and its activities, and they often judge the student-body of the College by the type of boy which they see on the Glee Club. The boys realize this influence, and strive at all times to appear as gentlemen.

The freedom from study and the entertainments which the boys get while on the trips are a source of great pleasure to them, but the trips afford them far greater benefits than mere pleasure. They get the benefit of the travel, and travel alone has been called an education. The boys see the different places in the State, and meet people in all sections of the State. During the four years that I have been a member of the club, I have been in practically every important town in North Carolina, and have toured Virginia. I shall always remember the people whom I met on these trips, especially those by whom I was entertained in the various towns and cities. To me these trips have been one of the most valuable things of my college life.

Not to be exaggerated is the value to the students individually of their association together. On the

Glee Club tours the boys are thrown closer together than at any other time. Each sees the other at his best, and in their unity of purpose, real friendships are born. In future days it will be the memory of the Glee Club pals and Glee Club experiences which these boys will recall most fondly. Who, for instance, among the boys of the club of 1922-23 will ever forget the trip to Grove Park Inn when they were at Asheville, or the delightful day they spent together at Wrightsville Beach when they went to Wilmington? Who will forget the night that Walter Turrentine sang his composition *Her Name is Lucille* when Lucille was in the audience? (Who of the club of 1921-22 will forget the argument between the two fat members of the club who had been sleeping together during the trip: each insisted that he caught the itch from the other. The argument was finally settled by the director, who persuaded them that it was the lot of every college boy to contract a case of the itch once during his four years at college.) Surely, it would be difficult to forget these and many other humorous incidents which have happened during these Glee Club tours. Our future years will treasure the memory of these four years of college life, but Glee Club pals, trips, and experiences will always be the most cherished of all memories.



## To His Young Cup Bearer

(CATULLUS 27)

COME, boy with thy Falernian  
 And fill our cups with wine,  
 As bids the mistress of our feast  
 Who loves the lusty vine.\*

Away with water. Take it hence  
 For sober souls. Come, stack us  
 Full up, full up, a brimming cup!  
 The unthinned juice of Bacchus!

\* (After all, Catullus is too modern for undiluted translation. The original of this line, literally translated, is "our president, Postumia, more drunken than a drunken grape-seed.")

—NEWMAN I. WHITE.

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PHONE 1391

*Alph Parker's Engagement*

(Continued from page 314)

band as he was leaving the house, "Clara said there is a special sale of refrigerators on at Bailey's; I wish you'd go by and price some."

Mindful of this injunction Mr. Biddle dropped in at Bailey's on his way to work.

"Hello, Maek," he called to the proprietor, who was lolling comfortably in an old unpainted rush-bottom chair tilted back against a big iron range. The latter brought his chair down with a thump, leaped over to deposit into a dirty earthenware cuspidor a brown stream of tobacco juice, and looked up.

"Hello, Jim," he responded amicably. "what c'n I do for you?"

"Nothing much," Mr. Biddle answered. "The old lady wants me to look at some refrigerators. I understand you got a sale on."

"Yep," returned Maek, otherwise Mr. Bailey, proprietor and clerk of Bailey's Hardware Store. "Yep," he nodded. "got just what you're looking for. Come right back here."

Mr. Biddle followed him behind a huge stack of tobacco flues to the rear of the store, where arrayed in front of a large barred window was a number of new refrigerators. A discussion of the merits of the various makes was entered upon.

"Now here's a beaut'," Maek vouchsafed, pointing to an oak refrigerator of medium size, "and only seventy-five dollars."

"Seventy-five dollars!" echoed Mr. Biddle. "Humph, Maek," he went on, "it's a good thing old Alph Parker didn't come by to price a few furnishings before he popped the question; if he had, he'd a' kept his mouth shut."

"Well I'll be damned," Maek exclaimed, his jaw dropping. "has Alph Parker at last gone and asked Lissy Arrington to marry him, and she's been fool enough to say 'yes'?"

"Just so," Mr. Biddle replied.

"Well I'd a' swore them two would die single," Maek commented dryly. "Ain't that a pair, though," he mumbled.

Mr. Biddle agreed that it was, and went so far as to repeat for Maek's delectation portions of the Widow Blount's observations. So engrossed were they that neither heard the sound of the opening door

or the noise of uncertain steps that halted for a time in front of the screening pile of tobacco flues and then went out again.

During the following week the inhabitants of Marshville had only one topic of conversation, the engagement of Melissa and Alph. It was a seven days wonder: it hung on every tongue. To intensify matters, try as they would, people were absolutely unable, after the first two or three days, to catch sight of either of those concerned. The shutters on the front of Melissa's rambling, venerable gray house were kept tightly closed, and stranger still, all callers were forced to come away without their repeated knocks having evoked the slightest response. The Widow Blount, whose lot adjoined that of Melissa, had even resorted to the trick of throwing a hen over the fence onto the Arrington property, and then going in chase of the hen; even this ruse, however, was unproductive—quite to the contrary in fact, for the Widow gave up in disgust after she had lost a fine hen.

With Alph it was almost the same; when people stopped him on the street to congratulate him, to question or banter him, he mumbled something in reply and made off as soon as possible. Finally he disappeared from town altogether. His landlady reported that he had gone off on business for a few days.

After an absence of four days Alph returned. Upon being questioned his only reply was that he had "been to see his folks" who lived twelve miles out in the country from Marshville. On Saturday, the day following his return, he was seen by curious passers-by to be busily occupied in his little real-estate office, the door of which was securely locked.

Sunday morning was unusually bright and sunny. Mrs. Biddle, in order to have time to dress for church, was hurrying her preparations for putting dinner on to cook. All at once the kitchen door flew open, revealing to her astonished gaze the Widow Blount, out of breath and in wild disarray. One look at her protruding eyes and firm set mouth caused Mrs. Biddle to choke back a half-framed query and to stand eyeing her in the most profound amazement.

"Lucy," spoke the Widow in a hollow voice filled with foreboding. "Lucy, Alph Parker is dead . . . committed suicide!"

"Clara!" wailed Mrs. Biddle in horror, "you . . . you don't mean it."

Clara nodded slowly, as if each prolonged swing of her head were the tolling of a bell. "Yes," she said,

(Continued on page 326)



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novelties. We are anxious  
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and in every department  
have a complete line to  
suit his need and fancy.

*Remember*

If it's on the market  
you will find it here

*Alph Parker's Engagement*

(Continued from page 324)

"dead. Took poison . . . Mrs. Linney found him this morning . . . a little while ago . . . in bed. There was a bottle of poison tablets on the table."

"For pity sakes, Clara," Mrs. Biddle asked tremulously, "what made him do it?"

"The Lord only knows," the former stated, shaking her head deliberately. "It's a mystery to me—and poor Melissa," she pursued, "she's taken her bed. I wouldn't be surprised to hear of her going at any time."

The prophecy of the Widow Blount was not long in being fulfilled; within a week Melissa was dead. Before she died she had asked to be placed in a grave beside Alph, and this wish was gratified.

And the people of Marshville wondered; they never knew what led Alph Parker to take his own life, and, by his death, break the heart of Melissa. No, they never knew—and how could they? Alph was so queer, and he left not the slightest sign of a reason for his act; yet, if they could have followed in Alph's mind the succession of events that led up to his fatal resolution, they would have wondered the more.

He had gone into Bailey's store the day on which Mr. Biddle was there; he had overheard their bantering remarks about Melissa and himself. What he heard had burned deep into his very soul; he could not free himself from the terrible words, "tall and skinny . . . sawed-off and runty . . . what a pair." For two days he writhed inwardly, trying at the same time to endure meeting people—but how he recoiled from it! For two days he avoided Melissa; finally, on the third, he went to tell her of his impending trip to the country.

At home it was no better; his days were filled with agony. He could not sleep; a thousand little fears overwhelmed him, but above all the thought of being laughed at drove him to madness. For the first time he thought of how he and Melissa must look together; and it would be thus as long as they lived, everywhere they went. When he was tormented so, he would say to himself, "It is impossible; it must not be."

Finally the thought came to him, "Why not end it all by taking my life?" At first he rejected this idea with revulsion; gradually, however, it came to appear his only relief, the only escape, and he cherished it.

*The New State*

(Continued from page 315)

person, expressing every individual and group function within the State. The problem of achieving this Democracy, says Miss Follett, "is ultimately a question of education in the largest sense." The first need of the true Democracy is training for citizenship, "which must be trained for as we train to develop other capacities." This comes rather startlingly to us Americans who in our snug content have been taught that we have peculiar and inherent capacities for government and citizenship. The need for education to citizenship of certain classes is not only startling, but virtually to be told that as a people we have not the vaguest conception of true citizenship is rather disconcerting, to say the least.

Let the inadequacy of Representative Government be admitted, and such admission will then give rise to a very pertinent question: "Is the principle of the group as set forth in *The New State* sound political theory and remedial to the supposed deficiencies? If so, is it feasible?"

No one will refuse to agree with Miss Follett that the true Democracy is a desirable, indeed, an ideal, state of society. But how are we to create this Democracy in which every citizen is actively effective in the government? By education, as Miss Follett suggests? No, education itself cannot bring us the true Democracy; only a moral regeneration can do so. The obstacles to the true Democracy, says Nicholas Murray Butler, are "to be found in human nature itself, with its limitations, its imperfections, its seemingly slow progress toward the highest ethical standards, and the surest spiritual insights. *For the removal of these obstacles there is no hope in man-made formulas or in governmental policies.*" Acknowledging, then, that the obstacles to true Democracy are innate in human nature, we must also acknowledge the futility of overcoming these obstacles merely by education, even in its very largest sense. Miss Follett was describing her group principle to a friend, when he exclaimed: "Why, that is not Democracy; that is mysticism!" He was nearer the truth than Miss Follett would admit. Perhaps it is too severe to call her principle mysticism, for the principle itself is understandable, and its consummation is certainly to be desired. If the group principle is mysticism, however, it is obviously not a *practical* mysticism, for it is

(Continued on page 328)

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*The New State*

(Continued from page 326)

a principle of very rank idealism. The essential fallacy of Miss Follett's principle is that it overlooks the personal equation. The desire for personal gain, the desire to dazzle the galleries and to feature in the headlines, or the subtle desires of nationality will not permit the creation of a true group will by the integration of the wills of opposing persons or groups, whether in industrial disputes, political controversies, or in international affairs. Miss Follett says that wars and industrial disputes will continue as long as we continue to settle matters of industry and politics on a concessional and compromisal basis. The opposing persons and groups, she says, must acknowledge their differences and with this candid acknowledgment must proceed to work out a remedy most suited to the interests of both parties. This is a very excellent ideal, but human nature is not yet ready to settle the problems of the individual, of the group, or of the nation, on an integrated, give-and-take basis; and it is for this reason that we shall never have a true Democracy.

We can, however, look for the imperfect working out of Miss Follett's principle in such organizations as the Community Open Forum and in the numerous neighborhood groups formed for the purpose of promoting social welfare. When we turn, however, to the question of the neighborhood group becoming effective in the government and delivering us from the failures of our Representative system, it takes the most optimistic souls to sustain hope.

The most valuable contribution to political thought in *The New State* lies in its theory of the sovereignty of the State, which upholds wholly neither the monistic nor the pluralistic school. Lack of space and the technicalities of the subject, however, render it inadvisable to do more than mention the theory here.

Miss Follett's book is especially commendable to the college student for reading, both because of its stimulating and highly interesting thought, and also because of the fact that it is essential for college students to be acquainted with the growing apprehension of the failures of Representative government, and that the most serious of writers on political science are earnestly attempting to bring out a successful substitute for it as it exists today. Miss Follett is abundantly optimistic and confident of the correctness

of her theory, and even though one might disagree with her on fundamental points, yet the stimulation of thought and the pleasure derived from contact with such an optimistic spirit are many times worth the time required for reading the book. Miss Follett has a lucid, entertaining style; above all, she has the directness and forcefulness necessary for the clear exposition of a theory.

*O. Henry's Life*

(Continued from page 313)

It was later proved that he was innocent of the accusation. Because of perfect conduct, he was released after three year's imprisonment. While in prison he wrote his first twelve stories, and assumed his pseudonym, O. Henry.

In the spring of 1902 he moved to New York City, where he spent the remainder of his days. It was in New York that O. Henry's genius culminated. He first published his *Cabbages and Kings*, which gives a picture of his Latin American experiences. His real flowering period began in December 1903, when he signed a contract with the *New York World* for a story a week. The price was a hundred dollars a story. During the first month of his contract he contributed not only the required four stories to the *Sunday World*, but one each to *Ainslee's*, *McClure's*, and *Everybody's*. He maintained a record of rapid production of stories for some time, but by 1907 there was a marked falling off in the number but not in the quality of the stories. Ill health had gripped him, and inspiration lagged. His total output of stories, if we omit fragments and early extravaganzas, is two hundred and fifty.

O. Henry's fatal illness seized him early in 1907, but he continued to write good stories until his death. The end came on June 5, 1910, in a New York hospital. He was buried in Asheville, North Carolina, near the home of his second wife, Miss Sara Coleman. Into his last story, *Let Me Feel Your Pulse*, he has woven the initial stages of his fatal illness and his brave but unavailing fight for life among the mountains of his native state. His grave is visited annually by throngs of tourists, and a nation-wide movement is already under way to erect a monument that shall testify fittingly if not adequately to the admiration and affection held for this popular short-story writer by his thousands of readers.

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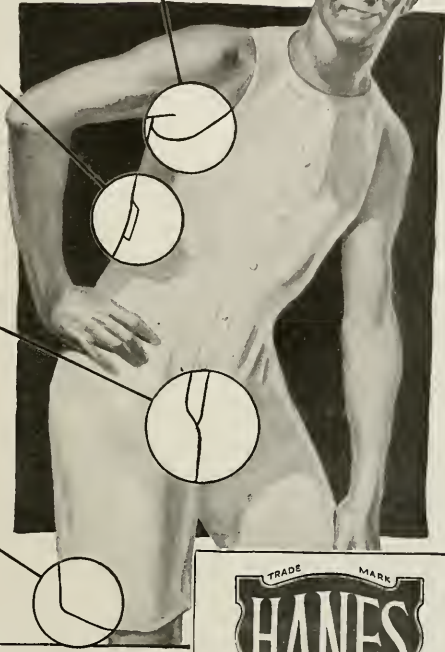
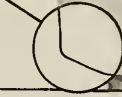
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(Continued from page 320)

## TRINITY COLLEGE C. R.

(From the Files in the English Office)



TRINITY COLLEGE is a small college—or better, to avoid the KRep—Trinity is a small college of one thousand (1000)—either or both—students;—that is, it is large in respect to having 1000 students, and in some other respects too, though these need not be mentioned now; but, on the other hand, it is small in respect to its organization—in certain ways, of course, though not in all; for example I mean in respect to the kindly attitude of the Dean and many of the Professors, though these are not always so kindly either in all respects and on all occasions, and also in respect to the size of some of the sections or classes; for though these are really too large, I mean they are arranged like they were small, being numerous in numbers but not in number—if you understand what I mean; and furthermore, in respect to Chapel, which is really the Announcement Hour, though thought by some to be a half hour of worship, which I say, is sometimes well attended, as when the football sweaters are given away, and sometimes not so well; and which (I mean Chapel) has also sometimes two pianos—which is more than most chapels have, though they do not both go at once,—and which occurs five days each week, the other two being for rest, which you see is a little bit better than Scripture measure and is much appreciated by all, though it does seem too bad to make so many students say they went when they didn't of course; but they soon learn from that Representative Short Story, after they have been here a year (or sometimes more) about the boy who lied and stuck to it and found afterwards that he had told the truth, that they were probably right after all, which is what really counts,—well, to resume, Trinity (College) is a large (or small) college, as explained above, (or both), which is situated in Dnrham, North Carolina, though really part of it is not in Durham but in West Durham, or rather between Durham proper (if I may say so) and West Durham.

Now, Durham is a large town, or small city, according as you look at it, but I will not try to explain any further, as I had so much trouble before with those adjectives, and Woolley 221 g  $\frac{3}{8}$  says a sentence

should not be too stringy and tough on the Readers, so I had better stop right here,—and so I will. Now Durham is a great little city. It has the loudest automobile horns of all other cities in the Country, and this is a great thing, for when you are driving and you see a street-corner, you just step on it and push the horn good and hard and nothing ever happens; and it is a great thing for the people on the street, because it keeps some of them awake, or tends to, and it reminds them that this is a great little city, with so much traffic and all. Or if you have a date to go out with your girl, you just have to stop out in front and blow your horn a dozen times or so, good and long, and her mother will say, "Goodness, Mamie, don't put so much powder on your face. I reckon I hear Sam waiting for you now." Dnrham has many other noises too, besides the odor of tobacco on warm afternoons, such as: factory whistles, which begin to blow before you are up, and dogs barking, especially on the college campus, and a big bell, which is up in a sort of water-tower like they have along the railroads, and finally the railroads themselves, which pass right under our windows and blow and let off steam just when the professor is saying something fine. Also it is said that the men who stand on Main Street can spit the farthest of any men in the Country. And anyway it is generally better to walk close to the store windows unless you have got your raincoat on. The other people of Durham are very nice too.

I would like to tell about our dear Professors, but I must hasten to my end. There is one, for instance, who talks to us in Chapel so motherly, and there is one who knows so many stories and is so funny, and another who talks so loud on class but has trouble, I think, with his voice, and another who is young and is thought by many to be so good-looking, and so forth.

Thus in conclusion I may say that though Trinity College is a very noisy college and Dnrham is very small, yet with all its ills we love it to a fault.



## Uplift Note

The attention of the Dean is hereby called to an improper sign in the Dope Shop. On the door, as you go out, you read: "Turn to the Left." It should read, of course: "Turn to the Right." One always should. Besides, if you did turn to the left, you would land at the Shack or Dr. Few's or heaven only knows where.

## Carolina Power & Light Co.

DURHAM, N. C.

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# GAS

AND DISTRIBUTORS

OF

GAS APPLIANCES

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can do it better with GAS"*

YOU'LL BE SATISFIED WITH LIFE  
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Bigger and better stocks than ever before. Fabrics of all wool, in new Springtime shades. Designed to give distinction and prices without extravagance. Made in our own tailoring plants and sold direct to wearer. Our enormous buying power and scientific manufacturing enables us to offer suits at a saving of \$5.00 to \$10.00.

*Back to Pre-War Prices Is Our Slogan*

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Pants \$2.95, \$3.95, \$4.95, \$5.95

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DINNER—just like mother used to cook*

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Continuous 11 to 11

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OF DURHAM

Faculty, students, publications, fraternities, and societies of Trinity College will find us well qualified by our long experience to handle their accounts with the highest degree of satisfaction.

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OF DURHAM

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Start the season off right by buying your Clothing, Hats and Furnishings from us. We are always glad to serve you.

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are covered in detail in the  
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## The Durham Morning Herald

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# THE Trinity ARCHIVE



Price 25 Cents

May Number

Vol. XXXVI. No. 8

PUNCH

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*"Ask the folks who use it."*

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Same Place—Better Service—More Beautiful

Ladies and mens' belts, college jewelry, athletic supplies, Trinity fraternity and Sorority stationary, toilet articles, magazines, sweaters and Parker fountain pens.

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Knight  
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DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE  
AT THE RIGHT PRICE

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*The Cafeteria Way*

*We Specialize in*

FRATERNITY FEEDS  
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To solve the "Eternal Clothes Question" wend your merry way to The Fashion where frocks of youth and up-to-the-minute styles are the first consideration.

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We sell everything for men, women and children to wear and eat—also furniture and housewares. We invite your patronage, and we render real service plus honest values to merit same.

*It is our aim to serve you well*

## Court Square Drug Co.

*"Sudden  
Service"*

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Telephone 104

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ways welcome at this Bank.

Open an account with us  
today

Resources over \$7,000,000.00

WE OFFER  
A COMPLETE LINE

*of*

## STUDENT LAMPS

*and*

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In Business for Your Health and Pleasure

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Hot Dogs — Cold Drinks — Ice Cream  
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*Welcome, College Students!*

*WE are glad to have you back with us, and it is our wish that this term be one of success for yourselves and the splendid institution you are identified with. Come to see us and feel at home in our store.*

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Always in the Lead with the Newest Fashions

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34 - STORES AND STILL GROWING - 34

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CAFETERIA *a la carte* DINING ROOM

Private Dining Rooms

Sorority, Fraternity and Class Banquets a Specialty

Trinity Students Are Always Welcome

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# The Trinity Archive

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C.

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Volume XXXVI

May, 1924

Number 8

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The ARCHIVE is published on the fifteenth of each month, October to May inclusive, by the senior class at Trinity College. It is the purpose of the editorial and managerial staffs to make the magazine one of the best in the South, to give expression to the thoughts of the students, and to



stimulate literary interest among them. Contributions from Trinity students, alumni, and faculty are solicited. It is urged that all manuscript be typewritten and in the hands of the editors not later than the twentieth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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# Editorial

## Our Farewell

AS THE ARCHIVE of the Class of 1924 goes to press for the last time, we feel that we must extend to our patrons and contributors a farewell and final word of appreciation for the hearty coöperation which they have given us during the year; for, although we are proud of the distinctive honor which was bestowed on our product at the recent convention of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association, we insist that one finds greater pleasure in the actual achieving of such honors rather than in the realization that he has won the distinction; and we insist that proud and happy as we may be that to the ARCHIVE goes the honor for the best college literary magazine in the State, there was greater pleasure in the actual work of getting out the ARCHIVE which would merit this distinction. But for the coöperation of the students, faculty, and friends we are sure that the 1924 ARCHIVE would not have been possible. We are very grateful to them for their assistance, and we hope that the editors of the future ARCHIVE will meet with the same coöperation.



## Why is an Editorial?

THIS is the season when one generally suffers most from the what's-the-use complex. Right now we want to know, rather seriously, what's the use of editorials in a college magazine. Is it to influence student opinion? That field has long since been dominated by deans, movies, sporting-pages, co-eds, and Menckens. The college literary magazine is not a popular influence; it affects only a small minority of students who contribute, who are friends of contributors, who are contributed about, or who cherish a somewhat self-conscious and shamefaced feeling that literary aspirations, no matter how immature, are respectable because they are aspirations. These folks are really Victorians and so naturally keep under cover as much as possible. Even these people, if pressed, will admit that they read the editorials in the college magazine last or not at all.

If we determine to mix into current college events, advise the dean as to some problem of discipline, comment on the condition of athletics, or warn students not to make paths across the grass, our pronouncement is *ex post facto*—the tumult and the shouting has died while we are still in press. The dean has disciplined the drunks, the team has recovered itself or lost itself as the case may be, and Dean Hunt has blocked off the incipient paths with Verbotens.

If we eschew purely student affairs and enter Welt-politik with some thoughtful suggestions about the new Trinity, or the need for more instructors, or stricter entrance requirements for freshmen, some one is sure to say sh-h-h! And if we didn't sh-h-h we should be sure to butt into something of which we didn't know the ins and outs and so come to feel more foolish than is our wont.

Well, then, what's the use? Why not chuck it, omit the editorial page? Sometimes we think this is exactly what should be done. Then contributors fail us and we have to pad out the editorial page in order to conceal the defection.

One hope remains. We might make the thing purely and frankly a vehicle for flaunting our personality. We have suspected Mr. Mencken of doing this; why not Menckenize our page? We could lose our drab personality in a riot of self-assertion. We could be funny as we pleased; we could blaspheme if we choose; we could preach (how we should enjoy preaching); we could tell everybody to go to the devil; we could jazz her up. And then we could catch the 5:08 for Greensboro for points north and south.



## What the Manager Has to Say

WITH THIS issue another volume of the Trinity ARCHIVE is completed and becomes one of the pages in the history of periodicals at Trinity College. The death of volume thirty-six gives birth to the new volume, thirty-seven; and here, juniors, is where the oldest publication at the College begins to be more

than "the Monthly Magazine" of your college and becomes a task and responsibility for each and every one of you.

The ARCHIVE of this year has risen from being merely a collection of advertisements, with a few pages of reading matter thrown in to fill up space, to the lofty perch of, if we take the North Carolina Inter-collegiate Press Association's vote for it, the best college magazine in North Carolina. This statement should not be taken merely as an assembly of a few incoherent words, but it should be regarded seriously because it is really a standard that every son and daughter of Trinity will expect the ARCHIVE to live up to in the future.

In order to accomplish this task not only the cooperation of the junior class is necessary, but also that of the student body as a whole. With this in mind and with a year of management as the basis of criticism, we wish to make some suggestions about the future ARCHIVE.

The weakest thing about the magazine during the past year has been the circulation. The number of subscribers has been much smaller than that of any college magazine of the State. Although the ARCHIVE is edited by the senior class, only about forty per cent of the class of '24 subscribed to it. This is evidence enough of the lack of support. Because of the fact that it is backed by the senior class the members of the other classes take the attitude that it is no concern of theirs, and they show even a greater lack of support than the senior class. The ARCHIVE, however, is a publication of the senior class in name only; and every student of Trinity is expected to contribute both financial support and material for publication. So we would urge that next year when the managers begin taking subscriptions that you do not take the attitude that it is somebody else's publication and that somebody else can subscribe to it, but give your support one hundred per cent strong and induce others to do likewise. If this is done, the ARCHIVE can be made much larger, more interesting, and more attractive; and next year instead of being an All-State publication, it will bid fair to be an All-Southern magazine.

The make-up of the ARCHIVE has been criticized by some. A few critics maintain that the magazine con-

tains too many advertisements and not enough reading matter. We would like to remind these people that the publication of a first class magazine involves considerable expense. Any open-minded man can see, then, that the less subscriptions the publication has the more advertisements must be had in order to make a success of the enterprise. As a general rule, those people who criticize the magazine most severely are those who support it in no way whatever. We would urge, again, that you criticize less and support more; and the ARCHIVE will come nearer reaching the standard you desire.

We do not want you to think that we are trying to dictate to you, but we have just a few more suggestions that we would like to make before laying down our managerial duties. First of all, the size of the magazine should by all means remain the same, for the present size was determined only after a very thorough study of college magazines; and it is the only one which can handle foreign advertisements. Also, a contemplated change in size will arouse the opposition of the library officials because it will put them to much inconvenience in filing.

In the second place, the cover design should remain the same. When we went about the selection of the cover design last fall, we tried to find something which could be adopted by on-coming classes. In this we attempted to set a precedent for other classes to follow. The owl, which has remained perched on the same limb throughout all the issues, should be succeeded by the lynx of the class of '25; and he should guard the blue and white colors during the coming year. The cuts at the bottom can be changed monthly, and in this way representative scenes of the campus can be shown to the ARCHIVE's readers.

Trinity has not yet reached the stage where she can afford a humorous and a literary magazine, too; so by combining the two a very creditable magazine can be put out—one that will do credit both to the institution and to the student body at large.

This is our farewell; so we wish you all the best of success in life.

W. J. BULLOCK, Business Manager,  
1923-24 Trinity ARCHIVE.



# Dreamy Eyes

H. C. SPRINKLE, JR.



ASSAPIINE, come here and help me with these dishes. What you standing there looking out the window for? Don't you know there's work to be done?" It was the querulous voice of Mrs. Larrimore, and the pretty girl, who stood gazing out upon one of those gorgeous sunsets which entrance the tourists in the mountains of western North Carolina, came back to earth with a shiver.

"Yes, mamma, I was dreaming, I guess," she answered.

"Dreaming?" snapped her mother. "You haven't done anything but dream since you got back from Greensboro. Where'd you go to this afternoon? I'd counted on you getting supper and didn't get back from Mrs. Watkins' till late, and you wasn't here."

"I just went for a walk in the woods,—up to the Big Pine."

Lassie did not tell her mother why she had been so late in returning from the Big Pine, which since childhood had been her favorite spot in the big woods which covered the mountain slope back of the little Larrimore home in the littler village of Trimbald.

"If I was you, I'd stay way from up there, Lassie. They're cutting the woods on the other side of the mountain now, and they ain't no telling who you might meet up with up there."

"I hear they're going to cut down all the timber on this side, too," said Lassie, to turn the conversation from her afternoon walk.

"What? Who told you that?" challenged Mrs. Larrimore.

"That's what I heard."

The kitchen door opened, and the girl's father came in. He was dressed in the overalls of a working man, and showed the strain of many years of toil in sun and wind and rain, but his face was a pleasant one. For though his mouth was hidden by a rugged moustache, his eyes smiled and sparkled with mischief, the evidence of eternal youth.

"What's that my pretty Dreamy-eyes has heard?" he asked with a smile.

"That they're going to cut the timber on this side of the mountain," answered his wife before the girl could speak.

"Well, I reckon not. Right smart little piece of them woods is mine, and I guess I'll squirrel-hunt up there for quite a while yet. Old man Watkins offered to buy it off'n me the other day, but he didn't want it bad enough.

"Mamma, where's the axe? I reckon I better split a little kindling for your fire in the morning."

"I saw you taking it out to the well-house this morning," said his wife. "Looks like you could keep up with it."

The old man didn't pause to reply, but went on out to the well-house, and while the two women finished cleaning up in the kitchen, he engaged himself at the wood-pile.

When the work was done in the kitchen, the wife and daughter went out on the front porch and sat silently enjoying the cool of the evening.

Lassie resumed her dreaming and yearning for what she could not speak about to her mother. It had been her father who insisted on her going to college; her mother couldn't see why the girl shouldn't stay and help with the house-work. The four boys were all married now, or old enough to be, and there was not so much cooking and cleaning to be done for the father and mother and daughter, as there had been when all the boys were at home. But now Lassie would have to stay home with her parents. She expected to teach in the village school the following winter, and the prospect was not bright.

Lassie was a beautiful, talented girl of twenty, born with an instinct for social life. She longed for the chance of the girl who lived in the city, where big, high-powered automobiles glide over paved streets, where there's always something to do; where there are dinners and dances and afternoon teas; where one could associate with desirable men.

She loved her simple mountain home, but what she longer for was a palatial mansion with butlers in livery and art galleries and the luxuries of high life. She longed to winter pleasantly at Palm Beach, and there was bitter disappointment in the fact that she

was to be the village schoolmarm instead. Why, there wasn't one single attractive youth in Timberlake. Of course there was Enoch Watkins, but he didn't appeal to Lassie at all. He was just the kind of fellow she would marry some day, though, if something didn't happen. She shuddered.

And then she thought, too, of the big, brawny lumberjack whom she had met up on the mountain that afternoon. He had invaded the sacred precincts of her beloved Big Pine with an air of self-possession and mastery which she resented, but with an air of gentility which she wondered at and admired. In spite of his rough woodsman's clothing, corduroy breeches and khaki shirt, and leather puttees, he seemed to have the elements of refinement in his make-up. Vividly she remembered the open, handsome face of the stranger and the "elegant manner" in which he had conducted himself. This certainly was no ordinary lumberjack.

They had talked of the loveliness of the mountains in early summer, as though he had been a tourist instead of a lumberjack. Lassie had told him about her attachment to the Big Pine which towered above them, and they had remarked about its size and beauty.

"Trees are beautiful," he said, "but the beautiful must be sacrificed for service. You love this old tree here, but your Big Pine must go along with the rest; for the company I am working with is going to begin on this side of the mountain before fall, and in another year there won't be a sapling worth noticing on the whole mountain."

Lassie wondered. All that she knew about him was that his name was Jack Bowlder, that he was a gentleman, and that when their eyes met at parting there had been a fluttering of her heart. He was employed by the company which was stripping the other side of the mountain bare of timber.

As the stars took their places in the darkening sky, the two women sat there in silence. When it had got quite dark, the father's voice was heard in the back part of the house.

"Mamma, where's my lantern?"

Mrs. Larrimore went in to help find his lantern so that he could go milk the cow. Dad would never milk in the summer or winter until it was quite dark, a whim of his which his wife could never persuade him to give up.

The mother did not come back to sit with Lassie, but went on to bed, saying that she was tired and

sleepy; so Lassie decided to go up and watch her father milk just as she had done when she was a child, and to tell him, her only confidant, about the man she had met that afternoon.

"Well, Lassie, did you bring your little pint cup like you used to?" asked her father as she came up to the barn.

"Yes, Dad, I got lousome."

"I reckon it's pretty lonesome for you around here anyhow, ain't it, girlie?" he sympathized, filling her cup with warm milk.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and just think about them cutting down all the woods, and my Big Pine, too."

"Who told you they were going to cut down your Big Pine, daughter?" he asked with interest.

"Oh, that's what I wanted to tell you about." And Lassie told him exactly what she knew and thought about the man she had met that afternoon, even to the flutter of the heart.

"Mebbe he was joking about the timber on this side, though," her father suggested.

"No, Dad, I asked him particularly about it, and he said that the company he was working for was planning to clear off all these mountains around here."

"If that's true, daughter, your old daddy might sell out and move to the city and buy his little girl a big automobile and be somebody. How would that suit you?"

"Oh, Dad, won't that be great? And it's true; I know it's true; for that was too nice a man to tell me a lie about it. Dad, I hope he will come down here some time so you can find out for yourself."

"We'll see about it, Dreamy-eyes."

The next Sunday Lassie decided that she could worship the Lord to better advantage at her own little shrine up at the foot of the Big Pine than at the village church. And then, too, perhaps—

It was so. Lassie had slipped away from home at the Sunday School hour and climbed the old familiar path through the thick, tall woods and paused to kiss a cool, clear spring which flowed seemingly from the solid rock within sight of her journey's end. When she looked up, lo, Jack Bowlder smiled at her over a book which he seemed to have been reading while reclining lazily upon a sweet bed of balsam boughs with his head on a stone at the foot of the Big Pine.

"Hello, Miss Larrimore, I hardly hoped that you might come today. Come share my balsam boughs, or permit me to gather you some; they make a sweet smelling couch fit for a king."

"Good morning," she smiled. "I expected to be alone in my own—"

"Then I shall leave you here. The Big Pine is yours, you know, and I have no right here."

"Oh, that's all right. Don't go. There is something I wanted to ask you, anyhow."

And so he stayed, and they talked in the drowsy summer morning. In answer to Lassie's bold question as to where he was from, the man admitted that he was not a mountaineer, but evaded her question. That he was no ordinary lumberjack became more evident. There was something different about him. Was he perhaps a young fellow out of college seeking adventure or experience? He was well read, and Lassie judged that he had had a college education. It was not long before they were calling each other "Lassie" and "Jack."

"Will you come down home and meet my father, Mr. Bowlder—Jack, I mean—'cause he wants to meet you? I told him what you said the other day about the timber on this side going to be cut, and he wants to ask you about it. He has sacrificed a great deal to keep possession of the timber on this side, and if there's a chance to sell out at a good price to your company, he wants to do it directly, so that old man Watkins won't make the money on the deal."

"Has Watkins tried to buy it from him?" asked Bowlder.

"Yes, but he wanted it too cheap."

"Tell your Dad to hold on to his timberland until I see him, regardless of what Watkins offers him," said Bowlder. "I'll be down tomorrow."

"Come down for supper with us tomorrow night, Jack, will you?"

He did. The little Larrimore home was bright as a pin. Lassie met her friend at the door; but, lo, she hardly recognized him. He was no longer the rough woodsman, but a well-dressed gentleman of leisure. His change of clothes, however, did not change his attitude toward Lassie, and the whole family enjoyed his company in the home that evening. Even Mrs. Larrimore warmed under his sunny smile, and as for Dad,—he was never so full of himself. Lassie was supremely happy.

After supper, while the women cleared the table, Dad and Bowlder went out on the front porch and discussed timber lands and acres and dollars in the aroma of fine Havanas brought by Bowlder.

"Mr. Larrimore, your daughter tells me that you are thinking of selling your timber-lands to Mr. Watkins," began Bowlder.

"Yes, old Watkins was after me again today, and I would have taken him up, too, if it hadn't been for what you said to my daughter."

"You were quite right, Mr. Larrimore. I am just a little curious to know just what Watkins offered you. I might say, before I ask, however, that my company has authorized me to contract with you for your timber, and that I know what Watkins would have gotten for it. We will give you exactly what we offered him."

"But how does it happen that you were going to buy my land from him?" asked Mr. Larrimore quickly.

"He came up to New York and offered to sell it to us," replied Bowlder with a smile. "I came down to look it over and find that Watkins, skin-flint that he is, had undervalued the timber by a hundred thousand dollars."

"What?" blurted the older man. "He only offered me seventy-five thousand today, and at first he wanted it for fifty thousand."

"Yes, and it's worth just about two hundred and seventy-five thousand. That's the finest—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Mr. Larrimore. "You say you have the authority to buy that land?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you think it's worth two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are willing to pay me that much for it?"

"Yes, sir. I thought you'd be willing to take that for it and so I brought a contract filled out and ready to sign."

"Let me take a look at it, young feller," said Mr. Larrimore. "I'm afraid there's a trick in it somewhere."

They went into the house and by the light of the lamp Dad scrutinized the contract carefully and pronounced it good.

"Let's sign this thing right now while it's fresh on our minds," suggested Dad with a smile.

"Suits me."

(Continued on page 360)

# Braxton Craven—A Man of Letters

By J. J. FARRISS



AS SONS of Trinity the majority of us are familiar with the life of Dr. Braxton Craven, the founder of Trinity College and its first president. We have often heard recounted stories of Dr. Craven in his untiring efforts to build up the small college, and finally to perpetuate it. Braxton Craven's biographers have done his illustrious career justice in so far as they have discussed the man himself. But there is another side of his life which few have touched upon and few appreciated. Not only was Dr. Craven a teacher, a minister, and a scholar, but he was also a writer. Exclusive of his sermons he has not written voluminously; yet all of his writings are among the best produced in our State. Certainly he stood far above many of our native authors in the scope of his vision and the clearness of his expression.

Braxton Craven was not blessed with a college education. All of his knowledge was the gleanings of his own powerful will. From every childhood he cultivated a liking for literature—always the best—and his life was largely spent in assimilating the works of great writers. Considering his other duties it is wonderful how Dr. Craven was able to read such a tremendous amount of literature. His essays show that he was well versed in all branches of art; and when one reads his sermons, there is always left the impression that the writer was a man of singular personality and influence.

The biographers of Braxton Craven tell us many stories of his intellectual prowess. As president of the infant college, his duties were manifold. He taught the senior class in three subjects, the junior class in two, reviewed all examination questions, looked after the finances of the institution, besides preaching and lecturing throughout the State. An old farmer in Randolph County who as a boy remembered Braxton Craven tells of the time when he outdid the mathematical experts of the Smithsonian Institute in predicting the time of the sun's eclipse. Dr. Craven worked the exact time out himself, and when the eclipse came, his tabulation was correct. Thereupon the authorities at the Institute wanted to engage his services; but without avail.

It was no unusual occurrence for President Craven to write all of the orations for the senior class. One of his famous speeches, "The American Citizen" was widely heralded as a masterpiece. It was published in the *Randolph Herald* in the 1850's.

In 1850 Braxton Craven together with his colleague, Reuben H. Brown, established the *Southern Index*, a magazine devoted to the discussion of current events with some treatment of literary subjects. Unfortunately, the files of the magazine have been destroyed. It is thought that Dr. Craven became ashamed of his periodical and burned the copies.

In the latter part of 1850 the same two young writers organized another magazine, *The Evergreen*. This was a monthly publication and contained the literary contributions of citizens throughout the State. The majority of the reading matter, however, was from the pen of Dr. Craven, ably assisted by Mr. Brown. Nine of the twelve copies which were printed are now extant and are in the College library. They are invaluable to Trinity College history in that they give a clearer insight into the life of Braxton Craven.

The first work of any importance by Dr. Craven was his novel, *Mary Baker*, published in installments in *The Evergreen*. It relates the true story of a young girl, a native of Randolph County, who was captured by the Indians near Deep River and made to marry one of the chiefs. The story created quite a bit of sensation in the County at the time of its publication. The fact that it was a common legend added zest to it. Upon examining this novel, the student would be impressed first with the straightforward manner in which the story is related. Dr. Craven always wrote so that the ordinary individual might comprehend him easily. When he first made known his intention to create a literary magazine, he declared that simplicity was the inherent quality of narration. Both of his narrative works are clearly written. They are also very interesting. They created such a favorable impression when they first appeared that *The Evergreen* publishing company printed the stories in pamphlet form, and put the price in the reach of all the people.

Braxton Craven's second narrative work was a short story, *Naomi Wise*. This work was also based on local facts. The setting was in New Salem, Randolph County. The theme of the tale is the life of Naomi Wise, a beautiful country maiden, who had been left as an orphan in the care of a Mr. Adams. Naomi attracted many young men to her home, among whom was Jonathan Lewis, a fiery individual who hated and loved with all his heart. Their love affair progressed rapidly, but young Lewis was not willing to take Naomi as his wife. He was in love with a Miss Elliott whose father possessed considerable wealth. He had however already compromised himself with Naomi; and one day he called at her home, the two went riding together along the river bank, and as they were crossing the stream, Lewis stopped his horse and told Naomi that he was going to kill her. The young girl pleaded for her life in vain. Lewis knocked her from the horse and held her submerged in the river until she drowned. Later he was apprehended, and tried for murder. He made his escape however, and remained hidden for many years. When he was finally discovered, no action could be taken against him because most of the witnesses who had appeared at the old trial were dead or could not appear. So Lewis went free. He died soon after in great misery. On his death bed he told some of his friends that the vision of the girl had haunted him during all the years of his exile. The story ends with the song, "Poor Naomi," which was sung by the people of the county for many years afterward.

These two narrative attempts of Dr. Craven, although not possessed of the finer technical qualities, deserve great commendation. First, they come from a region where there was very little learning and education; certainly there was barely any one outside of the two editors who had any inclination toward things literary. Braxton Craven in his first editorial spoke thus to the people of the State: "You have so far forsaken the prevailing fashion of the day as to prefer a magazine, written and published in your own sunny South, to those of our Northern neighbors." He continued by soliciting the aid of the people in his undertaking, and declaring that it was his purpose to stimulate literature in so far as he could. He closed his exhortation with the following paragraph: "Now, ladies, give us your influence, not your hearts; we want to have the honor of winning them; and *The Evergreen* shall be the prettiest plant upon which you

will delight to gaze, because they will be true copies of those who you love." Certainly the magazine did awaken the literary tastes of many of the citizens in the County, as is evidenced by the variety of contributions to the periodical. Editors Brown and Craven accomplished in a large measure what they set out to do: to awaken the people to the higher things of life. With more coöperation it is likely that *The Evergreen* would have been made a permanent publication. If that had been the case, the prominence of North Carolina in the field of letters would certainly have been more pronounced.

In March, 1851, Braxton Craven turned over his share in the undertaking to Reuben Brown, who carried on the work until November of the same year. It is probable that the pressing duties of Dr. Craven made it impossible for him to continue his work as co-editor. But, his contributions to the magazine did not stop. One of his best essays, *Symbolism*, appeared in the March number.

*Symbolism, or Æneas's Descent to Hell* was one of his characteristic works. In this essay he gives an excellent description of the decent of *Æneas* to hell as related in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. He considers the narrative of the descent as one of the hardest flights of the imagination. Dr. Craven's views on time, present and future, are shown in the following passage: "All persons of ordinary observation know that nothing exerts a more controlling influence upon the Present than the thought of the Future." And especially significant is the following quotation which shows his deep insight into human nature and human frailties: "Take from us all the fears of punishment in a future state, and at the same time you remove from us the strongest incentive to virtue, and the most effective curb to the extravagance of passion." He believed that the fear of God's wrath was the one thing which kept the individual from committing more sins than he really did commit. The title of the essay illustrates the diverse stores of knowledge which Dr. Craven could and did draw upon for his subjects. He was well-versed in all of the modern authors and was especially fond of Bulwer and Scott.

Braxton Craven's satirical powers are shown in his essay entitled *Bighead*. It is the story of Franklin Washington Buonaparte Splurge, the pampered son of a well-to-do family. He had been sent up North to college, and had come home with a prodigious amount of knowledge. He was the kind of person who was

always want to impress his superiority on his fellow beings; the author brings out some of his philosophy on the "true gentleman" in this essay.

Among the numerous historical sketches by Dr. Craven probably the most interesting is *Randolph in the Olden Times*. "To men of a particular disposition, men of a certain cast, the olden time has always possessed a charm, a shadowy something, upon which they delight to dwell—and which under the music of corral was mournful to the soul." The sketch contains many interesting incidents, among which is the story of Mrs. Comer, whose tragic life is now a common legend among the people of Randolph County. In 1778 the Tories and Indians were active in the region of Deep River Graveyard, twelve miles south of Ashborough. Mrs. Comer had witnessed the massacre of her mother and her father by the Indians while she lay hidden. She had escaped death only by pretending to be dead herself. Her husband was a Rebel, and it was her constant fear that in his weekly journeys to Ashborough the same fate that befell her mother and father would be his lot. One night she was left alone in the house with her small children. Her woman's instinct told her that some dread catastrophe was about to come to pass. At midnight when her husband was to have returned she heard a stealthy noise in the rear of the house. She at once knew that the Indians had surrounded the place. Her one thought then was to warn her husband not to approach the house. She listened by the window for the hoofbeats of his horse; and when she heard them down the garden road, she hastened out to meet him. But before she could reach him the fiends had literally stabbed him to pieces. Mrs. Comer was forced to stand in her hiding place and see her children massacred along with her husband. In the close of his sketch Dr. Craven writes a touching epitaph to Mrs. Comer, who died with a broken heart soon after the calamity: "Stranger, if you visit that venerable place in the Southwest corner, you will see a little mound; there they repose; drop a tear to their memory, breathe a sigh to their dust."

In *Some Thoughts on the Flight of Time* Braxton Craven is at his best. "Silent and solemn, yet irresistible and ceaseless is the march of time. Man—vain man—confident in his power and boasting in his greatness, proclaims his mighty deeds which he fondly hopes will live forever and seeks to rear his monumental piles to the stars. Yet time stays not his flight; the shadow of rustling wings falls upon the works of

man, and pyramids and towers are crumbling in the dust and all of man's mightiest deeds, powers of his boasted greatness, are in the deep bosom of oblivion's ocean buried." To Dr. Craven time was never weary. It pressed on forever; first, there is the child; then the youth; and last the man, the products of time. "Such and similar are the effects of Time in his rapid flight, and as we go rushing on with him, how few of us alas! ever give our thoughts and cares to that terminus of the journey into which we must all sooner or later be inevitably launched—Eternity." These beautiful passages certainly show Dr. Craven's ability as an essayist. His great vision was constantly focused on one ideal, and he materially strove for the attainment of that ideal. He tried to set an example of righteous living to his students, and he clearly exemplifies his literary idealism in his essays. Whether there is or is not technical perfection in his works does not matter, for there is a creative thought, one which uplifts the soul of the reader and enlightens him. Those of us who judge the essay by its thought-impressions will certainly be prone to give Braxton Craven his just due as a writer.

The last work of Dr. Craven which appeared in *The Evergreen* was a poem entitled "Dark Hours." Times of depression are not always signs that real trouble is ours, for it may be

"That these dark, dark hours are but Satan's plan,  
To tempt us afar from the face;  
O grant us strength, for the sake of Thy Son,  
And save by redeeming grace."

The poetry of Braxton Craven is not notable for its form or general makeup, but for the fact that it portrays the soul of the writer. Perhaps the critic would call it mediocre; yet it has rhythm and movement. Let us judge the poetry only by the influence it had upon those who read it. The backwoods, where dwelt most of the readers of *The Evergreen*, was made up of plain people. The simple, concise diction of "Dark Hours" was understandable to them, and they were satisfied. The greater poetry which comes only after careful study might have been the lot of Braxton Craven had he cared to make literature his life's work. But such was not the case. He was essentially an educator, and his writings were only incidents in his greater work of teaching the ignorant and uplifting wayward souls through his masterful preaching. His lyrical poem "To Mary" is characteristic of Dr. Craven's method of handling poetical subjects. He always wrote from his heart, rather than from his

mind. This is true primarily of his poetry. In his essays he was concerned with appealing to people through logic and reasoning.

His standard of greatness was not individual greatness. He did not believe in destructive criticism of any nature. "One ought to praise man, not note his defects, but dwell upon his excellencies and nurture them by sweet, loving words. Though it is said that praise spoils, praise and blame is the true nurture of greatness." He considered that every capacity of man, whether intellect, sensibility, or will; whether thought, emotion, desire, or volition, must have expression. Without that they neither live nor grow nor work. That expression may be by letters, by art, by works, or in many other ways; but everything in man of any force expresses itself, and every man writes his life upon the world in some kind of expression. Such

were the teachings of Braxton Craven as brought out in his writings. It is left to the individual to judge whether or not Dr. Craven was really a man of letters. True, his fame was not nationally known. But that it is not a qualification for real greatness. Nor is it essential to know whether or not Dr. Craven was a popular writer. Popularity, too, is not a basis upon which we may judge quality.

As time passes, it is likely that the life of Braxton Craven will be delved into more closely, and probably some day the whole story will be published. His life was one of service; he never wrote for gain; and in the final analysis it is not so important as to how good a writer he was, but how much good he did by virtue of the things he wrote. In that case Braxton Craven was truly a man of letters.



## Sentimental Values

*I THOUGHT she was dependable;  
She fooled my trusting heart,  
She used to do a little bit,  
But now she will not start.*

*I've courted, coaxed, and petted her  
With love and disrespect;  
I've kicked and sworn and pushed at her  
Until my brain is wrecked.*

*She's more contrary every day  
Than she has ever been\*,  
But still I couldn't do without  
My old worn out machine.*

*The tires blow out from time to time,  
The horn won't blow at all,  
And I am he who blows the most  
When she decides to stall.*

*But still I wouldn't part with her  
Nor ever let her go—  
She's such a good reminder of  
Some women-folk I know.*

\*NOTE.—For the pronunciation of this word, *been*, the poet refers the reader to Dr. P. F. Baum, or one of his ardent admirers and imitators, Twaddell, for instance.

## Retiring

*I FEAR thee, pretty brown-eyed lass;  
I fear thee for thy beauty.  
Thy winsome smile will soon beguile  
My thoughts away from duty.*

*—Alas, I think I'd better go  
Before my heart is broken;  
I'd best forget ere I regret  
Expressions too outspoken.*

*I could not win thy love, not I,  
Indeed, nor ask it of thee,  
For that implies more sacrifice  
Than I could ask and love thee.*

H. C. S., JR.

## The Honeymoon

O. U. C.



UT, DOCTOR, isn't there any permanent remedy?" Walter Knowles walked over to the window with an uneasy air and looked down on the thronged street below. Hundreds of healthy and laughing men were leaving their day's work and going home to supper.

"No, Mr. Knowles, there is no permanent remedy for your trouble. Only the thyroid extract; you must take it periodically. Your thyroid gland has ceased to function. It will never function again; it was never developed. But of course there is the extract."

"Yes, the extract—"

"It will inconvenience you somewhat." The physician paused, "but it is indispensable. You must arrange to keep a supply on hand. You know that the extract loses its effectiveness as it increases in age."

With this he walked over by the window and faced his patient. Walter turned to him.

"And the alternative?" Walter's eyes searched those of the physician.

"You will lapse into your former state of cretinism."

The doctor with his cultivated professional air gazed steadily into the patient's countenance. Walter Knowles read the verdict in his eyes, then gazed nervously into the street. His white and tightly drawn lips quivered, and his eyes became almost glassy. Leaving the office deliberately, he hurried to the street. He stopped a moment to regain his balance, and looked with envy on the laughing men and women as they passed. The street throng maddened him, and he turned and made his way unsteadily to his apartment. There he sought refuge on the large divan. The verdict of the specialist burned away any desire for food; therefore he did not eat.

A cretin—a crazy man. He tried to laugh. What would Anna think? He tried to laugh again, but the expression was short lived on his face. He wanted to tell her about it. Yes, he would accept her sympathy. But the thought aroused him from his seat abruptly. He walked over and leaned on the great stone mantel and gazed into the fire which was glowing with diminishing force. Yes, it would soon burn out. So would the diminishing effects of the extract. Then he would become a cretin. The thought worried



him. He resumed his seat on the divan. But why tell Anna? True, they were to be married in three weeks; but there was the thyroid extract. As long as he took it with regularity, it would stave off another attack such as the one he had experienced the day before. Then too, she would never understand. He remembered how she had shuddered when he told her about old Graham, the janitor, who was subject to occasional fits. The telephone rang, and he answered it.

"Yes; this is Walter—Yes, I am coming. You will pardon me; you see, I am still quite upset on account of my illness from yesterday.—Oh, no, I am all right now, only I am a bit nervous and weak. Thanks, dear." With this he let the receiver dangle and his eyes wander about the room. Then he made preparations to call on Anna.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Walter, I'm sorry I let you call this evening; you look so bad. I'm afraid you ought to be at home in bed. You must be careful, dear. Promise me you will stay at home tomorrow and take care of yourself."

Thus was Walter made more uncomfortable. He wanted to talk, but he could not. The words seemed to stick in his throat. He was not the same jovial Walter who had called on Anna every night for the past several months. Anna knew, it and she did not press him with conversation. But suddenly she exclaimed:

"Oh, Walter, did you see in the evening paper the account of the man who murdered his entire family? The whole affair was so uncanny. I believe it said he was a Swiss, and a cretin. It seems that it is a person who loses control continuously or at intervals. The murder was horrible. I have been frightened ever since I read it. Why did they let such a man run loose?"

Walter gulped, and his face became deathly pale. His eyes turned from hers, and he sat motionless as if he were frozen to the seat. His sweetheart looked at him with consternation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time passed quickly, and the inhabitants, especially the women, began to discuss with unlimited vernacular the scene of the beautiful wedding. They were married, in the quiet and rustic little church where only the fashionable people of Allison, Indiana,

attended. The wedding, like all other pretty weddings, was pronounced by those who attended, and they were many, the "prettiest affair ever to take place in the little church."

"But, my dear, have you ever seen anybody quite so beautiful as Anna when she walked down the aisle? And Walter, wasn't he perfectly handsome—and did you notice how magnificently excited he was?" Mrs. Tumbuckle said eagerly as she gave one forlorn glance at her unexcited and passive husband, who attended the wedding because he had intentions of selling Walter Knowles a fat insurance policy on his return. Figuring out the amount of the first premium in his mind, he gazed in a professional manner at the tall and handsome groom. He was unconsciously reaching in his breast pocket for a pencil, when his arm received a sharp jerk from his stout and silk-clad wife. "George, I don't believe you were a bit excited when we were married. Oh, just look at Walter now; doesn't he look so healthy? But his eyes, they are so funny. I think Asheville is an ideal place for a honeymoon. Of course, I am not expected to know where they are going," she swelled with importance, "but I found out, and I am the only person in Allison who knows it. Think of it!"

George Tumbuckle ambled along by her side. "Let me see now. The first premium will amount to \$400 or more, and the renewals—well I must land him." He tried to look interestedly at his wife. "Oh, yes, Asheville is a fine place, I hear." Then he thought of the \$400 premium and Walter. "What do you say? Suppose we take a little trip to the Carolina mountains. You need the fresh air, and the relaxation will do you good?"

Mrs. Tumbuckle appeared rightfully astonished, but soon her eyes sparkled acceptance. "Of course," she reasoned, "we do not know exactly where Anna and Walter are going, but we'll just spend a few days up there." Her eyes twinkled with satisfaction at the prospect of unconsciously prying on the young wedded couple. Her husband was visualizing the substantial insurance policy.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the meantime the newly weds were safely on their way, utterly oblivious of fat, talkative women and insurance agents. Anna was blushing not unseen by the passengers on the train. Walter was fumbling

nervously in his pockets. He wished to take a peep into his traveling bag, but it seemed that the entire train was looking at him. He felt a drooping sensation; then he stooped over bravely and opened the bag and began a fruitless search. He was plainly excited, and his wife forgot all about the train and the passengers and exclaimed with concern, but quietly. Walter arose abruptly and made his way to the smoker. His wife could not follow him there. How foolish it was of him to misplace the extract. He remembered that it was packed in the trunk far up in the baggage car and pulled out his watch.

Holly Forge was an hour's ride. They would get there at six o'clock. Then he could hurry to the nearest drug store, procure the medicine, and get back to the train. Anna would never know. With his mind made up thus, he rejoined his wife, who was plainly piqued by his absence. An old man entered the car and sat across the aisle from them.

"Walter," she said, "do you know who that old man reminds me of? He is the image of Old Graham, the janitor. I wish he wouldn't sit there; I don't like to be near him. I simply abhor anything that looks like a crazy man."

When the train arrived at Holly Forge, Walter excused himself and tried to saunter casually to the back of the car, and not in vain, for the diminishing effect of the thyroid extract was taking its course. Once to the steps, however, he summoned all of his strength into a run and made for the nearest drug store, which was a block away. No extract was to be had there, and he hurried down the street in search of another pharmacy. Would the clerk never wait on him? Why did he take so long to wrap that package? Walter became indignant and burst through the swinging door into the prescription room.

"My God! man, what is the matter?"

"Thyroid extract—the train—for God's sake hurry," Walter gasped.

\* \* \* \* \*

The train stopped at Holly Forge ten minutes, and there it lost one of its most important passengers, for Walter Knowles returned to the station just in time to see two red lights disappear around the long curve. Hatless, his hair disheveled, and with a longing look on his face, he took his time in entering the station.

He inquired about the distance to the next station, whether it had a hotel, when the next train would get there, and numerous other things. He then sent a wire there.

"Deserted at the first station after the altar."

That is the expression that best coincided with Anna's countenance some time after the train had pulled out from Holly Forge. Without doubt, her trip on the sea of matrimony, which she had pictured to herself as sublime, was anything but auspicious, and she was thinking of numerous ways in which to square herself with her husband. With his prolonged absence she began to picture a large court room in which she was the main figure. The judge was granting her a divorce on grounds of desertion. But she would not divorce him just now. If he was in that smoking car and too shy to come to her,—well, she could hardly go after him, and surely she would not send for him. She had never anticipated chasing her husband. She began to utter a soft cry. The old man across the aisle glanced at her abruptly, reassembled his paper, and continued to read. The other passengers had ceased to smile knowingly.

Soon after the train had pulled into the next station and the bride had been delivered the telegram, Walter Knowles arrived in a dusty open Ford. It did not belong to him. He did not know whom it belonged to, and he did not care. It sufficed him at the moment. Another telegram had followed Walter's, and a big man with a large nickel badge pulled him from the arms of his bride. Walter resented the interference to the extent of holding tenaciously to his bride with one arm and pushing the face of the intruder with the other. The Ford was still rattling.

"See here, young fellow," the sheriff paused, "do you know whose flivver that is?"

"No, but I'll buy it. I don't care whose it is," Walter said triumphantly.

The sheriff winced. "I mean to apply the law to you right here."

Walter felt the toils of the law grasping him. His wife looked to him appealingly. The sheriff continued.

"Where's your hat, anyhow. And whose that young lady with you. I guess I better take you up with me. Little gal, you had better get along home."

Walter did not think of explanations now, and he was energetically preparing to wage battle; but his bride clutched him by the arm and smiled sweetly to the officer of the law.

"I am going with my husband. Come on, Walter Knowles, let us go with him. It won't be long," she said.

Well I'll swan! Walter, I didn't know it was you. You looked so queer." The sheriff was apologetic as he let go the prisoner. Walter accepted with surprise, still clutching his wife.

"Sure, I can take you in my car to Holly Forge in time to catch the Limited to Florida. It doesn't leave

until twelve. Oh, never mind the Ford; it is the police wagon. I'll take the baggage over in it tomorrow. I'll swan if you didn't pinch me a good one in the eye!" The sheriff bowed low.

Florida, and mild, sunny weather; palms, old mission houses; and other brides and grooms; open seas and happiness—such did Walter and Anna find there. Long strolls on the moonlit beach in the early evenings held a charm for them. Tonight, breezes caught in her hair as they walked among the palms, and she clutched his arm tighter.

"Walter, dear, I am so glad we changed our plans and came to Florida instead. They tell me that it is almost freezing in Asheville now."



To \_\_\_\_\_

*C*OULD I but write a sonnet good enough  
 To win the praise of all who read it through—  
 A poem fine, inspiring, sweet, and true—  
 To touch the hearts of men of habits rough  
 As well as those who know the finer stuff,  
 Methinks my pen would of necessity  
 Aspire—though now 't would be the merest bluff—  
 To write descriptive verses, Love, of thee.  
 But since my lines at best are poorly writ  
 And since my range of words is far too small  
 For such presumption in a field of art,  
 I must upon some lesser subject hit  
 If I, indeed, must versify at all,  
 And thus ignoring praise thee best, Dear Heart.

H. C. S., Jr.

## On Introspection

*ALTHOUGH I face the world with carefree air,  
When I'm alone with Thee, I am ashamed  
Of much for which I'm not by others blamed.  
My soul seems filled with naught but black despair  
When first I come to lay its contents bare.  
O God, may this not be, for once there flamed  
In me a fire that only has been tamed  
By lack of draught—there's still a flickering flare;  
The smould'ring ashes not entirely cold  
Send forth a bitter smoke,—despair, I thought.  
Lord, Thou caust make of it a hotter fire,  
To blaze as in those hearts of men of old  
Who lived and died for Thee and nobly wrought  
The righteous work to which I do aspire.*

H. C. S., JR.



## Quid Est

*WHAT IS this something in a man  
That makes him will to will?  
Is it a part of flesh and blood,  
Mere matter made with skill?*

*Or is it part of God Himself,  
A spark of fire divine?  
It is a force mysterious,  
A thing of rare design.*

*We know we did not put it there;  
Then is it ours to use?  
We got it how, and when, and where—  
This power to will and choose?*

*Perhaps it's an illusion—  
Some say there is no will;  
However, this conclusion  
But leaves us baffled still.*

H. C. S., JR.

# Exchanges

W. R. BROWN, *Editor*

It is with pleasure that we look back over the year's work and think of the many delightful hours that we have spent in reading the numerous college magazines that have come to the exchange desk. Our comments and suggestions have probably been of very little worth, but one loves to give advice, and we confess to our share of pleasure in that activity. When the next issue of the ARCHIVE comes out, another pilot will be at the helm, and another exchange editor will be behind this desk. We trust that he will take up the work with more confidence in his ability to make constructive suggestions than the present writer had when he offered his first critical contribution to the college writing public, but we feel sure that the new editor cannot close his year's work with a greater feeling of friendliness toward all of our exchanges than the one with which we lay down our pen. Our relations throughout the year have been most pleasant—we have not even been able to get up any hair pulling bouts with the exchange editors of the women's magazines—and we offer our adieus to each of our exchanges with the hope that the respective "finals" may be as painless as possible and that the coming vacation period will be one of great joy.

There is an abundance of interesting material in the March issue of the *College Message*. The opening articles looking toward a greater bond of union between the undergraduates and the alumnae should be helpful in bringing about that desirable end. Of the short stories we prefer *Jimmy Delivers a Message*, but we believe that Miss Tuttle let the plot run on rather far before matters were cleared up. *A May-Be True Story* may be true; who knows? The article on *The Negro* is a well thought out piece of work, and it is very appropriate in a Southern college publication. The article by Miss Jones on the teaching of modern languages is exceptionally well handled. "Uncle Walt" has a rival in Miss Gordon. *A Tragedy* is very cleverly done, and it is a real tragedy; we have experienced just such a one. Both of the articles on music are good. There are a number of very good poems in the issue. In *Apple*

*Blossom Time* could be improved by removing the fourth stanza.

The March issue of the *Wake Forest Student* opens with a rather vivid picture in the sketch, *Asphyxiation*.

*The Wake Forest Student* *Opportunity* is an excellent discussion, but we rather incline to the view that opportunity does knock more than once. The second of the series of *Notes on Philosophy* is perhaps more interesting than the first was because it deals with a period with which most of us are more familiar; it is a very appreciative study of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. The eulogy of G. G. Whitaker is handled in a very sympathetic and helpful manner. The student poems in the issue are very good. Mr. Douglass' elegy, *Woodrow Wilson*, is the most fitting tribute that we have seen.

We can appreciate the earnest appeal of the editor in the March issue of the *Tattler*; it is a task to get sufficient material to make up a properly balanced issue, and, if we have ever criticized the *Tattler* for lack of material, we meant the criticism for the students and not for the editor herself.

One of the most striking things in the issue is the meditation, *Ave Maria*, but, Miss Byrd, why did you spoil it by adding that last line? *The Superiority Complex* is an interesting story that introduces a puzzling psychological problem. *Miss Farrar* is of somewhat the same nature with a different turn to it. *Lameness* is one of the most pathetic sketches that we have read. *The Student's Progress* is an excellent adaptation in miniature of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. *Red-Headed* is a very good narrative poem.

The opening story in the April *Haverfordian* is a picture of horror. *Return* has some excellent descriptive passages, and the setting is handled remarkably well. *Le Chevalier Errant* is a well written humorous story of a much lighter type. *Twenty Thousand Leagues* is rather fancifully handled and somewhat after the manner of Verne. *Rome* presents in a very striking way the lure of the imperial city. There are several good poems in the issue.

The April issue of the *Carolina Magazine* has the usual amount of interesting and varied material.

*Comments Occasioned by a Letter* would do credit to Addison. The sketch on the life of Walter Hines Page is very well handled. Dr. Walker's article on the School of Education is very informing.

*The Devil's Racetrack* is a good short story, but it lacks interest at the conclusion. *Education and Skepticism* is a thoughtful discussion of a subject that is of compelling interest to every college man. Mr. Couch has handled the matter admirably. The historical sketch of the *Carolina Magazine* should be of great interest to every Carolina man. *Local Color in Contemporary Southern Poetry* is a well written critical study of the poetic productions of four sections of the South. It is written in a very appreciative manner.

### *Dreamy Eyes*

(Continued from page 349)

They signed the contract.

"You understand just how much of this land I own, and have agreed to sell, don't you?" asked Mr. Larimore. "You know about the little strip that belongs to Watkins?"

"Sure," replied Bowlder. "I've been over it all carefully, and understand exactly what we have done."

"Very well. I'll bring the deed and a lawyer over next Monday morning and we'll finish the business. How about it?"

"Good."

The two men shook hands.

"Well, I guess the women-folks will be tickled over this," mused Dad. "My wife is pretty near worn out with this farm life, and we're gettin' pretty old, and Lassie—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the two women, the radiant Lassie carrying a tray of delicious home-made candy.

"Say, Lassie, you and your mama can begin packing up; we're going to move to town maybe next week."

"Thank the Lord for that," breathed Mrs. Larimore.

"But there's no use hurrying, is there, Dad?" asked Lassie with a broad smile.

"Oh, no, not tonight. Young man, I don't know how to thank you; you have certainly done us a great favor. Now you and Lassie go on out on the front porch; I have something to say to Mamma."

"And I have something to say to you, Dreamy-eyes," whispered Jack Bowlder as he and Lassie went out the door together.



### *The Quiet Life*

*I DREAM of lords and ladies gay,  
Of castles towering high,  
Of feasts, and jousts, and warlike fray,  
Of knights who fighting die.*

*I tread wide palace courtyards hung  
With blazoned pennants fair . . .  
Or now my valiant troops among  
I ride, with sword in air.*

*A palace courtyard? . . . Look again—  
Gray cloister flags you pace;  
A sword? . . . A staff from basswood glen  
Your peaceful hands embrace.*

*Why sigh in vain for storm and strife,  
For pleasures of a court?  
Far better is your quiet life  
Within this sheltered port.*

—FABIAN.

# Wayside Wares

The joke about the Chevrolet Coupe seems to have been appreciated by quite a few. They must have known something about a coupe, the motor, running capacity, or the like, because the joke seems to have been understood. This being the case, the editor of this department would appreciate the readers' handing in a list of things about which they could enjoy jokes, such as: Ye Olde Editor's Shack Bus, athletics, certain walks about the campus, certain courses (of thought, study, activity, etc.), and even date night at the "Shack." Your next editor will be new, and I am sure such help would be greatly beneficial to him.

ETHEL MERRITT,

Editor of Wayside Wares Department.



## NOTICE

If you hear a good joke,  
Don't tell it to a friend.  
Send it to Wayside Wares  
Everyone will enjoy it then.



## The Trinity College Commandments

1—Thou shalt study thy lessons with exceeding great diligence, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down thereof, and even unto ten-thirty at night.

2—Thou shalt not make unto thee any images or pictures on the wall; neither shalt thou deface the seat whereon thou sitteth, lest so great shall be the wrath of the commandant that he shall visit thy iniquity upon thee.

3—Thou shalt not take the name of the faculty in vain, neither shalt thou laugh in the Dean's office; for the President will not hold him guiltless that laugheth in the Deans office.

4—Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it not as holiday; for six days shalt thou labor and do what part of thy work that thou canst; but remember that it must not be completed on the seventh day. For six

days we recite and work; but on the seventh, we must not write notes, look up references, and sit on the wall.

5—Honor the rules and regulations that thy days may be long at Trinity.

6—Thou shalt not kill time, nor waste thy opportunities in riotous living, lest thou be found wanting on examinations.

7—Thou shalt not speak evil of any one of the faculty, lest the latter days of thy course be worse than the beginning.

8—Thou shalt not carry bread out of the boarding house; neither shalt thou pelt thy neighbor that sitteth on the right hand of thee with it.

9—Thou shalt not covet the examination papers, nor shall thou try to spot the professor; neither shalt thou look within his class-book on the sly to try to find out thy mark.

10—A new commandment I give unto you; that ye raise thy hat to members of the faculty whether they recognize you or not.

—CALVIN O. HALL.



## Susie's Strange Sorrow

By SOJA BEAN

A black eye is not often attractive, but Rollo had come by his in no dishonorable fight, and Susie was forced to admit that it was not so bad looking. Indeed, in that trite and characteristic way of woman she had said, "Why, I think he has the eutest eyes." Just what she meant to infer by the word "cute" only the women readers of this brief tale will be able to understand. But from the way she gathered him in her arms and lavished the endearing phrases in his tingling ears it would seem that she meant to detract nothing from anyone's opinion of him. Certainly no one would have called Rollo ugly, and many were the men who envied his monopoly on Susie's affections. But none—not even the lowliest of her admirers would have been willing to have exchanged skins with him in order to indulge in his sacred pastime.

Rollo had been coming to see Susie for only a week, and even the first night he had ventured to place his

lips to her hand without the slightest reproof on her part. There was Jack Farrard, a millionaire, and Le Vandere, a snappy little Frenchman who wrote poetry—both coming to see her at this time, and both found her very cold and indifferent. Rollo, a stranger in town, a nonemity, perhaps a born fighter—for didn't he have a black eye? had dared to become familiar with her, and she has gathered him in with all the tenderness that a nineteen year old girl is capable of lavishing on the first object of her fancy.

Passing strange, also, Susie's father had taken a liking to Rollo, and had offered to trace his pedigree. Susie had revolted at the idea. "I would like to know, father," she had said, "but he might turn out to be less than I believe, and my love for him will not allow me to give him up. I can maintain my present belief concerning him and be happy even if it is only vain imaginings." To this protest on Susie's part her father had been wholly sympathetic and expressed his willingness to do whatever she thought best.

In the meantime Rollo's attentions to Susie were becoming more and more frequent and with all that more endearing. Susie was only nineteen, as has been aforementioned, and had never thought of marriage. Nothing would be amiss here to give the reader an inside tip on the character of Rollo, providing, of course, it be thoroughly understood by the gentle reader that no one else is a party to the information. This may render the story more difficult of understanding, for in this regard one must remember in strictest confidence that neither Susie's father nor Jack Farrard, nor Le Vandere are in on the secret. Her mother being dead, we are unable to vouch for her attitude. Hist—! Marriage was not a thing for which Rollo entertained the slightest intentions!

Time: Night; Scene: Sitting room at Susie's. Enter Susie and Rollo. They sit for a long while in silence and give and take caresses. The clock in the hall strikes twelve.

Susie: "Well, Rollo, I must go to bed, old darling."

Susie goes up stairs followed by Rollo. At the door she pauses and seems undecided whether to let him enter or not. Love at last gets the best of her.

Susie: "Come then, dear."

Rollo enters, wagging his tale and licking his chops. Just inside the door he makes a terrible bound and lands upon a rat.

Susie: "Oh, Rollo, I did hope you were more than a rat terrier."

### Visit to the Kennel

By J. McCOLLOUGH

Bloodhound puppy, wise and queer,  
Wrinkled of face and long of ear,  
Black of saddle, and tan of leg,  
What is it your great eyes beg?

You are handsomer, by far,  
Than half your kennel comrades are;  
Why are you so melancholy?  
Would you, secretly, be jolly?

Would you give your noble head  
For Tip-the-terrier's sprightly tread,  
If you could, to romp and play,  
With small children every day?

Would you swap your sorcerer's nose,  
For a bob-tail swaggerer's pose,—  
Lose your dignity and poise,  
Just to play with little boys?

### Spring Fever

Sing me a song of a dogwood bloom,  
Of a dogwood bloom in May;  
Whistle a tune of a willow pole, and the dawn of a  
summer day;  
Tell me a tale of an angling worm, and a hook, and a  
lazy river;  
And point me the place where the black-perch bite,—  
And leave me there forever.

—J. McC.

An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman  
Were all condemned to die for deeds they'd done.  
The judge decided he'd give them the privilege  
To choose the tree on which they should be hung.  
The Englishman, he chose the dear old oak tree,  
The Scotchman the sycamore so tall,  
But when they asked the Irishman his favorite,  
He winked to judge and juryman and said:

"On the limb of a goose-berry tree,  
There I think I could rest peacefully."

"Oh, it won't do at all,  
For the tree is too small,



And it can't bear your weight, don't you see?"

"Yes, that's a fact, judge, I know,  
But I'm willing to wait for't to grow;

It's the tree I love best,  
And I feel I could rest—  
On the limb of a goose-berry tree."

—Selected.



### Ballade of the Trouser Leg

Long let them wave o'er land and sea,  
And gather vermin off the mire,  
It thrills a tailor's heart to see  
The cause that gave his genius fire;  
And trusting female hearts admire  
The male they call the sporting egg  
Who through his genius did acquire  
The new fang-dangled trouser leg.

Wake, friends unto the jubilee,  
Strike muse upon your golden lyre;  
The Gods and men do all agree  
That youth at last has fit attire  
And that old fads must now retire,  
For mankind has advanced a peg  
And now in union all desire  
The new fang-dangled trouser leg.

By this alone man's pedigree  
May one with hope of truth inquire,  
By this alone may all men be  
The power to which they may aspire,  
For taste—be certain—is no liar.  
What tho' a man should stoop to beg,  
There is a power will lift him higher—  
The new fang-dangled trouser leg.

### L'envoi

All who agree advance yet higher,  
Pour forth the wine from out the keg,  
And drink long life with deepest ire—  
The new fang-dangled trouser leg.

—A. B. O. P. G.



If your breakfast you had missed  
And Hunt were not in the dope shop,  
Would a bag of 'tato chips be missing  
As you left with a skip and a hop?

If the Dean's office were left unlocked,  
And a letter you could spy,  
Would your curiosity get the best of you,  
And if you didn't look you would die?

If the office were left unlocked,  
And your records you could change,  
Would your "65" remain on the books  
Or would you just re-arrange?

If a taste of good things to eat  
Were placed in your hall to-night  
Would you eat what was there, then pay,  
And finish the game up right?

If everybody in this world  
Were just like me,  
What kind of a world  
Would this world be?



### Our Pitcher

The piteher steps into the box,  
And bravely takes his stand;  
He playfully holds the brand new ball,  
Then grasps it in his hand.  
He brings his great left arm around.  
The awful deed is done;  
The umpire wears a knowing look,  
And calmly says, "Strike one."

Once more the pitcher takes his stand;  
There's mischief in his eye;  
He spits upon the seamless ball  
That zig-zag curve to try.  
And now the man unwinds himself,  
The ball goes swift and true;  
This time the umpire steps aside  
And hoarsely shouts, "Strike two."

The pitcher's arm is now made bare,  
A smile beams from his eye;  
For twice the batter's fanned the air,  
And failed to knock a fly.

If a barrel of apples were placed in the gym,  
And a little box put on a shelf,  
What would become of the apples and box  
If none were there but I, me, and myself?

And now he strains that brawny arm,  
 And twirls the ball about;  
 The umpire waves the man aside  
 And loudly cries, "You're out."

—CALVIN O. HALL.

Uncle Ned In Baltimore

There was an old colored gentleman,  
 And his name was Uncle Edward,  
 He departed this existence long ago;  
 And he had no capitulary substance on the summit of  
 his cranium  
 In the location where his capitulary substance ought  
 to vegetate.

So throw down shovel and your hoe, hoe, hoe, hoe,  
 Hang up your violin and your bow,  
 For there's no more manual labor for poor old Uncle  
 Edward  
 For he's gone where the good old colored gentlemen  
 go.

Young folks, old folks, everybody come,  
 Come to our Sunday School and make yourself at  
 home.  
 Please check your chewing gum and razors at the  
 door;  
 Hear more Bible stories than you ever heard before

Adam was the first man, Eve was his spouse,  
 Didn't have a bit of trouble keeping house.  
 Folks said their married life was happy in the main  
 'Till they had a little kid and started raising Cain.

Noah was a sailor; he sailed across the sea,  
 Took along a circus and a whole menagerie.  
 Spent his time a'fishing so the Bible tale confirms,  
 But he couldn't do much fishing 'cause he only had  
 two worms.

Pharoah hired the Israelites to make his cigarettes;  
 Wouldn't pay 'em wages an' he wouldn't pay their  
 debts;

Moses, walking delegate, advised 'em all to strike,  
 So they picked up all the hay in sight and beat it  
 down the pike.

Jonah was a sailor so runs the Bible tale;  
 Tried to cross the ocean in the steerage of a whale.  
 Jonah in the whale felt a bit oppressed,  
 So he merely pushed the button and the whale did  
 the rest.

Salome was a dancer; she danced the hootchy-kootch.  
 People raised a racket 'cause she didn't wear so  
 mooch.

The king says, "My dear, we cannot have that here;"  
 Salome says, "The Heek you can," and kicked him in  
 the ear.

Daniel was a naughty man, wouldn't mind the king.  
 The king he thought it was a very funny thing,  
 Put him in the lion's den, the lions underneath,  
 But Daniel was a dentist; so he pulled the lions' teeth.

David was a fighter, plucky little cuss,  
 Saw Goliath coming just a pining for a fuss.  
 Knew he'd have to beat him or else he'd have to dust,  
 So he picked up a cobblestone and busted in his crust.

Sampson was a fighter of the John L. Sullivan school,  
 Killed all the Philistines with the jawbone of a mule.  
 'Long came Delilah, mad as she could be,  
 Snatched old Sam bald-headed, and she showed her  
 chivalry.

David and Solomon led very merry lives,  
 Had a thousand concubines and a coupla' hundred  
 wives.  
 But when old age came on, they began to get their  
 qualms,  
 And Solly wrote the *Proverbs* while David wrote the  
*Psalms*.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." May  
 the profs remember that when they grade our exami-  
 nation papers.

Since Mr. Alderman told his joke at the senior ban-  
 quet, some of the boys have decided they are going to  
 be bishops.

It must have been a Greek 6 student who started  
 the story that Apollo took Venus up on Mount  
 Olympus and fed her ambrosia and nectar.

Dr. Carroll: "What brought the slavery question to an issue?"

Alton Craven: "Taxation without representation."



Professor Holton: "What reason can you give for having equality?"

Bill Bullock: "Well, to get back to the Bible, all men were born free and equal."



Four sisters, having dates scheduled for the evening, decided that at the breakfast table the next morning they would tell the number of times they had been kissed by the number of times they said good morning.

First sister: "Good morning."

Second sister: "Good morning this morning."

Third sister: "Good morning this morning; hope you're well this morning. If every morning were like this morning every morning would be a good morning."

Fourth sister: "It's a darn bad day."



Mr. Phil Bert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peck of Nuttingham, became the bridegroom of Miss Equal Wrights at highnoon today. The ceremony took place at the home of the groom's parents and was largely attended.

Mr. Peck was attended by Mr. Badfellow as groomsman. As the groom approached the altar, he was the cynosure of all eyes. Blushing prettily he replied to the questions of the clergyman in low terms but firm. He was charmingly clad in a three piece suit consisting of coat, vest and pants. The coat of some dark material was draped about the shoulders and tastefully gathered under the arms. A pretty story was current among the wedding guests that the coat was the same worn by his father and grandfather on their wedding days. Mr. Peck neither affirms nor denies the truth of this sentimental touch. The vest was sleeveless and met in the front. It was gracefully fashioned with pockets and at the back held together with strap and buckle. Conspicuous on the front of the vest was the groom's favorite piece of jewelry, an Odd Fellows pin, and from the upper left pocket was

suspended a large Ingersoll watch, the bride's gift to the groom, which flashed and gave the needed touch of brilliance to a costume in perfect taste and harmony.

Beneath the vest the groom wore blue galluses, attached fore and aft to the pants and passing in a graceful curve over each shoulder. The pretty and useful part of the costume would have passed unnoticed had not the groom muffed the ring when the groomsman passed it to him. When he stooped to recover the irrant circlet the cerulean hue of the galluses was prettily revealed.

His neck was encircled with a collar characterized by a delicate sawedge, and around the collar a cravat was loosely knotted so that it rode up under his left ear with that studied carelessness which marks supreme artistry in men's dress.

Mr. Badfellow's costume was essentially like the groom's, and as the two stood at the altar, a hush of awed admiration enveloped the audience at the complete and wonderful harmony of the raiment. Actually you could not have told one from the other had it not been for a patch of court plaster worn by the groom over a niche in his chin made by a safety razor. Neither Mr. Peck nor Mr. Badfellow wore a hat at the ceremony.

As Miss Wright led her groom from the nuptials, it was noticed that she wore the conventional veil of orange blossoms.

So ends the description of a modern wedding from a modern newspaper. The only criticism that one can make is that we see this same thing every time.



The Moon inclines  
Her golden head  
And kisses  
Adoringly  
The long fingers of Night,  
Negligently  
Pressing her shoulder.  
But Night,  
The jaded lover,  
Unearring  
Of her worship,  
Smothers a yawn  
And winks  
Furtively  
At a distant Star.

Dr. Bloomquist, noticing a co-ed reading a letter, illustrated his lecture on vaccination and immunity by saying: "For instance, some of us are immune to the lecture, and really don't seem to be taking it."



A Mellins Food Baby is Carroll,  
In shape he approaches a barrel;  
When he walks by the shack,  
And we gaze at his back,  
We admire his expanse of apparel.

You should hear how the Frau-Shackers rave  
Over Doc' Mason's permanent wave;  
And they all do declare  
For the sake of his hair  
They will follow him down to his grave.

The guinea pig specialist, Cun,  
Is the cutest thing under the sun.  
To questions and queries,  
We'll say he's the berries;  
We go to his class on the run.

Our English II Prof is Ni White,  
His socks and his ties always fight.  
In each of his classes  
The sweet co-ed lassies  
Drink in every word with delight.

Beneath Dr. Pep's glist'ning dome  
One can't say "there's nobody home;"  
He would brush his hair  
With exceeding great care,  
But there's not a strand even to comb.

The co-eds think Gilbert's divine,  
His classes' attendance is fine;  
They drink in his stuff  
Like they can't get enough,  
And they fall for his devilish line.

The sweetest professor is Hugo,  
When his classes are called not a few go;  
He plays the cornet,  
And you can just bet  
When he does it the co-eds all do go.

To add to our chain its last link,  
There's "Rabbit" and "Tubby" and "Mink,"  
And "Prexy" the glorious  
And "Wanny" notorious—  
With them we will finish, I think.

—DOS CHICAS DIABLAS.



### Sign for the College Cafeteria

DAME QUICKLY LUNCH



That jest about the Chevrolet coupé found favor with one kind critic. We thought it was time some other car besides the F-rd got a little free advertising. And anyway it was *quelque joque*.

There is a professor who says he is too polite to look often at his classes, for fear of seeing some one about to swallow him. More sleep, O Lord, more sleep!



## Tom McWhirter, Motherless

J. P. BOYD

**T**HERE ARE a great many people who set themselves up as being wise, or at least have cultivated the faculty of putting on faces of wisdom, and among this number are some who concern themselves greatly over the inefficiency, the lack of preparedness, and the frivolity of a great American type—the young girl school teacher. Wise fathers—who probably had not gone through the eighth grade, and who didn't care if they hadn't; they had made an honest living, fearing God and dealing justly with their fellow men, and that was more than many of your goggle-eyed school teachers would ever do—wise fathers, and wiser mothers, are often found who are fearful of trusting their Johnny or their Kate to the incompetency and disinterestedness of the youthful and frivolous girl teacher.

Ignorance of the whole type is sometimes pardonable when the parents of Johnny and Kate obtain their knowledge of the youthful teacher through secondary sources, but for those who were acquainted with the case of Tommy McWhirter and Miss Alice Aylmer, ignorance is inexcusable, and criticism of "Miss Alice" is, in Tommy's eyes, an unpardonable sin. Miss Alice was one of a great American type, and so was Tommy. Miss Alice was a young teacher of twenty-three, and possessed of all the vigorous ideals of the young American lady of that age. Tommy was a school-boy of twelve, and it may be said quite properly that he was therefore a real American boy, invested with all the privileges which red hair, freckles, and a mischievous disposition naturally entail—through the pleasure of proud parents.

Being one of a great American type, Miss Alice was subjected to the same criticisms which befell her class. Tommy's father—his mother had been dead since his own infancy—while aiding Tommy with a particularly difficult problem in algebra, would often express the regret that his son had to go to school under an incapable, purposeless, and unprepared teacher. It puzzled Tommy that anybody should want to talk so about Miss Alice. What if she was out of Vassar only last year? and what if she did like to go to the movies

and to the parties of the older school children? These were abstruse things about which the real American boy of twelve does not disturb his brain, and Tommy could not think less of Miss Alice because of them. Anything that Miss Alice did was right, and anybody who said what she did wasn't right, was wrong.

"That's all there is to it," thought Tommy. "It is as easy as anything."

Yet Tommy did not like to run counter to the opinion of his father. To him his father was the greatest of men. And it was quite an impossible feat for an American youth of Tommy's age to be constantly with the greatest of men, run errands for him, receive from him a dime for mowing the lawn, and occasionally go with him on fishing and hunting trips, and then deliberately conceive the thought that his father was wrong when he criticized Miss Alice. It was a puzzling affair to Tommy, as it would have been a puzzling affair to most twelve-year old boys who had a determined lawyer for a father and a teacher like Miss Alice. Obviously his father was right, for his father was always right. Then Miss Alice was right, because—well, just because she was Miss Alice. It was a very puzzling problem indeed, and Tommy did what any other American boy of his age would have done—he quit thinking about things that were too puzzling for him to understand.

Tommy could explain to himself his feeling toward Miss Alice or his father better than he could determine which should be regarded as the most perfect being. His father he regarded as a great, strong, invincible man, either in physical or meta-physical matters. Tommy was too young to know that the people of the town regarded his father as a cold, perhaps heartless lawyer, who lived to himself, was stern always, and neither gave nor asked quarter of his business associates. Tommy did know through long association with his father that he tried to reward a good deed with the utmost kindness, but against one who had wronged him in any way he would strike back with a vengeance. Tommy was too young to put his father's philosophy in words, but he knew in a

vague and abstract way what his father desired him to do and what he desired him not to do. In his mind he was convinced that his father was right in these things, as he was right in all things, for Tommy had had only one lifetime associate, and the impressions of that association had been graven too deeply into his pliable mind to be erased by the first conflict with other ideas. In his play, in his school work, and in everything he undertook, he firmly made up his mind to follow the desire of his father that he should right all wrong which directly or indirectly concerned him, reward all good, and give no pity to those who struggled against him, whether it was in an effort to be the leader of their "gang," the best runner, or the best swimmer. To be sure, Tommy's effort to carry out his father's wishes suffered a slight aberration when it concerned algebra and Latin, for he was perfectly willing to let Mary Alverstone have the highest honors, and he "wouldn't be like that sissy Reginald Curtis for all the honor rolls in the world." In the more manly activities, however, Tommy was nobly endeavoring in his firm, serious way to carry out his father's desires that he should neither give nor take wrongs from the hands of others, and that he should right every wrong with the suitable punishment.

But then there was Miss Alice. Whenever Miss Alice kept Tommy after school and talked to him, he would walk home slowly with a serious, thoughtful look on his face. Miss Alice was so good and kind, and talked so nice that she couldn't be wrong in the things that she said. The nights after those afternoon talks by Miss Alice Tommy would honestly try to work algebra problems and for a long, arduous hour he would sit chewing the stub of a pencil that his father had given him—once it had been an indelible pencil—ugh! The days following such tedious nightly sessions with Milne and Bennett Miss Alice would talk very kindly to him, and Tommy would feel—well, it was a "funny sort of feeling, anyway." But Tommy would always study again the following night, and perhaps for a whole week. Then his father would talk with him again, or Miss Alice would fail to reward him for having prepared his lessons well, and Tommy would inevitably fall back into his old habits of shirking his lessons, fighting upon any and every provocation, and disregarding the entreaties of Miss Alice. Then again Miss Alice would keep Tommy after school, and again Tommy would walk home with a thoughtful expres-

sion on his face. Miss Alice was bound to be right, sion on his face.

In his blind, puzzled struggle to think of both Miss Alice and his father as being right in the things each told him, Tommy had instinctively responded to the feminine characteristics that somehow hovered about and around Miss Alice and made her his mistress and him her devoted slave. Tommy did not know that something within him had responded to a feeling that in all of his lonely life with his father had been unsatisfied; and there was awakened within him a simple, devoted love: it was an emotion that caused him to respond to her every wish as an aeolian harp responds to the lightest zephyr.

Tommy was finally impressed with the need of doing as Miss Alice told him. He began to watch his conduct toward other boys, and in doing so he found that many of his former fights and quarrels could have been avoided if he had wished to do so. It was a hard struggle to overcome his inflammable temper, and Tommy never quite succeeded in controlling himself when angry, but he was able to prevent many breaches and fights by the thought of Miss Alice's words. Finally there came a day when Tommy's decisions were put to the test, and the incident, though apparently of slight effect to Tommy, had a very material effect upon him and his relations with his father and with Miss Alice.

One day Tommy had mowed the lawn for his father and had been given the usual dime for such a task. The next morning he set out with high hopes of making a purchase from Tony the fruit peddler. Presently he saw the yellow peddler's cart with its red and orange heaps upon it.

"Good morning, Meesta McWhirt'," said Tony cheerfully, for he was familiarly acquainted with the boy. "What can I sell you dees morning?"

"Got any good apples, Tony?"

"Ver' good apples, Meesta McWhirt,' ver' good."

"Then give me the largest one you have, I don't care if it costs a dime."

With a large, red apple placed snugly away in his book sack, Tommy went on his way to school, elated with the thought of crunching his teeth on the largest and reddest apple in school that day. But just before recess Miss Alice called Tommy to the front to recite, and after she had spoken kindly to him, a sudden thought came to him. He would give his apple to

(Continued on page 372)

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# Book Page

W. S. DURHAM, JR.

ADVENTURERS OF OREGON. (A Chronicle of the Fur Trade in the Northwest). By Constance L. Skinner. Yale University Press, 1921. New Haven, 290 pages.

Constance L. Skinner wrote decidedly the best book of the Yale University series of chronicles when she wrote the *Adventurers of Oregon*. The book is not dry as many history books are, but it is written in a vigorous style and with the necessary details and events to make it rather delightful reading in history. In content it is a history of Oregon from the beginning of exploration to the settlement of the Oregon boundary dispute in 1846.

The first chapter in the book, entitled *The River of the West*, is perhaps the least interesting one in the whole book. It is made necessary through its part as an introductory to the following chapters. The main point in the chapter is that, after many vain attempts by the Spanish and others to find the short route to Asia by way of the River of the West, Robert Gray discovered the Columbia River on May 7, 1792.

Jefferson foresaw the importance which the West was to have and planned to send an expedition to explore the country between the Mississippi and the Columbia rivers. Meriwither Lewis and William Clark were made the leaders of the forty-three men of the expedition. There can be little doubt that this chapter is the most interesting of the whole book. The part Charboneau, the French guide, and his Indian wife, Sacajawee, the Bird-woman, played is very interesting reading. Also the story of the fiddler and his playing which inspired the company to new efforts when the shadow of defeat crept down is very interesting. Here one discovers the author's ability to dramatize. She draws picture after picture of the hardships and inconveniences which the explorers met with. The Indians were very friendly to them, partly because of Sacajawee's relation to part of them. At a point near the present town of Dillon, Montana, they had to adapt their outfit to overland travel. The Shoshones led them through the Lemhi Pass and across the Rockies. Then they floundered

about, finally getting on the Snake River. On October 18, Lewis and Clark floated out on the River of the West and on November 7, after a dangerous trip, arrived at the mouth of the Columbia. On March 23, 1806, they began their return trip and after still more interesting adventures reached St. Louis September 23, 1806. In 1807 Lewis was appointed Governor of the Louisiana Territory but two years later was shot, presumably for the money he carried. Clark survived his friend for thirty years. For seven years he was Governor of Missouri and then Superintendent of Indian Affairs until his death. He was well known and liked by the Indians. His influence with the tribes was probably greater than that of any other white man since Sir William Johnson of colonial days. The name of "Red Head" was loved and revered in every lodge and wickiup from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

The remainder of the book is centered about the fur trade in the Oregon country. It was the French who first caught the vision of the fur trade. The Dutch bartered with the Indians at Manhattan and far up the Hudson. The English traders were the first pathfinders across the Appalachians. But it was the Frenchmen who in advance of all others pursued the little beaver into the wilds of the continent. In a short while the Hudson Bay Company, the Makinaws, the Nor'Westers, and later the American Fur Company sprang up. The Hudson Bay Company came to dominate all these. John Jacob Astor plays an important part in the fur trade. Especially interesting is the voyage and outcome of Captain Thorn and the ship *Tonquin*. Astor's overlanders met with even more hardships and adventures than had Lewis and Clark. Astoria was established, but when war with England came it was sold to the Nor'Westers who in turn lost it to the Hudson Bay Company.

John McLaughlin, variously known as King of Old Oregon, Father of Oregon, Governor, White Eagle, and Chief Factor, ruled in fact as a king of the Oregon country. He was just to all and treated the

(Continued on page 372)



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(Continued from page 373)

Indians kindly as well as the whites. Astoria was abandoned for Fort Vancouver further up the river. The cause of the fall of the fur kingdom was the great influx of settlers. McLoughlin, a few years before his retirement from office, turned for comfort to the priests and died in 1857 a devout Catholic. During his life he received little gratitude but today his great work is becoming better known. He was a master builder, for he erected the moral structure of law and of just and humane principles in the wilderness; and it was under the shelter of his building that settlement began and grew for a decade. In 1853 the Oregon Territory was divided and the Washington Territory set up. On February 14, 1859, the state of Oregon was admitted to the union with the present boundaries. A description of Oregon of today is given in the last pages, and it shows the improvements which have been made as a result of the work of the influential McLoughlin and his colleagues.

The book is one of the most interesting of its kind that has been written. It is impartial in regard to

the boundary of Oregon and other national questions. It brings out several new and interesting details which have not been disclosed elsewhere. The theme throughout the whole book is discovery, exploration, and fur-trading. It is a story of the fighting of Indians, and wild animals, eating the flesh of horses and dogs to keep from starving, being lost from the expedition, and having to endure the most severe weather with little clothing and only the shelter which nature provides. It goes to convince one that even in such explorations we have not always gained territory by peaceful means. It is plainly written and incidents are skillfully presented, thus making it easy, interesting reading. All told, it is a well-written story of an important phase in American history.

### *Tom McWhirter, Motherless*

(Continued from page 368)

Miss Alice. It would be much nicer to give her the apple that he had earned himself that to eat it selfishly. So, deciding to wait until after school to give the apple to Miss Alice, he went out to play.

Miss Alice always came out to watch them play, and, when she was looking in his direction, Tommy would put forth every effort to display his superior skill in running, or jumping, or outwitting his playmates. Tommy had a peculiar way of getting a boy to chase him by grabbing his candy or cap or whatever appeared most convenient, and dashing off. Invariably the boy would follow, and, just as he seemed on the point of catching up, Tommy would glance over his shoulder, stop short, drop on his hands and knees directly in the path of the onrushing boy, and that unfortunate would go hurling over Tommy with his hands and nose often being skinned in the process. It was fair play, argued Tommy. If the boy didn't have wits enough to take care of himself, his hands and nose ought to have been skinned, and his mouth ought to have been stuffed with dirt.

So, moralizing as his father, he had convinced himself that anything was justifiable which was done in fair competition, and playing on, he often and again fought because his roughness had brought on arguments, insults, and finally blows.

On this particular day Tommy had "dumped" Jerry Whited, who was the perennial subject of all his tricks. For some reason Jerry did not appear to

(Continued on page 374)

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*Come In And See Them*

(Continued from page 372)

be angry with Tommy this time. He rose from the ground, brushed the dirt from his clothes, and stood looking after the retreating Tommy. Then when no one was observing, he went around the schoolhouse, entered the rear door, and presently emerged from the front and began playing with the other boys, though he avoided all contact with Tommy.

When the bell sounded, Tommy marched back into the room and began thinking of the games they had been playing, of the long and dull wait till the next bell should release them for the day—then, with the thought of the ball came the thought of approaching Miss Alice's desk when every one had gone and giving her his magnificent apple. Instinctively, Tommy's hand went into his desk. Instead of meeting the smooth, hard, curved surface of the apple, his hand groped in empty space. Instead of the reassuring touch of the apple there was a void, a void which seemed to spread to parts of his anatomy. He felt a hollow sensation, then a lump came into his throat, and finally he grew pale with "the terrible McWhirter temper."

"Why Tommy," said Miss Alice, "are you ill?"

"No-o-o'm."

"Then what is wrong, my dear boy?"

"Nuthin'."

"But Tommy, something *is* wrong, for you are terribly pale."

"I've just been playin' too much, I guess, Miss Alice," replied Tommy.

Evidently Miss Alice was satisfied with the explanation, for she allowed the recitation to drag slowly along, although she did not call Tommy to the front to recite that afternoon. Finally the bell tapped, and there was a bustle throughout the room as the students began strapping their books and preparing to leave.

"One!" exclaimed Miss Alice.

The students sat stiff and straight in their desks.

"Two!"

Individually and collectively the class pivoted to the right, and sat immovable.

"Three!"

Every student stood erect in the aisle.

"Four!"

The class began to file down the aisles and out the door, leaving the room empty, except for one immovable figure, Tommy McWhirter.

Another had lingered behind the dispersing students, and he was the lad whom Tommy had tripped up that day—Jerry Whited. Tommy could hear Miss Alice and Jerry conversing just without the door.

"Miss Alice," said Jerry, "I've something for you."

"Why, that's very sweet of you, Jerry. May I see it?"

Jerry brought his right hand forward, and in it lay the shining apple that Tommy had bought.

Oh! Thank you so much, Jerry. It is very kind of you to bring it to me. Are you certain that you mean it all for me?"

"Yes'm. It's all yours," said Jerry, and then, blushing with self-satisfaction, he ran after his departing comrades.

Miss Alice turned into the room, and noticed the single occupant. There Tommy sat, his little fists clinched before him, and his eyes staring from a pale face at the teacher and the retreating figure of Jerry. He swallowed again and again, but something kept "bobbin' up" in his throat to keep him from it. He knew that Miss Alice would soon be asking him why he stayed behind and why he appeared so white and angry-looking, and he tried to control his voice to speak to her. He would just say there was "nuthin' wrong," and "G'by, Miss Alice," and then—Oh! the way he would pound the face of Jerry Whited was sweet to think of. The miserable brat! Taking *his* apple and giving it to Miss Alice! He would teach Jerry Whited to take other peoples' things and give them away.

"Why, Tommy, you certainly must be ill," exclaimed Miss Alice. "You are very, very pale, and I am going to take you home with me on the car immediately. Come, let's go. Do you feel well enough to ride?"

"No'm. I'm not sick,—just got a headache. I can walk home easy," said Tommy without raising his face.

"No, Tommy, something is wrong with you, and what is it that makes you so pale? Tell me, Tommy," you must tell me what it is so that I can help you.

Tommy sat immovable, with his eyes lowered upon his strapped books. He opened his lips as if to speak, but no sound came from them. He was angry, very angry, with Jerry, and he was going to lick him, but he wanted to cry when he thought of the luscious red apple, and the vicarious sacrifice that he had made when he decided to save it for Miss Alice. Suddenly Tommy felt the tears moistening his eyes. No, it was not manly to cry, and he wouldn't do it, not for any old apple. But after all, perhaps it was best to tell Miss Alice that he had meant to give her the apple.

"What is it Tommy?" Miss Alice was talking to him again.

(Continued on page 376)

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(Continued from page 374)

"I—I had an apple for you, but somebody took it out of my desk—

"Oh!"

"—and I'm going to lick him for it!"

"I understand now, Tommy, but sit down and let me talk with you. Was it Jerry who stole the apple? Was this the apple?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, Tommy, now why do you suppose Jerry took your apple and gave it to me? Don't you remember when you were playing in the yard this morning that you tripped Jerry and made him very angry?"

"'Twas fair play," interposed Tommy.

"No, Tommy, it wasn't. Jerry did not know your tricks, and it was wrong for you to play so roughly with him when he was unable to defend himself. And you should not fight him when you provoked him to steal from you. It would be much more manly for you to forget about the wrong you think Jerry has done you and to determine not to play unfairly again, than to fight him for it. Now, let's go home, and you can tell your father that you were strong enough to resist the temptation to fight."

"Father will whip me for not fighting."

"No, I promise you that he won't. I shall see him myself. Come, now. I will take you home on the car."

"I'd ruther walk, Miss Alice."

By no amount of persuasion could she induce Tommy to ride home with her.

"Then, Tommy, I don't want you to fight Jerry, but I want you to know how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness in bringing me the apple. Remember now, don't lose your temper and fight with Jerry, for it is my duty to reprimand him, and I shall do so tomorrow."

That day Tommy trudged slowly home. He needed time to think of the things Miss Alice had said. They were strange, funny things that she had said. She had told him that it was wrong for him to trip Jerry White as he had done. Well, if Jerry couldn't take care of himself—but then you couldn't think of Miss Alice as tripping anybody up. Perhaps she was right after all. Then she had said it was brave to resist the temptation to fight. Why, his father had said that it was cowardly not to fight when someone had

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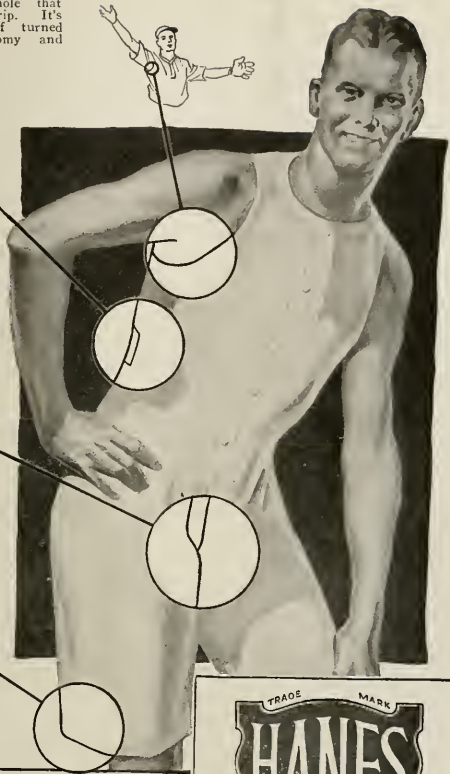
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(Continued from page 376)

injured you! But Miss Alice was so kind and nice, and she knew what nice boys ought to do, so she must have been right. At least it *was* a temptation not to fight Jerry, and his father had told him once that it was brave to keep from doing something you wanted to do when you knew it was wrong to do it. Anyway, he wouldn't fight Jerry this time. He would wait and see if Miss Alice was right.

Then in the boyhood joys which carried Tommy to such pleasurable heights at Dobson's pond, he forgot all about the apple and Jerry, and from his mind slipped the puzzling things that Miss Alice had told him and the conflicting things that his father had said. Perplexing thoughts could not remain for any length of time in Tommy's carefree brain, and Tommy was obliged to make another compromise with himself, unconscious that there were conflicting forces working within him which would greatly determine his future.

\* \* \* \* \*

There came a day that Tommy McWhirter did understand the things that Miss Alice had told him when he was a young, irresponsible boy. That day was many years after Jerry Whited had stolen his apple—the time when Miss Alice had told Tommy it was wrong to fight upon every pretense. That day came when Tommy learned to discern between the advice of his father and the advice of Miss Alice. On that day Tommy did not make a compromise by conveniently dismissing the subject from his mind. It was not necessary for him to do so, for he was able to settle the problem definitely and forever.

The reason was simple. Ten years after the day that Jerry Whited had stolen his apple, Tommy sat—an orphan of two days—before his father's desk, busily and sorrowfully examining his father's papers.

Before he had searched long, he came to a soiled paper which attracted his attention strangely. As he gazed at the yellow paper, his eyes became moist and his hand trembled. The paper had brought back memories of a day long since passed. It was a mortgage, and the name of the mortgagor was Mrs. Jerry Whited.

Mr. Lawson, the venerable old partner of Jerry's father, had noticed Tommy's change in demeanor,

and coming up to him he laid his hand on his shoulder and said in a kind voice:

"There now, sonny, don't you take it so hard. You've worked enough today. Quit it, and go out for some fresh air."

"It isn't grief that affects me so, Mr. Lawson. It is this paper," said Tommy, holding up the mortgage of Mrs. Whited.

"Why that is the mortgage of the widow Whited. I had almost forgotten—it is to be foreclosed next Tuesday."

"What! Do you mean that my father intended to sell the home of a poor widow? Is this a personal mortgage to my father?"

"Yes, sonny, and it's business. It's for the fee of your father for Jerry's case of damages against the railroad. He was injured in the Pikeville wreck, you know, and afterwards died from his injuries."

"Then if this is a personal mortgage, it shall never be foreclosed."

"But the notices of sale have already been posted."

"Then have them taken down immediately."

That night Tommy walked the floor of the little room in which he had slept as a boy, and he thought of many things. He remembered the day when Jerry had stolen his apple. He remembered how Miss Alice had told him to be kind and brave in his play with other boys. He remembered that for some reason he always tried to do as Miss Alice had told him to do. Then he had been puzzled whether to do as she said or as his father had taught him. But before Tommy went to bed that night, he knew that the problem of his childhood was not a problem in manhood. He did not have to make a compromise this time.

The next day the widow Whited received a letter from the law firm of McWhirter and Lawson, and in it was a soiled mortgage having a great, blurred mark upon it. The mark was made by the antiquated rubber stamp used in the office of that firm, and in the center of the purplish blur was the one word: "Paid."

Years afterward when the people of the town pointed proudly to the white-haired Tommy McWhirter as the "whitest lawyer in the state," they usually qualified his honorable character by the statement that he had had "the very old devil for a father" and that "in his whole life he had never had the benefit of a mother's advice!"



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